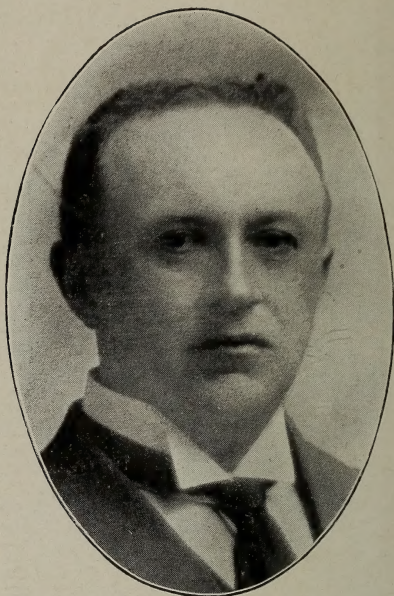


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— 11 —

A History

OF THE PARISH OF

St. John's Church, Ancaster

WITH MANY BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES
OF THOSE WORTHIES WHO

IN THE EARLY PIONEER DAYS
AND AFTERWARDS

ESTABLISHED AND MAINTAINED IT; AND MOST OF WHOM
REST IN ITS HALLOWED GROUND

WITH NUMEROUS POETIC ALLUSIONS AND QUOTATIONS.
BY

THOMAS DEVEY JERMYN FARMER, D.C.L.

AUTHOR OF

"SHRINES OLD AND NEW," "THE GREAT POETS OF ITALY," "THE
MYTHS OF GREECE AND ROME. IN OTTAVA RIMA VERSE," "THE
TRUE CAROLINES, A REVIEW OF ENGLISH SEVENTEENTH
CENTURY POETRY," "MIDWINTER MUSINGS UNDER
SUMMER SKIES," "THE PSALMS IN RHYME
AND MEASURE." &c., &c

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TO
THE RIGHT REV. WILLIAM REID CLARK,
M.A., D.D., D.C.L.
LORD BISHOP OF NIAGARA

WHO FOR WELL NIGH A QUARTER OF A CENTURY
MINISTERED FAITHFULLY AND WELL
TO THE SPIRITUAL NEEDS

OF THE OLD PARISH

WHOSE HISTORY IS RECORDED HERE

THIS LITTLE WORK IS WITH HIS PERMISSION
AFFECTIONATELY AND REVERENTLY
DEDICATED

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ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, ANCASTER.

ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, ANCASTER

*Enchanting pile! that crowns the village street
How reminiscent of old days thou art!
How in thy walls from many an absent heart
Do mingled thoughts of love and reverence meet!
Thee! idol of my childhood here I greet
As turns the tired traveller, prone to roam,
Of wandering weary, towards his chosen home!
Or seeks the sea toss'd far the shore's retreat
Stand yet through time, old pile, in beauty there
Girt with thy noble trees, thy sacred sod,
To soothe the grief, to mitigate the care,
Of souls who mourn, of men who toil and plod
Still harken to the suppliant's humble prayer
And waft it from thine altar, up to God!*

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FOREWORD

This work was undertaken at the suggestion of the present Bishop of Niagara, to whom it is dedicated, and was begun and even carried a long way towards completion in far away Budapest a year or so after His Lordship was kind enough to hint at the author's competency for such a task and to furnish him with some sermons and other data and records of great value in historical compilation. It was drafted and written largely from memory, blanks for some dates and names that its author was not quite certain of, having been left till his return to Ontario in the spring of 1922. In that summer and the following one, in the latter of which while recuperating a month at Ancaster after a severe illness, he was able to check over and finish the manuscript of the work begun abroad, by close personal contact with inside wall and window inscriptions and careful outside scrutiny of stones and monuments. Individual interviews with the few remaining old inhabitants of the parish were also of much assistance on this last visit. Chief among these latter was his father's widow and his own foster mother from infancy, Mrs George Devey Farmer, Sr. Born in the parish eighty-one years ago, this estimable member of the good old Milne family of bygone days, old, and yet young in everything but years, still happily retains all her faculties, including a remarkable mental grasp of the relationships and activities

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of nearly all St. John's parishioners of three score and more years ago. She generously imparted her store of local knowledge to the writer's ready ear and pen, and gave her own invaluable finishing touches to parts of the manuscript that might otherwise have been both dull and inaccurate. The work was finally revised and got into shape for the printer in Paraguay, in far distant inland South America, where the author spent the winter of 1923-24.

It will be noted that no individual or family who has to its memory any tablet or window inside the church, is again referred to in the writer's review of the churchyard memorials, however often these names may have been again met with, and however worthy these may have been of further and pre-eminent recognition. Feeling that ample notice had been given these in the first instance, and careful at the same time to avoid duplication or repetition, the author could not, even if space permitted, so far depart from his original resolve to be absolutely impartial as to mention them again, however fond his recollection, or deep in his individual regard.

By a somewhat fortunate, although quite unpremeditated coincidence, or result in point of time, the completion and publication of this work has occurred at the centennial year of the founding of the church and at about the semi-centennial of the setting apart of Niagara diocese, and of the ordination of its present episcopal head. Of course the author cannot vouch that all the names he mentions throughout as living and occupying certain places and positions, will be still doing so when the work appears. Like every historian he has to recognize and bow before the inevitable decrees of

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change, and already he has had to make many alterations since his task's inception, through death, removal, etc. Thus, numerous obituaries found here of the now silent dead were originally, alas, carefully, prepared biographical sketches of the active and vigorous living. Although he can undertake that his conclusions and statements as to all these were substantially correct when his manuscript was handed to the publisher, additional changes may have, and no doubt will have happened, between that time and actual publication, for which he cannot be responsible, and the book must therefore be taken as if speaking only from the former period.

An epitomized review of all the adjoining parishes to St. John's will be found in the work which makes it cover a somewhat wide area, and in a measure of more than mere local concern. This is accompanied by a plan showing the geographical position in relation to St. John's of all those nearby churches or sites of former ones which the author hopes will be helpful to the general work.

The book has been in many ways more interesting and agreeable to its compiler than any other of his many literary and poetic efforts. No doubt this is from the fact that here he has been writing from real life, recording the doings and accomplishments of people whom he long ago personally knew and many of them revered, and dwelling on associations that have intimately entwined themselves with his own childhood, youth, and after life. He will feel deeply rewarded for his task if those who read the book take as much interest and enjoyment out of it as its author has taken in bringing it into being. He does not aspire to be a

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Green or a Macaulay writing a history of the English people, a Gibbon descanting on the fall of Rome, a Wright enlarging on the wrongs of Ireland, or even a Wrong dwelling eloquently on the Canadian Constitution! If he has faithfully and fairly recorded the leading events in St. John's parish from its inception, with that equitable balancing of evidence which is the primary function of the historian, if he has set forth in fitting words the natural beauties and charms of the birthplace of which he is so proud, if he has made this little work a reliable register of the men and women and families who established and maintained St. John's Church through all the changes and vicissitudes of more than a century of time, and if he has shewn how many worthy and even notable personages have sprung from its nearby rolling acres and its spiritual cradle, then he has accomplished all, and more than all, that he first set out to perform.

History may be thought not to gain much by an alliance with poetry, for the domain of the poet extends over an ideal realm, peopled with the shadowy forms of fancy that bear little resemblance to the rude realities of life. But it has been well remarked that it is one of his worthiest offices to awaken smouldering thoughts in other intelligences, and to strike off into the darkness as many varied scintillations of kindred lights as are capable of production. Thus a tinge of the mystic may be spread over what a historian writes, which, like a mist before the reader's eyes, may make it difficult to distinguish between fact and fiction. In spite of all this the writer has taken the liberty of introducing here and there in his work, some original poetic allusions of his own, set in various recognized forms of versification,

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as well as a few apt quotations from the great master poets themselves.* This he has done with the hope that some of the names and events here recorded, that might otherwise have suffered through a process of more commonplace chronicling, may be the more artistically borne down on the tide of rustic melody, to the generations yet to come.

It should be the aim alike, of the historian who ventures into poetry and the poet who attempts to write a history, that, in so far as elevation of sentiment and vividness of expression are concerned, the rhyme and measure of the former should be its only distinguishing feature, and the style and diction of both poetry and history should be natural and unpedantic. It has been my endeavour therefore throughout the task here undertaken, to mould my sentences in an artless conversational way, chastely yet simply, and without the stilted affected mannerisms of the schoolmaster or the advocate.

While here and there in my manuscript, in deference to friendly suggestion and criticism, I did to some extent review and prune down my original opinion and judgment regarding certain persons and events, I have aimed all through the work to avoid both over elaboration and fastidiousness in composition.

That admonition given a century or so ago by a great Scotch critic to a noted poet and biographer of his own race† holds good to-day. "Do not," said the former, "so chasten and refine, and soften, bold and glowing conception and the rough pearls of fancy, till half the nature and efficacy of these have been entirely chiselled away."—*Acton, Ontario, December 1924.*

* Throughout the work the italicized poems are the author's own; those in Roman type being quotations from different famous British poets.

† Francis Jeffrey to Thomas Campbell.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTION

There is a flower that bloometh, when autumn leaves are
shed
With the silent moon it weepeth the Spring and Summer
fled
It wafteth perfume o'er us, which few can e'er forget
Of the bright scenes gone before us, of sweet, though
sad regret,
The early frost of winter scarce its brow hath overcast
O pluck it ere it wither 'tis the memory of the past.

Striking in its picturesque situation at the head of a village important a hundred years ago, when many of the great places of to-day were unknown, embosomed in the accumulation of its generations of beautiful verdure, and rich in its memorials of:—

“The Saints of God, life's voyage o'er.”

St. John's Church, Ancaster, has now I think, reached with the people of these parts, that stage of importance and mellowed antiquity comparable in a measure at least with some of the venerable fanes of England and the older lands. It may well, I take it, be regarded as one of the landmarks of Canadian Anglicanism—one of its bulwarks against those onslaughts of dissent whose soft persuasiveness has in the past and is to-day making

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such inroads upon our rural Canadian Church. It is associated with the personalities of men and women who, either in themselves or their descendants, have made honorable and enduring names in a wide sphere of influence and usefulness. It can lay claim to close relationship with, if not the actual spiritual parentage of, many worthy and some eminent sons and daughters, helpers and builders in their day and generation of the Community and the State. That its history should therefore be written and a record left for those that come after, of the events and persons that have contributed to the present outstanding position and dignity of St. John's Church and Parish seems but fitting and proper. That that history should be accurate, just, and unbiased, not too prone to extol the virtues of one participator in its welfare, or to linger on the shortcomings of another, is essential to its success as a record of what it purports to chronicle. That it shall not magnify the importance of one event in the Parish's career to the neglect or exclusion of another equally worthy of notice, is also essential to that success, and to the value of the work as a contribution to the current literature of the day.

The writer has endeavoured, although admittedly handicapped in some instances by lack of fuller information, to adhere to these essentials and, in spite of what may at first appear on the one hand as undue adulation or regard, and on the other as a lack of these qualities, to hold the scales of justice fairly and equally among all the people and occurrences included here, and that help to make up this work. He has striven that any individual leaning of his own towards one person or family shall not prevent justice being done and praise

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being given to any other who, although perhaps little known to himself, may have held the respect and esteem of the parish and the community. Early in his task he concluded that if such a history were to be interesting and instructive and something more than a mere chronicle of names and dates and figures, it must be to a large extent biographical, and even occasionally anecdotal. In many cases a lack of personal knowledge or source of authoritative information may have made these biographical sketches somewhat meagre, in others they may have been, owing to the author's long and close personal intercourse with and regard for the individual or family at the time under discussion, unduly extended. But his aim has been, with these rare exceptions, to make these sketches or memoirs long enough to be instructive and at the same time brief enough to avoid tediousness. He trusts that his readers will appreciate the two great difficulties encountered in a complex work like this of keeping what one has to record within these reasonable limits and of avoiding occasional errors, repetitions or anachronisms. Some of the lives included here, like those of the living around us, were full of activity, of aspiration, of ambition, of high aims, and of the hope of great achievements. Others were necessarily more curtailed, content to pursue plainer and humbler worldly ways and paths, and thus more of interest presents itself to the thought and pen of the recorder in the one case than in the other. In passing in review as many personages and events as are recorded here, and in stretching over such a long space of time, it would be marvellous indeed if some slight inaccuracies, imperfections or infelicities of expression did not here and there creep in.

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I purpose writing here, from its inception considerably over a century ago, a history of the Parish of St. John's Church, Ancaster, where I was born and spent my early youth and where, for the last three score years and more my paternal ancestors have lived and worshipped and died. In doing this I intend, as far as I can, to divest myself of any and all partiality to person, cause, or thing, which I may have acquired from youthful association, to tell my story with an entirely unbiased mind and to weigh every man's and woman's life and accomplishment here recorded in even and unprejudiced scales. Realizing that various members of my own family have from time to time had much to do with many of the matters coming under my observation here, that fact shall not I hope prevent me from relating those matters with a strict conformity to fact, justice, and truth.

I know that the old parish whose history, in my own original way, I am endeavouring to review here, has had its trials and its vicissitudes, financial, personal and doctrinal, and I am resolved that these too, must be touched upon and dealt with, and the light of day be let in, though perhaps sparingly and delicately, on them all. This resolve I have made so that no accusation of "suppressio veri" can be cast at the author of this work by those critics who believe, and rightly so, that in writing history, a full disclosure of all the facts, no matter who may suffer or whose "ox may be gored," must be divulged, because, not only should the truth not be shunned through fear, but that element in any well written history, as in everything else, is essential to its vitality and its success.

In writing the history of a nation, or a period,

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or the biography of an individual, very little regard would be paid to the author who only wrote from the flowery, triumphant standpoint of his subject matter, and failed altogether to record or to mention the dark and disappointing spots of that nation, that epoch, or that career. And so, to merely gloss over the history of an old and honorable parish like that of St. John's Church, Ancaster, that in its time has produced, or been the spiritual cradle and monitor of many famous and worthy men and women, with a record of its growth and successes, achievements and accomplishments, and to leave the other side of the page a blank, would be not only a suppression of the truth, unworthy of the genuineness and sincerity of the author, but an injustice to the parish itself, and to those individuals dead and alive, who have been a credit to, and helped materially in the making of its history.

Fortunately the few "rifts in the lute" that have occurred to mar the serenity and influence for good of the old Parish of St. John's, although at the time no doubt looming large and invoking personal bitterness and recrimination, have not been numerous and in the far off light of reminiscence and reflection cast back upon them by the impartial historian, may be truthfully said to have assumed diminutive proportions, and to have paled away into comparative insignificance. Fortunately too, they can I hope be recorded here in a manner that cannot possibly give offence to any living person, or make any unjust aspersion on the memory of the dead! Silence is the right and privilege of the grave, and he who trespasses upon that right and privilege by speaking or writing of those who cannot reply, should do so with care, and with the certainty of a

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sufficient sanction. But there are powers and influences within and without us that prevent the wholesome maxim "*de mortuiis nil nisi bonum*" from being too literally fulfilled to the suppression of profitable truth. And thus wisdom, tempered with kindness, dictates to the impartial recorder a just estimation of the claims of the deceased on the one hand, those of the present age and future generations on the other, and the striking of a fair balance between these, in discussing the doings of the departed.

The history that I propose to review and record here, as the history of a Church and parish usually is, being as I have just stated largely biographical, my desire is to recount it in plain every day unstilted language in a conversational more than in a formal way, that can be grasped and understood by every reader, who can appreciate the fact that the history of a community is in reality the history of the lives of those individuals who compose it. My sources of information, beyond what my own memory and observation have supplied, have been drawn from the Church records, from windows, tablets and tombstones, and from personal recollections given me by a few old residents. Unfortunately these last have become all too rare. Age is creeping on us all, those who could no doubt have told me much more than I have learned have passed away, others, who only a few years ago were regarded as middle aged people, have taken their places and do not know nearly as much about the pioneer days in the parish as the generations that have gone. And in a history like this, as in other largely narrative records, first hand individual information is, of course, far better and more interesting than any other.

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In vainly casting about me for a greater supply of personal individual evidence of the events of the past in Ancaster, how many memories, fond yet sad, of the associations of my childhood and youth pass vividly before me? When I think of the departed ones who could have told me so much, but who now alas, have vanished from the scene, Moore's pathetic lines are strikingly and sadly recalled here:

When I remember all
The friends so linked together
I've seen around me fall
Like leaves in wintry weather
I feel like one
Who treads alone
Some banquet hall deserted
Whose lights are fled
Whose garlands dead
And all but he departed.

and I, the lonely wanderer in memory's dark and empty banquet hall, am forced to go on and do my best and tell my story without the evidence that, had I begun my task ten or fifteen years earlier, I might have obtained and interwoven so fittingly into this narrative!

Although there may be church and diocesan laws and regulations to the contrary, it must be conceded that in practice at least the strict boundaries of an Anglican parish (and I assume those clerical livings of other denominations as well) are in Canada not fixed but largely imaginary. We are not concerned here with tithes and taxation, as in England and other countries having a State Church, and therefore our Church and our municipal ambits are not necessarily identical. So that I am not supposed to be dealing here with Ancaster Township as a whole, but only with that comparatively

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small part of it embracing the pretty village of that name itself and the immediately surrounding territory, in other words, with what may be called the north-easterly angle or corner of the Township bounded, starting on the east side and circling north, by Glanford, Barton, Dundas, Flamboro, and the Copetown, Jerseyville, Alberton, Fidler's Green, and what is familiarly called the "Scotch Block" sections of the municipality. We have therefore nothing to do here with that rich comparatively flat farming country to the south, known as the Scotch Block, nor with those far westerly and for the most part level reaches of Ancaster around and beyond Jerseyville, Lynden and Alberton and extending to the Brant and Beverly boundaries.

There never seemed to me to be any English Church people in these outer far away sections of Ancaster, or if so only an odd one here and there. The southerly part of the Township was preponderatingly Presbyterian, and the westerly Methodist and Baptist, the last two sects being the descendants of New Jersey and Pennsylvania Dutch United Empire Loyalists. Both our politics and our religion, when I was a boy at home, kept us comparatively strangers to the good people of the southerly and westerly portions of our Township. Like the famous Dr. Samuel Johnson of old, we unfortunately and mistakenly, in those times could see little virtue in Liberalism and little sincerity in Dissent. We were ardent Conservatives, as were most Anglicans then, and I was reared with the firmly ingrained conviction that only good emanated from my party and only evil from the other—an illusion that experience and maturer years have at least largely neutralized, if not contradicted. The way in which those over-

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whelming "Grit" majorities used to come in on election night from the Vansickles and Howells and Vanderlips of Jerseyville, and from the Shavers and Smiths and Calders and other sturdy yeomanry of the Trinity and Scotch Block sections, completely swamping our hopes of ever defeating "Honest" Joe Rymal or "Squire" Sexton made me regard every other part of the Township than my own, as quite beyond the pale of civilization or decent association. And I am afraid that this same narrow prejudiced vision extended to the religions of these further off people of the Township as well as to their politics, because I naturally and by family training concluded that if they were such corrupt and evil beings in matters of state and government, they could be no better in things that pertained to the higher life! But after a few years, and when I had been for some time under the private tuition of a good liberal Scotch clergyman, the Presbyterian pastor of the village, I fortunately began to see that there must be some little else besides pure villainy in the politics of liberalism, and undiluted hypocrisy in the Christianity of dissent. Many amusing stories could be told in this volume by the writer, of local incidents touching on these narrow party and denominational conditions in old Ancaster just referred to, and of our family aversion to, and scorn for, those who did not think one way with us in matters of Church and State. But I must refrain from relating such things here, for neither does space admit of it nor are they strictly germane to the subject matter of my present theme. Suffice it to say that the broadening process of maturer years, and later closer contact with all classes and people of my native Township, have happily minimized and swept away those

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earlier errors and prejudices, bringing the conviction with them that there is much that may be improved on in what I once regarded as the best of us, and a fair amount of good in the worst.

Although I have endeavored in the volume here presented, to touch on every topic that came to my observation as being of interest concerning St. John's Parish, and every person and family whose individuality has in my humble judgment stamped itself on that parish's history, I do not profess to claim here either completion in detail, or perfection in form, for my work.

While I have endeavoured to be as all embracing as possible, I may have quite unintentionally left out of this record some worthy families or individuals who should be in it and to the relatives, of these, if any, I tender my profound regret for the omission. In some possible future revision of the work these may very properly be added. History, we all know, is never finished, whether it be of worlds, of empires, of epochs, of communities, or of individuals, and in itself is largely a relative title or expression only. Day by day and year by year it is in the making, and yet it may be truly said to never reach an absolute correctness, completeness and finality. No history that I have ever read, whether of country, period, or person, or couched in the most absorbing and embracing terms and language, has included everything that might be said of the subject matter dealt with. And on the contrary many histories perhaps say too much and dwell too lengthily and too minutely on irrelevant and insignificant personages, things, and incidents.

While the history of a parish to be interesting must, it is true, be largely biographical, to give bio-

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graphical sketches of every person concerned with St. John's Parish from its inception, or even to go into the details of all the things and actions inscribed on every worthy person's or family's window, tablet, or tomb, would extend this work beyond all reasonable bounds. The length of time too that I have covered, the ancient events that I have gone back to, and the necessarily limited evidence and records concerning things and events that occurred in Ancaster before any persons now living associated with the parish were born, have made it impossible to go into minuter detail than I have regarding these very early happenings.

It has I think, been truly said, that a people's habits and characters are moulded largely by their natural home surroundings—that the inhabitants of a flat region are usually inclined to the stolid and matter of fact in thought and action, while those of a hilly one are more given to the sentimental and the romantic. Granting this, and from the standpoint of the scenic and the picturesque—of nature's gifts of the charming and the beautiful in landscape—the people of this parish have certainly nothing to complain of, but should on the contrary, if topography influences character, possess a rich store of both sentiment and romance.

The most of the territory over which St. John's Church, Ancaster, holds sway, outside of the village itself and the region between it and Barton and Glanford Townships, is made up of that hilly section culminating round Mineral Springs and Copetown on the west, and formed by the gradual coming together—a sort of elimination or disappearance as it were, into smaller and more individual hills—of the Hamilton and Dundas escarpments or "mountains."

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Like her sister parish of West Flamboro adjoining her to the north, Ancaster can boast of several entrancing silvery cascades, little brooks rising in the rolling country to the south and west of the village and tumbling in pretty waterfalls over the rocky ridge near by, on their downward course northward and eastward, to join the larger streams from the north and west that terminate in the Dundas marsh. All the way between the villages of Ancaster and Copetown there are numerous wooded eminences, with pretty winding roads between, from which glorious uninterrupted vistas of city and bay and lake, a dozen or more miles to the east, may be obtained if the lover of such enchanting things will only take the trouble to drive or walk a mile or two, to absorb and drink in and feast his vision on these matchless sights! In the house where William Lyon Mackenzie had been harboured more than a quarter of a century before, it was the author's lot to be born and to spend his early youth. He had watched there in spring the sap drawn from the sturdy maples of his father's woods and the early wild flowers bursting from their frosty prison, little dreaming then, that in scarce a score of years' time a railway would divide and desecrate this sylvan retreat. He had whipped in May and June the sparkling streams that coursed their winding way among those delectable hills, and had absorbed and drunk in there the impressive lessons that the seed time and harvest of that picturesque landscape taught to every lover of nature and of country life. The flowering garden, the laden orchard, the slow going Shetland pony and trap, the hop field with its rustic boy and girl pickers, the participation in the alternate trials and pleasures that the frosts and snows of winter

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brought with them to the former home of the Everetts and the Leemings, all helped to bind and girdle his mind in after years with a chain of wonderful fancies and memories, made all the more vivid and lasting by the attractiveness and fascination of his early environment!

The dreamy little town of Dundas nestling with its clear-cut spires beneath the Tiamboro mountain only three miles below to the north, and formerly under the same rectorial jurisdiction as St. John's, forms in itself on a bright summer day, as charming a piece of scenic effect from many Ancaster vantage points, as the eye could wish for.

The writer, who has travelled through many lands and witnessed and written about many grand and thrilling scenes in both hemispheres, can boast with truth and pride and without exaggeration, of his own native parish, that nothing more bewitching to the lover of the picturesque in nature can surpass what he has just attempted to briefly describe here! Those creators of the beautiful in life, the painter with palette and brush and the poet with vivid imagination and the gift of suitable and apt words to give that imagination lucid rhythmic expression, can find nothing more attractive to their genius or their creative skill, than can be found right here amid the lovely hills and dells of northern Ancaster. And even he or she who cannot boast of the artistic or creative talent—the ordinary, common-place, every-day man or woman, lacking entirely in that higher quality and without the “mens divini” of those other two more gifted aggregations of human beings—must at least stand in admiring awe and amazement at first beholding the ravishing scenes

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I have just depicted. From among these enchanting pieces of landscape, these freaks and foibles of physical nature in the world's formation, stretching almost from Dundas on the north east to Jerseyville and Alberton on the south west, there came to worship in the author's childhood and in the early and middle stages of St. John's existence as a parish, many of the best and staunchest and most loyal of her adherents. What names and memories of good old church people, do these sylvan heights and sloping fields, these serpentine silvery streams and curving, veering roadways, recall to the writer as he traverses them once again to-day! I cannot give them all, but those of Boulton Cradock, Leith, Woods, Heslop, Aikman, Eggleston, Snider, Templer, Duff, Miller, Taylor, Harrington, and Hubbard, crowd upon him in passing as among the regular churchgoers of his youth, from this delightful country of hill and dale and stream! And surely when we consider muddy and snow bound roads, inclement weather, long distance, and the care and trouble of teams, and the other disadvantages that these good people of the olden days laboured under in attending the place of worship in the far away village that they took so much pride in, we are amused if not disgusted at the flimsy excuses men make to-day, with all their modern ease and advantages, for not attending Divine worship oftener than they do.

I have said just now that history is never finished, nor is it even perhaps as impartial or as just as it should be when its story is told, largely I have no doubt for lack of information on its author's part. While therefore I may be able, as I hope I am, to deal fairly and equitably in this work with most of the persons and events of my own time and recollection who com-

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posed the Parish of St. John's, I may not on the other hand, in the estimation of some readers, have done full justice to the memory or the achievements of some of those former individuals or families who lived and acted on life's stage in Ancaster before my own time. Should I here be considered therefore to have slighted any one, or should I be deemed to have given too much space and notice to one and not sufficient to another of these parish worthies, my excuse and apology must be a lack of knowledge regarding any of those too meagerly dealt with, rather than any intention to do a wrong to, or perpetrate an injustice towards, any one. If an author or a historian cannot for lack of positive or credible evidence be both full and accurate in dealing with whom or what he has in hand, it is always better to be sparing in his remarks than to run the risk of marring his work by leaving it open to charges of error and inaccuracy.*

It is at least my ambition that this story of the persons, names, dates and events recorded here may in the years to come be valuable as a local record, when our population is perhaps double what it now is, when Mr Lloyd George's recent prediction of Canada's vast future increase in people is approaching fulfillment,

* To avoid mistakes here and there, where a writer ventures into a mass and multitude of minute details as I have done in this present work, borders on, if it does not absolutely embrace, the impossible. But he who is chargeable with any of these, can console himself with the fact that he is not the only transgressor, for such errors creep into almost all modern works and publications. The Trinity University year book continued to include among the living members of that seat of learning an undergraduate who had been dead for nearly a score of years. The Canadian Church Guide still includes the name of Canon Worrall, of Oakville, although that venerable priest has been dead eight years. The newspapers and magazines are great sinners in this regard too. I have mentioned in Chapter III a recent egregious error of such a supposedly up-to-date and accurate journal as the "Toronto Globe." This modern, usually careful, newspaper once stated in a literary article that Samuel

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and when old Ancaster's fame as a charming residential district and one of Canada's most picturesque and lovely resorts, is even far better known and appreciated than it is to-day.

For it is curious to notice how meagre is our knowledge of the comparatively near past, how the sources of information fall off and seem to dry up completely as the years glide on and how few are the memorials on which the historian, be the field wide or narrow, can implicitly rely! We often contrast the multitudinous records of our own day (records which we think will satiate and overwhelm the future historian) with the scanty testimonies left us by our forefathers! But are we right? Time plays strange pranks with what appear to be enduring monuments, and for all we know, and especially if we do not take what means

Johnson was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral. It referred to the late Hon. Colin Campbell as "the present attorney general of Manitoba" several years after the latter had vacated that office, and in an obituary of the late Hon. T. W. Anglin, one time speaker of the Canadian House of Commons, gave as his constituency in parliament one that he never represented at all. Its errors in regard to Manitoba's public men seem especially frequent and glaring, it no later than September 22nd, 1924, referring to the Hon. Edward Brown, of Winnipeg, the new member of the Canadian Board of Railway Commissioners as "a former Attorney General of Manitoba" when that gentleman is not a lawyer at all. The Canadian Magazine recently in an article by Mr. A. R. Hassard stated that Nicholas Flood Davin once sat in the Ontario Legislature for Lincoln, when the latter never represented any Ontario Constituency in his life, though he did once unsuccessfully contest Haldimand for the House of Commons. Nor are the best British biographers, past or present, entirely guiltless in this regard. As an instance of this, as flowery and painstaking a writer as Thomas DeQuincy, in his memoirs of the poet Coleridge, gives an entirely mistaken date of the latter's visit to and travels in Germany.

Other glaring instances of blunder and error in high literary circles may be found by the critical reader all the way down the ages and in all branches of the current literature of to-day; but the recitals of further examples here would make what is merely intended for a brief foot note entirely too voluminous. And of course such inaccuracies are no excuse for his own on the part of any careful recorder. I merely quote them to shew that the best and most accurate writers have not yet, and apparently never will, attain infallibility in this respect.

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we can to embalm these things in the perennial amber of accomplished and recorded fact, the historians of A. D. 2000 may be lamenting what an extraordinarily secretive and uncommunicative period ours was! "What little pains these people took," our posterity may exclaim, "to preserve their doings and their memorials from the ravages of oblivion and decay!"

Men pass on, and the footsteps of even the wisest and the best of them soon become dim and faint in the sands and tracks of time. No saving swan floats on Lethe's wave to seize and bear to the consecrated Temple of Immortality the little medals, with most men's names inscribed, which Time, waiting on the inexorable shears of Fate, catches up as they drop and conveys to those oblivious waters! Some heedless birds hovering above that remorseless stream, will doubtless seize as they fall the brighter coins that represent the best of these poor individualities, and hold them up for a passing span. For a while, with more or less noise and flutter, according to the worldly importance of those they represent, these may be borne up and down above the joyless river hut, careless, or unable to support their charge, how soon will those little thoughtless winged carriers of fame, one and all let go their shining prey, only to have it disappear in the engulfing floods of forgetfulness! What innumerable names, seemingly great in their time, have been dropped into the dark stream of Oblivion for a single one that has been rescued and borne carefully by the majestic saving swan, for dedication in the bright Abode of Immortality! And this is my chief reason for hoping, that the little volume here offered, if it may not attain fame as a history in the greater and broader sense, may prove, if nothing more, a bearer

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up from the relentless waters of obliteration, of the characters and individuals it deals with, a winged carrier for the present age at least of many worthy consecrated names, a record in the days to come for the descendants of the persons mentioned in it, and a true mirror of their lives and of the events concerning them that it chronicles.

CHAPTER II.

PIONEER DAYS AND PEOPLE

I.

*St. John's! what of the pioneer, of whom you were the
pride?
Who in your faith in days of yore endured and toiled
and died,
Who founded you, whose crumbling tomb, I see before me
here,—
Say, shrine of memories old and fond, what of the pioneer?*

II.

*Who first upturned yon fertile fields, in days of long ago,
Who came to worship here in you, by rugged roads and
slow,
Whose garb perhaps was poor and plain, whose manners
quaint and queer
And yet whose heart was tried and true, what of the
pioneer?*

III.

*No motor traffic's dust and din disturbed his day and age,
No trolley hurried him to town, his was the sauntering
stage,
The cradle and the scythe to wield, the wooden plough
to steer,
And how the winter's woodpile rose, before the pioneer?*

IV.

*No drill implanted row on row his seed within the ground,
No twine, but just a wisp of grain his golden bundles
bound,
The flail his only threshing power, to light his darkness
dear
The tallow dip, no switch's turn illumed the pioneer?*

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V.

*No windmill pumped his water free, his oxen were his
team,
His harrow oft a forest bough, his reaper just a dream
Of silo, or of giant fork to fill his hay mow's rear
In one great load, he'd never dreamed, this simple pioneer!*

VI.

*How hard he struggled, slaved and strove, for little earthly
gain,
Content to patiently abide, in sunshine and in rain,
But when the final trump shall sound, and judgment just
draws near
The faithful servant's crown, St. John's, shall greet the
pioneer!*

No monument or headstone goes further back here than the year 1823, not even those old moss covered ledgers, many of them now split and slanting, with their almost undecipherable poetic dissertations on the merits of those whose individualities once vitalized the human dust and ashes beneath them. Not that there were no church people living and dying in the vicinity before that, the records show that several years preceding the Nineteenth Century's dawn some families, whose names are yet familiar to us, were there already. Jean Baptiste Rousseaux came to the site where Ancaster now stands in or about 1790; Thomas Hammill, then only 10 years old, with his parents in 1797; and Richard and Samuel Hatt, a year later. No other town existed at this time nearer than what is now old Niagara sixty miles away, to which a trail through the woods alone led. Here the first Ancastrians resorted to annually or perhaps oftener, for those necessities of the pioneers that they could not grow or manufacture at home. Here also then resided the Rev. John Stuart,

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the first Anglican clergyman to visit Ancaster, known as "The Father of the Church in Upper Canada," who later on moved to Kingston and died there in 1811. The safest and most usual way, however, for these old time Ancastrians to travel then, especially with heavy loads and to long distances eastward, was by sail boat on Burlington Bay and Lake Ontario

These earliest settlers must have worshipped and buried their dead elsewhere, for the present site only became a church and graveyard two years before the son of the original progenitor of the Rousseaux family, George by name, deeded the ground where St. John's now stands for a Union or Free Church in 1826. The one slab that bears the date of 1823, the Ritchie memorial formerly rested near Tiffany's Falls and was removed with the bones beneath it to St. John's in comparatively recent times.

It would no doubt be interesting to tell here of events generally, of Ancaster's first business men, doctors, lawyers, and agriculturists, their conflicts with nature and their struggles to make and embellish their homes in this romantic but then little frequented spot. But if I do so here at all it can be but a mere summary in comparatively few words, for I must not forget that this is a church and not a general history. So, to digress for a moment from my main subject, let me briefly epitomize here a few early persons and events, of common historical interest to Ancaster and its people. Mr. J. B. Rousseaux and his companion in original discovery and settlement, Mr. James Wilson, soon after their arrival in 1790 built grist mills, for themselves and to encourage settlement, both on the banks of the creek at Ancaster and further west on the Grand River, the latter more for the business of the Indians than

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the whites. We are not told exactly what induced Messrs. Rousseaux and Wilson to select the spot they did to live in. Everywhere about was dense unbroken forest and, landing at the head of Burlington Bay they wandered around for some time in a state of uncertainty, at length reaching the crest of the escarpment. No doubt the fine situation and the pretty stream, to be afterwards so useful for their milling industry, decided them to go no further. These Ancaster mills very early in the nineteenth century began to attract the farmers and lumber men for miles around, and formed the nucleus of a village here, destined soon to compete, both socially and in trade, with far off Niagara. We are told that in 1803 the mills of Ancaster, just named after a parish in Lincolnshire, England, and an active general store then started, were drawing much custom. Governor Simcoe and his aides frequently stopped at Ancaster on their way from Niagara, then Newark, to London and the extreme western settlements along the new road that the Government of the day was then constructing through the forest to develop the country. They stopped at what was known as the "Ancaster Inn," a one and a half storey log building near the stream and mills, used since as a dwelling house, school house, Court house and cooper shop, but demolished in 1850. Chief Joseph Brant, too, often lingered at Ancaster on his way through from his new home at Wellington Square to revisit his former church and residence on the Mohawk Reserve. He had his son John, afterwards Chief, and Captain and Superintendent of Indian Affairs, educated in Ancaster. The division of Ancaster into 200-acre lots and concessions occurred in 1793, when Augustus Jones, under the direction of, and often ac-

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accompanied by, Governor Simcoe himself, surveyed the township and the lands both east and west of it. The Hatt brothers had built the "Red Mill" a mile or so down the stream from the village in 1798. John Thomas and John Burwell were Ancaster's earliest postmasters, James Chep and Brock Rosseaux following in turn. Ancastrians took a prominent part in the War of 1812, Captain John Hatt commanding a company of local men and being wounded at Lundy's Lane. Three year's after the close of the war Lieutenant Francis Hall, a cultured English writer and tourist, in a work entitled "Travels in Canada and the United States in 1816 and 1817," after stating how useless either as a port or military post York, now Toronto, seemed to him, makes the following flattering allusion to Ancaster:

"Ancaster has a smiling aspect; new shops and houses superior in size and architecture to the old are building rapidly. Its site is picturesquely grand and the neighbourhood thickly spread with improving farms. Ancaster merits to be the metropolis of Upper Canada."

At that time Hamilton, Brantford and London were unthought of and their present sites but dense forest. George Gurnett in 1827 published a newspaper at Ancaster every Saturday and called it the "Gore Gazette." From some of the copies of this curious old journal that have been preserved we learn among other news items of this period that the Ancaster Hotel was being taken over at that time from George Rousseaux by Peter Burley, that Robert Douglas was running a flourishing brewery in this then thriving place, and that Matthew Crooks was advertising for sale three hundred adjoining acres on which were a grist mill, cloth mill, distillery, saw mill, cooper shop, store, ashery, gypsum mill, five

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dwellings, three barns and two fine orchards. Neither was literature entirely neglected here then. The local public library is also advertised in Mr. Gurnett's old paper, of which institution of knowledge and culture he was apparently at the time the treasurer.

Ancaster's original pioneers were composed for the most part of emigrants attracted and halting on their way to the further west, disbanded British officers and soldiers, small farmers, from the old land, whose growing families and diminishing fortunes compelled them to seek better opportunities in the new world, and families from New Jersey and Pennsylvania who had responded to Governor Simcoe's invitation to all who favoured British rule, to move northward.

Continuous fires seem to have swept the place between 1830 and 1840, the canals by this time had been built, opening up Hamilton and Dundas to lake navigation. These two places, so near to north and east, and Brantford and London in the west, were now all springing into life and activity, and with their greater advantages of navigation and other attractions, were gradually drawing trade and business to themselves. And so the old town of Ancaster, high on the hills overlooking the great lakes to the east, and which had been, as the English writer predicted, a metropolis of Upper Canada for more than a quarter of a century, more important even for its business and commercial and professional life than for its farming, sank for the time being into insignificance. For three quarters of a century it was destined to dream and slumber on, the memory of its past greatness and the ruins of its ancient industries all along its pretty stream, the only reminders to its people old and young of what it once

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had been. It was to witness Dundas in the valley just beneath it, grow into a bustling town, but only a few decades hence, like itself, to have to bow to that inevitable subsidence, that competition and better shipping and railway facilities bring in their train, to many once thriving communities. It was from high up amidst its own crumbling desolation to look down on Hamilton, only seven miles to the east, growing in that seventy-five years from a mere forest cross road to a mighty city! But how bright and glorious was to be the long-delayed resurrection of this early hamlet on the hill that the Rosseaux's, the Hammills, the Hatts and the other old Ancaster pioneers had so laboriously and so patiently founded, and of which they and their progeny had watched in turn the progress and the decay? The visitor of to-day is fairly staggered at the prices asked and readily obtained for property in Ancaster, at the elaboration of many of its mansions, at its modern improvements, and at the bustle and activity of its people. Phoenix like from its own former ruins has the old village arisen to be to-day with its great adjoining clubs and golf links, its attractive breezy heights and shady winding roads, its sparkling murmuring streams, and easy railway and motoring facilities, and last but perhaps not least, its beautiful old church around which this narrative centres, the choicest suburb of the great city at broad Ontario's head! Long ago, it is true, that city took Ancaster's trade and commerce away, but how well is she now recompensing her old and vanquished rival for this disastrous purloining of her fame, by sending many of her best citizens to those lovely heights to the west, some of them it is true only to spend their long and halcyon summer days in restful

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content there, but others yet to abide regularly and permanently in this charming suburb among the hills. But to return now to my theme of the birth and early progress of Anglicanism in Ancaster!

The first Church of England clergyman who ever visited these parts, and in fact the first clergyman in Upper Canada, was the Rev. J. Stuart, a native of the State of Virginia, but who had been educated in England. He was Commissary to Bishop Charles Ingles, of Nova Scotia, the first colonial Bishop consecrated in 1787. His headquarters were in 1790 at Niagara, but his mission extended to the Mohawk Indians on the Grand River, whose church was the first built in the country, and boasted of a Bible and a Communion service given to the tribe by Queen Anne. On his way to preach and minister to these Mr. Stuart discovered the new and growing Ancaster settlement along his trail, in the early nineties of the Eighteenth Century, and gave these first families the benefit of his services on his way to and fro. The Reverend Robert Addison succeeded Mr. Stuart at Niagara in 1792, and his wide territory not only took in as far west as Ancaster and the Grand River but included all that rapidly settling territory where are now situated St. Catharines, Thorold, Welland, Grimsby, Stamford and Fort Erie as well. There were of course no churches then in any of these places, services were conducted as the clergyman passed through in the school house if available, if not in private residences which were in those days for the most part merely log huts. Burying places for the dead, with rare exceptions, in these early times, had to be in unconsecrated ground. There had been since 1811 near the site of the later stone church known as St. Peter's a

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frame edifice called "The Barton Free Church," which the Rev. Mr. Addison occasionally visited and preached in prior to Mr. Leeming's arrival in 1816. This was used jointly by Anglicans and Presbyterians, and during the war of 1812 it was a soldier's hospital.

In another chapter I have noted the arrival of the Rev. Ralph Leeming in Ancaster in 1816, his building the frame parsonage there shortly afterwards and the frame church, the corner stone of which the Free Masons laid in 1824, and his being succeeded in 1830 by the Rev. Mr. Miller. Messrs. Stuart, Addison, Leeming and Miller were all men of culture and profound learning, educated in the great mother schools and universities, and, in the absence in those early days of newspaper and other modern means of disseminating knowledge and moulding character, it fell to them and the churches they represented to reach and influence for good the thought and conduct of the scattered inhabitants. A letter from the Bishop of Quebec, dated November 22nd, 1827, on file in the S. P. G. offices in England, tells of a 500 mile horseback ride of that prelate from Ancaster back to Quebec, and that the inhabitants of Hamilton, a village 7 miles from Ancaster, were then asking for a church service. The same Bishop writes home again in 1830 extolling the Rev. Mr. Miller's qualifications, tells of preaching in the new Court House at Hamilton, which had just been made the County seat, and describes the fine view from the mountain brow above that thriving young town.

The names of the upholders of the Anglican faith from the first settlement of Ancaster until Mr. Miller's retirement in 1838 can, I think, be regarded as the real pioneers of St. John's. We find from the records that

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these were besides those I have already mentioned, Job Lodor, who before 1820 had acquired all the mills on the stream that ran through the town, from the "Union Company," purchasers of the same from Rosseaux and Wilson in 1809, and was a substantial store keeper as well; Doctor Oliver Tiffany, a busy physician; Messrs. Notman and Berrie, solicitors; Lieutenant William Milne, a retired naval officer who owned then a very large tract of Ancaster property; John Aikman, a miller and farmer in what is now known as the Sulphur Springs section; the Gurnetts, who kept store and published a newspaper at the same time; the Crooks' who owned farms, mills, stores and distilleries; Mr. Jacob Gabel, who tanned leather in a primitive way; the Boulthees and Cradocks, also from the Sulphur Springs district; and later on the Sniders, the Battersbys and the Halsons.

From a list preserved of signatures to an address to the Rev. Mr. Leeming on his retirement in 1830 it can, I suppose, be surmised that many of the names appended thereto were those of active workers in and upholders of the English Church of this district. But of course this list included adherents from the Barton and Hamilton districts as well as from Ancaster, and there are on it many names whom the present generation would not recognize as church people at all. But admitting all this, there are local names there that I have not yet mentioned here, such as Wilson, Kern, Taylor, Durand, Filman, Almas, Hogeboom, Showers, Ritchie, Cooley, Mackay, Tisdale and Marr, all more or less familiar to those conversant with St. John's past history and to present day strollers in its graveyard, who may too, I think, be properly associated with the pioneer days of the old parish. Strange to say there were no female

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signatures attached to this address, in those days possibly women were more heedful of St. Paul's admonition to silence, less prominent in church and other public affairs, and more given to the duties and cares of home, than they are to-day. I wonder, too, did these men, 134 in all, sign this address with heartfelt sympathy, or did some of them, the way men do to-day, put their names down just because their neighbors did, and for fear of giving offence by not doing so? Let us hope that these old pioneers of St. John's all signed this valedictory seriously and meaningly. They, and the rest mentioned here, have all gone to their rest long, long ago, and we of to-day know nothing of the perils and the hardships that they endured. Many of them, or their sires, had thrown up prosperous, civilized, long settled homes in the neighbouring States to the south, with their golden fields and smiling orchards, to hew out new ones again in these dense northern forests just because, in spite of the folly of Britain's rulers of that day, they still believed in her church laws, and her civil institutions! The tools they worked with were primitive, the distances and roads they travelled on foot and on horseback, long and rough. They built their own shanties and barns from the great self-hewn logs of the woods about them. They and their children often waded waist high in snow in winter, and ankle deep in mud in spring and fall, to far away school and store and church. Oxen, not horses, were their chief beasts of burden. The rude wooden plow, the scythe and the flail, were their care in the day time, the log fire, the candle and the crane in the evening. Books and newspapers were scarce and often unobtainable at all even by the cultured and the ambitious, and when they could

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be got they were of the simplest kind. Railways and other modern modes of travel were unknown and unthought of, or at the best, dreams of the far future. The perils of the Indian and of the savage wild animal were not uncommon to Ancaster's first settlers. But perhaps they enjoyed life after all better than we do. Science and invention and discovery had not vexed them with the intricate social and financial problems that we face to-day. Simple, frugal living enabled most of them to attain to ripe old age. The modern attractions we behold, were not in vogue to lure them from their regular Sunday worship. A dollar with them went as far as ten with us, and the extent of their personal adornment was about in the same proportion. Their lives made up in simplicity, and genuineness what they lacked in show and frivolty, and the faithful substantial works and actions of her pioneers no doubt laid an enduring foundation for both the temporal and spiritual success that St. John's Parish in this twentieth century enjoys.

CHAPTER III.

THE THREE EARLIEST RECTORS

Remote from towns he ran his goodly race
Nor ere had changed nor wished to change his place
Unskilful he to fawn or seek for power
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour,
Far other aims his heart had learned to prize
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise
His house was known to all the vagrant train
He chid their wanderings but relieved their pain.

Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to glow
And quite forgot their vices in their woe
Careless their merits or their faults to scan
His pity gave 'ere charity began
Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride
And e'en his failings leaned to virtue's side.

Can all the encomiums recorded here by one of England's immortal bards in the 18th Century, of the pastor of the village which was the scene of his boyhood, be justly meted out and accorded to those sons of the Canadian Church mentioned in this and the two following chapters, who, from its beginning in 1816, guided the spiritual destinies of St. John's Parish? I doubt it, for even the best of clergymen are human like ourselves. Nor is it at all likely, if the poet had gone on and painted the other side of his own picture, that the model pastor he portrays there would have been any

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better than the rest, or than those whom I am writing about here. The poet in this particular instance is said to have been drawing a mental picture of his own father in his old parish in Ireland that was the scene of the writer's childhood. This worthy parson only had £40 a year, but that in those days went quite as far as the stipends some of our clergy get now.

Social and financial ambition gnaws at the hearts of many clergymen and their families and, as with others, tempts them sometimes to do things that they should not do. The love of money, and of pleasure and of the world, draws some from the strict path of duty. Poverty sours the disposition of others. Unjust and unkindly criticism from members of their flocks disheartens and discourages many more of them. The eloquent preacher may be lacking in tact, or in business methods in the running of a parish, and he who is a good executive or financial manager may be such a failure in the pulpit, that his congregation grow weary of listening to his soporific sermons, and long for a change. Like the rest of our unsettled, disorganized world, many church people are over critical and unappreciative, and some clergymen irritant, restless, and craving for what is not theirs, each one imagining that his own individual lot is a harder one than his neighbor's. Some clergymen are men of brilliant parts who, had it not been for the accident of their calling, might have shone in the business world, been eminent in commerce, in trade, or in the other more remunerative professions. They have sacrificed for the spiritual side all possibility of worldly success. So it is to-day, so doubtless it was in the olden times, both here and in England, and so it will most likely continue as long

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as churches and clergymen (of all the non-Roman denominations at least) continue to exist. But let us cease to moralize or make useless comparisons and get down to an enquiry and an investigation of the different reverend persons, and, as far as we can, the striking characteristics of those clerics who, from its earliest period of existence, filled St. John's pulpit as rectors or incumbents and ministered to the spiritual needs of the parish whose history we are peering into here

Following in the footsteps of Rev. Robert Addison, rector of St. Mark's Niagara, who arrived in 1792, there was sent out by the S. P. G. F. P. to Upper Canada, having been first ordained by the Bishop of London, the Reverend Ralph Leeming, born in Blackburn, Lancashire, England, in 1790, and a graduate of St. Bee's College, Cumberland, an English Theological College which went out of existence in 1897. Prior to young Mr. Leeming's arrival in Ancaster in 1816, Mr. Addison had attended as best he could, at his great distance away, to the spiritual needs of the scattered church people of the district, with this no doubt much appreciated exception that the law then allowed marriage by Justice of the Peace where there was no ordained clergyman within eighteen miles. Before Mr. Leeming's arrival there were only six ordained clergymen in Upper Canada, viz., those at Niagara, York, Sandwich, Kingston, Ernestown and Cornwall.

It is interesting to note here in passing, that our village at this time contained as many as twenty prosperous merchants' stores, the adjoining towns of Dundas, Hamilton, Brantford and Flamboro not yet having sprung into being, or at least into sufficient importance to compete with her for the trade of the

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surrounding country, then known as the westerly half of the "District of Gore," which district extended, roughly speaking, from Cornwall to the Grand River Reserve.

Dissent as we know it to-day at this time had made little headway in Canada, although, according to Mr. Leeming, its followers were much stronger in point of numbers about Ancaster than the Established Church. The State Church here as in England held unchallenged sway. The Statute 31 George III. empowered the Governor to erect parsonages and rectories and enacted that every person presented to these should as to both benefits and duties hold them precisely as the clergy in England then did. A search of the journals of the S. P. G. in London, England, reveals some interesting letters written home by Mr. Leeming on his first arrival and later on. One dated October 28th, 1816, asks for a supply of tracts, 10 Bibles, 50 Testaments, 50 Books of Common Prayer and 100 Catechisms for his new Canadian charge. Another dated March 21st, 1818 (he had to report progress to headquarters in England twice a year), tells of the purchase by his congregation of 33 acres for a rectory site and farm. Another dated December 5th, 1819, asks for Indian Prayer Books and states in it that the chapel on the Grand River had just had a chancel and a steeple added. The Rev. Mr. Addison had just written from Niagara that he could no longer minister to these far away Indians and had induced Mr. Leeming to take them under his care. For this the S. P. G. voted Mr. Leeming an extra £20 per annum in addition to his former stipend of £50.

In the meantime Grimsby, about midway between Ancaster and Niagara, had sprung into being as a

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church living and settlement, the Reverend William Sampson having become its first rector in 1817. This reverend gentleman, it is on record, married his clerical brother and neighbor Ralph Leeming to Miss Susan Hatt at Dundas in June, 1820. This place, or the nucleus of what afterwards became Dundas, had evidently been known before then as "Coote's Paradise," a name now given only to the large marsh west of Hamilton Bay. For, three years before the marriage of their daughter to Rev. Mr. Leeming, Richard and Mary Hatt, of Ancaster, had presented a solid silver Communion set to the church people of the adjoining valley with this inscription, "For the use of the church in the village of "Coote's Paradise," and this service is still used in St James' Church, Dundas.

About this time Mr. Leeming undertook to build the first parsonage in Ancaster, over a mile out from the village on the Stone road in a 23-acre private glebe. The regular 400-acre rectory glebe lands, which the English Church held everywhere in Upper Canada before the secularization of the Clergy Reserves in 1854, were a mile or so south of this, a fine stretch of land heavily timbered which afterward became the property of James Foster Wilson. The quaint old frame building Mr. Leeming built, with its massive chimney in the centre, although long since uninhabited, survived the onslaughts of wind and weather and was still standing until comparatively recently. This particular piece of property was sold by the Church to Jacob Kramer in 1871 for \$1,750.00. Under Mr. Leeming's charge the first frame church was built also, on the present site, in 1824, the Rousseaux family donating the land. The church then built cost about \$2,500.00 in our money.

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While the weight of authority seems to favor this date as the time at which Ancaster's first church was built, as well as the other dates I have used, it must be admitted that there is a conflict of opinion as to the exact period of this and other very early happenings in the parish. One writer states, for instance, that Mr Leeming did not come till 1818; another that the first church was built in 1820, not 1824. It is stated in one place that Mr. Leeming left Ancaster in 1827 instead of 1830. While the best evidence points to 1820 as the date of building the first parsonage, one record gives as late as 1822 as the date of the purchase of the site for this, and the area of land included is given in three different accounts as 23, 25, and 33 acres.

The Presbyterians joined in this church building, there being no minister of this denomination in these parts till the Rev. Mr Sheed came in 1826, his manse being about equally distant with the Anglican parsonage but down in the pretty hollow now known as "The Hermitage." Mr. Job Lodor, already referred to as a busy miller and store keeper and no doubt then Ancaster's leading and wealthiest citizen, the next year advanced the English Church people sufficient funds to buy the Presbyterians out. They took a deed to the Bishop of Quebec in trust, from the Presbyterians, who now acquired their own site which they hold to-day and on which they, immediately after purchasing, built their own place of worship. This latter was a frame building afterwards, on the erection of the present stone structure, used as a cigar factory and subsequently destroyed by fire. In it the congregation of St. John's worshipped after the fire of 1868 and until the present church was completed.

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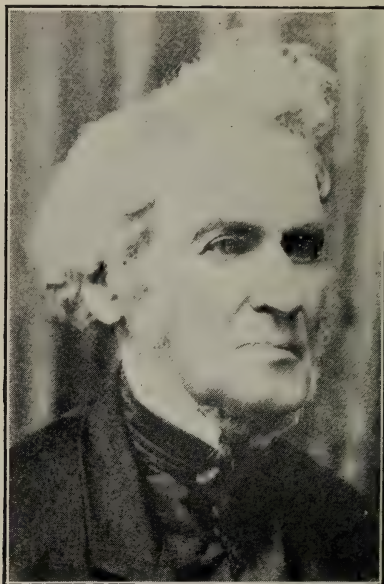
Mr. Leeming apparently conceived the idea that his work was too heavy for his health, for he seems to have retired from the active ministry while quite a young man in 1827.* Another letter of his to the S. P. G. in 1824 complained that his health required that he live nearer the sea and that the Bishop of Quebec had recommended him to remove to Gaspe, but nothing seems to have come of this suggested change. From Ancaster he went to the Southern States, but soon after this we hear of him later on in active work in the Canadian Church again, this time at Carleton Place. In 1830 the Bishop of Quebec writing home to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in foreign parts, reports that Mr. Leeming is then stationed at March on the Rideau Canal. But the lure of his first Canadian home and parish seems to have been irresistible for in 1854 he purchased from Mr. Everett the 50 acres on the Sulphur Springs Road, where the author of this history was afterwards born, residing there unattached to any church living till 1861. For eleven years longer Mr. Leeming resided in Dundas, where he died, leaving no issue, in 1872. He officiated at the laying of the corner stone of St. John's new church on the 5th of May, 1868. What mingled feelings must have been his on this occasion as the aged pioneer clergyman gazed back over the vistas of 52 years, his church advanced so much in strength and prosperity, but the old village that it crowned outclassed, alas, by its surrounding neighbors and a mere skeleton of the former greatness that he had once beheld it endowed with! Mr. Leeming left \$2,000 in his will toward the

* If he retired in this year there was evidently a hiatus of three years between the incumbencies of Messrs. Leeming and Miller.

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erection of the new and present fine stone rectory of St. John's adjoining and south of the church. He had an elder brother, William by name, also a clergyman, and for many years rector of Stamford and Chippawa. Relatives and namesakes of the Leeming family still reside in Glanford Township, and the parents of the Hon. Dr. Carr, the present Provincial Member for East Hamilton and Minister without portfolio, named their now distinguished son after the subject of this sketch.

Charges have been made against the first rector of St. John's of gross neglect and carelessness in the keeping of parish records, and one gifted chronicler of past events in the parish has gone so far as to accuse him of keeping no records at all. These charges may be in part true. There is no doubt a lack of continuity in the existing records of baptisms, marriages and burials of the time. For instance, there is not a single baptism recorded in the six years between 1818 and 1824, and no burials in his register at all. But there are extenuating and explanatory circumstances. We must remember that Mr. Leeming had a vast territory to watch and travel over, usually on horseback and in many cases through only forest trails, not good roads like we have to-day. Dundas, Barton, Hamilton, Wellington Square, and many other places further away in every direction, all came within his spiritual jurisdiction, and the records shew that his duties often took him away west even into the far off London district. No doubt his constitution was frail and delicate even though he did survive to old age. He was a poor penman and writing material in those early days was not always at hand or as good as it is now. The Ancaster congregations in those days embraced Methodists, Presbyterians and all



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other dissenters. In a letter written home to the Society under which he was working in 1817 he tells that of the 1000 inhabitants of Ancaster 200 only were Anglicans, as many Presbyterians, and 600 Methodists. Mr. Leeming was in a measure the spiritual minister and guide of all, and no doubt the rector felt it hardly as incumbent on himself to keep as strict a record as he otherwise would have done had these dealt with his own flock alone. And when we find this pioneer of the Church baptizing 11 Green children in one day (4th February, 1817), and 9 Kitchen children on another (17th October, 1824), and at least recording all these, it shows an effort on this busy clergyman's part to keep some record at least of his doings, however faulty and careless his system may appear to our modern conception of such things. And while these missing records are unfortunately not to be found, it does not necessarily follow that they were not properly and regularly made at the time and lost or destroyed afterwards through no fault of their recorder.

We next come in reviewing the men who from the beginning ruled over St. John's destinies, to the name of the Reverend John Miller, spelt in all the records with an "é" but, strange to relate, on his tombstone in the rear of the church with an "a." It must suggest itself to the reader that those who had this inscription affixed would surely know the correct way to spell the departed clergyman's name, in spite of the local records. He was an Irishman, a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin, born in 1798. He came to Ancaster in 1830 from Ireland direct, the date of his induction being August 8th of that year. He calls his living at first a mission, although in Vol. 5 of the Ontario Historical

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Society the date of his induction into the *Rectorship* of Ancaster is given as August 8th, 1830. But the actual induction as rector and the delivery of corporal possession did not take place till Oct. 11th, 1836.

Like his predecessor, Mr. Miller did not enjoy good health, in fact died in harness, or immediately after retiring, at Ancaster, on Aug. 11th, 1839, at only 41 years of age and after only eight years incumbency of the parish. Like his predecessor, too, he had no family. Unlike Mr. Leeming, however, Mr. Miller kept an accurate record of all his parish happenings, and it is pathetic to read from these how he still stuck to his duties in spite of the destroying ravages of disease. Suddenly deprived on one occasion of the power of speech at a funeral he was conducting, Mr. Miller tells how he was ordered away from the parish by his doctor and derived some benefit by a visit to Rochester and Buffalo. In the early part of his pastorate (Oct. 10th, 1830) St. John's Church was consecrated by the Bishop of Quebec. Mr. Miller's territory, though not as wide as Mr. Leeming's, included Barton, Glanford, Dundas, Flamboro and Hamilton, and he occasionally took in such then out-lying districts as Guelph. We learn for instance from the church records of that time that on the 11th of July, 1831, by the desire of the Bishop of Quebec and requested by the inhabitants, he that day visited "the Township and Village of Guelph," preached on the 12th and 13th in the village schoolhouse and baptized 20 children there.

Mr. Miller again visited and preached at Guelph on Sept. 23rd, 1832, but the Ancaster register shews that on Oct. 19th, 1834, the Reverend Arthur Palmer, of Guelph, preached for Mr. Miller at both Barton and

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Ancaster, so evidently by this time Guelph had a clergyman of its own. A diary that has been preserved gives an account of every service taken by Mr. Miller in all his charges during his whole pastorate of eight years, energetic and painstaking, though delicate, clergyman that he was, with the number of attendances at most of the services. Flamboro, Beverly and Dundas were then all three included in the County of Halton. One of the interesting events recorded in Mr. Miller's pastorate, is the ordination of the Reverend John Gamble Geddes, afterwards Dean of Niagara, to the priesthood in Ancaster Church on October 11th, 1835. Another event recorded at that time is of interest, as shewing that the far away places were gradually getting clergymen of their own to relieve the Ancaster rector of his long journeys abroad. It is the meeting of what was then called the Western Clerical Society corresponding on a wide scale, no doubt, with the present Rural Deanery meetings. This gathering, held at Mr. Miller's parsonage on November 4th, 1835, included clergymen from Brantford, Tuscarora, Woodstock, London, (Cronyn), Grimsby, Wellington Square, Hamilton, Glanford (spelt wrongly in his records throughout by Mr. Miller with a "d"), and Guelph.

Mr. Miller's ashes rest, if one is safe in assuming at such a distance in time that headstones always indicate real resting places, in the Smith plot in the rear of St. John's. His widow, Caroline, afterwards married Mr. George R. Penfold, of Staple Grove, and died on May 8th, 1862, aged 53. She, too, with her second husband, as well as Doctor James Miller, a brother of the rector, who died of brain fever in February, 1834, at only 24 years of age, and having just

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commenced practice in Ancaster, are all interred in the same spot. One authority* says that Mr. Miller dropped dead while in the act of administering the Sacrament.

Some further events of more than ordinary interest to Ancastrians of the present day, culled from this interesting church diary of Mr. Miller's may be fittingly, I think, here jotted down in conclusion. He attended at the funeral of Rev. Mr. Sheed, the first Ancaster Presbyterian minister, on December 22nd, 1832. He buried a son of Sir Allan MacNab's at Burlington Heights on April 30th, 1834. He baptized the aged Dr. Oliver Tiffany on September 18th, 1834, and preached a funeral sermon for the same gentleman eight months afterwards before 350 people. His baptism of John Walter (afterwards Sheriff) Murton on September 28th, 1836; his marriage of Dr. Thomas Seagram, said to have been a near relative of the afterwards famous distiller, horseman and M.P., of Waterloo, Ont., to Miss Emily Hore, of that Flamboro family, on August 2nd, 1837, the baptism of six children of Jacob and Catharine Gabel on one day, October 24th, 1837; and the alarm and confusion created in the church by many of its members being called away to help to suppress the Mackenzie Rebellion; are all events of more than passing interest to the reviewer of bygone times in Ancaster.

The next and third rector of Ancaster and Dundas was William (afterwards Archdeacon) McMurray, who became curate to Mr. Miller in 1838, owing no doubt to the latter's failing health, and succeeded on his death to the rectory.

* Archdeacon Irving's "History of the Parish of Dundas."

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William McMurray was born at Portadown in Ireland on the 19th September, 1810. The following year he came with his parents to Upper Canada, where they settled at York, now Toronto. When 8 years old he became a pupil of Dr. Strachan's in Toronto, the school being carried on in a little frame building on King Street, just east of Yonge. On leaving school Mr. McMurray took private pupils among whom were G. W., (afterwards the Hon. G. W.) Allan, Chancellor of Trinity College, and some of the well-known and influential Jarvis family. In 1830 young McMurray was received as a student in Divinity by the Hon. and Right Rev. Charles James Stewart, Bishop of Quebec, and placed under Dr. Strachan, with whom he continued until the time of his ordination in 1832. On 2nd August, 1832, he was sent by Sir John Colborne, the Lieutenant-Governor, as a Missionary to Sault Ste. Marie. At that time it was a "terra Incognita." Unable to reach his destination young McMurray returned and told the Governor that the place could not be found on the map. His Excellency replied that by going by way of Buffalo and Lake Erie to Detroit, he might obtain the necessary information. He left Toronto on the 30th of September and did not reach his mission till the 20th of October. At this time the population on the Canadian side of the Sault was very small, the south or American side was the only trading post of John Johnston, a large store-keeper and trader with the Indians, who had formerly been a young Irish sportsman attached to the staff of Lord Dorchester, and the United States settlement amounted to about 200. On both sides of the river the population was chiefly Indian and half breed. Mr. McMurray called a council of Indians and stated to them

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that he had been sent by the Church and by their "Great Father at Toronto" as their teacher. Echo, their chief speaker, arose and asked "How they were to know that he was sent by their Great Father at Toronto?" On examining the stamp on Mr. McMurray's letter and finding it the same as on his medal, the chief said, "I am no longer in the dark. Black coat shall be our teacher. I give him my hand, and shall open my ears willingly to him."

In June 1833 Mr. McMurray left for York to receive Priest's Orders. Upon his arrival he found the Bishop had left for Kingston, and from there he followed him to the Eastern Townships, where he was raised to the priesthood on 11th August, 1833. He returned to the Sault towards the end of September and there he married Charlotte, the half-breed daughter of John Johnston on the 26th of that month. Mr. Johnston had been very useful to him as an interpreter. Mr. McMurray's bride was the third daughter, her mother's Indian name was O-zah-gush-ogah, "The Wild Rose," and her own O-ge-bu-Ne-Qua, "The lovely maiden of the Sault." Her father had married Susan Waubojeeg, daughter of Indian Chief Waubojeeg of the Ojibway Tribe, and their children's names were: Louis, Jane, George, Eliza, William, Charlotte (who married Dr. McMurray), John and Anna Maria. Mrs. McMurray accompanied her husband on his mission tours, acting as his interpreter and teaching the Indians to sing and chant. Louis Johnston served as midshipman in the British Navy in the war of 1812, on the Upper Lakes, and was seriously wounded on the Flagship Queen Charlotte on Lake Erie on the 12th September, 1813. He was afterwards taken a prisoner and removed to Cincinnati. The cruel treatment that he

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there received made him a permanent invalid. He died at Amherstberg, where he served in the Indian Department, in 1825. George helped his father in repelling the enemy at Fort Michilimacimac. He made many journeys to the various Indian tribes, acting as guide and interpreter. Jane, on account of her great physical beauty, and her charming disposition, became a great favourite among the nobility in England when there with her father. She was educated at Montreal and in England. Upon her return to the Sault a young man from Washington, named Henry R. Schoolcraft, came there as a Commissioner from the U. S. Government to the Western Indians. Mr. Schoolcraft became a distinguished author and a member of many historical and scientific societies in Europe, one of his works on the Indians on being presented to Queen Victoria, was given a special place of honour in the Library of Buckingham Palace. He was the American Indian Agent at the Sault for 25 years and had in the meantime become the husband of Jane Johnston. Eliza, the second daughter, remained unmarried, and Anna Maria became the wife of a brother of Henry R. Schoolcraft.

Mrs. McMurray, who was the first person baptized in St. James' Church, Dundas, had a good voice and correct ear. She was tall and had that indescribable grace and undulation of movement which constitute perfection of female form. Her features were distinctly Indian but softened and refined. During the five years Mr. McMurray had charge of the Mission at the Sault he had 145 baptisms, 7 burials, 13 marriages and 66 communicants.* He built a chapel there in

* Some of these figures seem unreliable and out of proportion, but so I found them recorded.

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1836. He baptized the famous Chief Shingwauk, and his son, who was named Augustus. Mr. McMurray had been liberally helped and encouraged in his far away mission by the then Governor, Sir John Colborne, but the latter's successor, Sir Francis Bond Head, refusing any aid to this good work, it had to be abandoned for the time being and the young missionary again came home. In November, 1838, however, he was succeeded in this far away Northern living by Dr. O'Meara, who translated the New Testament into the Ojibway language.

Mr. McMurray laboured zealously and faithfully for 19 years in Ancaster and Dundas, into the rectory of which he had been inducted by the Rev. H. J. Grassett, acting as chaplain to Dr. George Jehosephat Mountain, Coadjutor Bishop of Quebec, on May 6th, 1841. There was evidently some question at this time where he should reside. Dr. Strachan, now Bishop of Toronto, asked Mr. McMurray to decide according to where the most church people were, and Dundas having been found to contain the most, the new rector took up his abode at what was afterwards known as Orchard Hill, for many years later on the residence of the Wardell family. His urbanity of manner and irreproachable life greatly commended him to the kind regards of his fellow townsmen. He took an active part in promoting the inauguration of Trinity College and was a delegate on behalf of that young Church University to the United States in 1854 and to England 10 years later. In the meantime Mr. McMurray had also been deputed by his Bishop to proceed to Quebec, where Parliament then sat for all Canada and watch the legislation there being passed to Secularize the Clergy Reserves.

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So well did he guard and promote the interests of the Upper Canadian Anglican Clergy in this legislation and in securing for them the establishment of the Commutation Trust Fund, under which they still derive substantial benefit, that he received the honorary degree of D. C. L. from Trinity College and a vote of thanks and a handsome service of plate from his fellow clergy. Dr. McMurray's visit to England was marked by the conferring of many honors on him there. He preached to 7,000 people in St. Paul's Cathedral in April 1864, was made an honorary member of the Athenaeum Club, and was personally entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone at Hawarden. This distinguished couple not only subscribed liberally themselves to his work, but introduced him to many notables who also substantially assisted in the object of his visit. He moved to Niagara in 1857, and his parishioners of Dundas presented him with a very handsome service of plate, which was imported from England, costing \$300.00. In his reply to the address Dr. McMurray said: "Had my own inclinations been consulted and my reasonable expectations been realized, our intercourse would still have been maintained and would only have terminated when the "silver chord should be loosed and the golden bowl broken." The attachment of his friends at Ancaster were not short lived either, for in 1870, on the occasion of his making a visit there, at a Harvest Festival, he was presented with an address, assuring him of their undiminished attachment and esteem. On the beautiful monument in St. Mark's churchyard, Niagara, it is recorded that Charlotte Johnston McMurray died on the 17th of January, 1878, aged

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71.† In 1876 Dr. McMurray became Rural Dean of Lincoln and Welland in the place of Dr. Fuller, who had been made Archdeacon, the title of Rural Dean then being not so generally bestowed and of much more importance than to-day. Trinity College, Hartford, bestowed upon him the Hon. Degree of M. A., and Columbus College the Degree of D.D. Dr. McMurray, who died at Niagara on May 19th, 1894, and is buried there, left four children, three sons and one daughter. William Strachan born September, 1833, died at Niagara November, 1864, John Henry, born November, 1838, died in Chicago 1885; James S., born 1840, afterwards a prominent lawyer, who lived in Toronto; and Charlotte Elizabeth, born July, 1834, and who became the wife of Hamilton Killaly and resided in Morrisburg.

A good many of the names and families closely associated with St. John's in modern days were also prominent even in the time of Dr. McMurray's rectorship. I find the familiar names of Leith Postans, Aikman, Snider, Hammill, Regan and Woods among the old records as office bearers in the church of that day, in addition to those of Penfold, Mackelcan, McKeand and Hammersley. I have already mentioned Mr. Penfold and Dr. Mackelcan will be referred to later on. Mr. George McKeand, whose wife was a Bush, shortly after this moved to Hamilton, where he was a well-known insurance man. Captain Hammersley was a retired English officer, who lived on the property now owned by Charles W. Heming.

Dr. McMurray was a careful recorder of parish events and all his entries are models of accuracy and

† Mrs. McMurray is buried at Niagara, although the Toronto Globe erroneously stated on July 7th, 1924, that her grave is in St. John's churchyard at Ancaster.

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neatness. He married a second time a Miss Baxter, of Niagara, whose remains also rest beside him there.

Writing of him in the Canadian Church Magazine of about the time of his demise, the late Rev. Dr. C. H. Mockridge has this to say of the third rector of Ancaster: "Up to but a very short time ago scarcely a sign of old age was to be seen in his tall and manly form. His black hair, keen faculties, firm and rapid step, shewed him to be of the kind whose force was certainly unabated, a clergyman whose life was historic, and inseparable from the annals of the Church of England in Canada."

While I am dwelling on the life and career of Dr. McMurray and have mentioned the Schoolcrafts as well, let me also tell in passing, and before I conclude this chapter, of a quaint and massive old recumbent tomb near the front of St. John's churchyard, commemorating Mrs. McMurray's sister, Mrs. Henry R. Schoolcraft just referred to. She died in Dundas in 1842, while on a visit at the rectory there, and this old tomb, in the cool shade of the church and of its nearby trees, was a famous lounging place in the summers of the author's youth, for boys before church time. Like most of the huge bulky creations of its kind and period, it sets forth in glowing terms the many virtues and accomplishments of her whom it commemorates. These of course loomed up to all of us who lingered round the spot after Sunday School, as far more saintly and unattainable than those of any individual of our own day could possibly be. I think I can advisedly go so far as to say that they simply staggered us in their angelic richness, causing the reflective youthful mind of the

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time to ponder with the deepest awe and reverence over such rare and excellent gifts!

But this is only one of the numerous "sermons in stone" that may be found in our strolls around old St. John's. The inhabitants here of a century and less ago seem to have possessed a weakness (although perhaps not more so than in other places at that period) for lengthy marmorial inscriptions in both prose and verse on the real or imagined merits of their departed. But is it not well for us that this was so? Does it not exert a saving and a steadying influence on the doubting ones of to-day, this exaltation of the virtues and forgetfulness of the frailties of these people's fore-fathers? May not our reverence for the good deeds of the folk of the past in comparison with our scorn for the shams and the hypocrisies and the hatreds so evident, alas, in the present generation, help us to conclude that real goodness and virtue and charity towards one another, were possibly once human attributes on earth even if these righteous gifts do seem now to have almost entirely failed, and ceased, and vanished away?

CHAPTER IV.

A WONDERFUL FAMILY

*Tecumseth's parsonage! was there ever found
Without thy walls in any lordly pile
Or where the easy ways of fortune smile
For genius a more fertile breeding ground?
The simple country parson's daily round
Struggling along with his devoted wife
To save men's souls—a rugged toilsome life
To duty and to service ever bound
In you, their cottage home, this sturdy pair
Enduring all the buffetings of chance
Brought forth four sons, as famed as ever were
To shine in law, in medicine, in finance,
In you was genius nourished, in whose air
Her hidden spark could unperceived advance!*

Fetherstone Lake Osler, the clergyman of whom, and of whose family I write in this chapter, was born in the bustling seaport town of Falmouth, Cornwall, England, on December 14th, 1805, and died in Toronto on February 16th, 1895.

In this long span of mortal years, events of vast and enduring moment had shaken the world at large and vitally changed too, the land of Mr. Osler's adoption. His childhood had seen frustrated the attempt of America to further humiliate the mother country from which she had freed herself thirty years before, and the doom of Napoleon sealed at Waterloo. Peace, for a season at

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least, in his early life had been allowed to brood over a war starved and staggering Europe, but rebellion, fostered and fomented by the tyranny both east and west of oligarchal rule, was rampant on his arrival in Canada, especially in those parts adjacent to his first charge. He had got just fairly settled down to pioneer work in Upper Canada, when he witnessed its union with the Lower Province in 1841. Those clerical reserves which had ear-marked his own church in the new land with some of the attributes of the State Church in England, had been secularized in 1854, or at about the same period that war with Russia, and just afterwards mutiny in India, had spread financial disorganization and great domestic anxiety at home.

Mr. Osler had also watched eagerly in Canada, the political discussions and struggles that ended in the Confederation of the British American provinces, and saw that national edifice a completed structure in 1867.

During all these events and tumults, around him and across the deep, the subject of this memoir for twenty years in the Yorks and Simcoes, while his family were being born and reared, and for eleven more in Wentworth, till beautiful hilly old Ancaster and low-lying, comparatively modern Dundas were really, though not nominally severed in 1868, in unbroken composure and steadfastness, went on working out his own ideal of the clergyman's high office. His phenomenally long rectorship of St. John's from 1857 till 1895 marks what may be fittingly termed "the great divide" in both church and domestic economy, between the old order of things and the new in Canadian mode and custom, and especially in what is now Ontario. It beheld in retrospect a vast territory embracing only three dioceses,

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at its termination governed by more than twice that many bishops, with the clergy of the Church of England of that same territory more than doubled in numbers. It bridged over those great gaps in our town and country life between the tallow dip and the electric switch, the wood stove and the furnace, the swamp trail and the stone highway, the log and frame shanty on the one hand, and the stone and brick residence on the other. It saw the seed drill supplant "the sower going forth to sow" by hand, the mower the scythe, the cradle, with the wisp of straw to laboriously bind what it slowly cut, yield to up-to-date harvesting machinery that rapidly and at the one time cuts and binds and gathers the sheaves together!

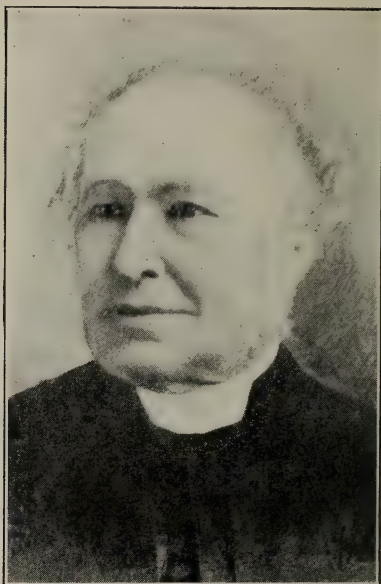
And, change more far-reaching perhaps than all the rest, it witnessed the disappearance from our barns of both the old swinging, bounding flail and the equestrian merry-go-round at our threshings that followed it, to make way for the modern, rapid working engine driven separator!

The subject of this sketch was an uplifter and an encourager of his people, and apart altogether from the spiritual aspect, all effort, clerical or lay, that has the effect of steadying, civilizing and educating mankind, of raising him up and strengthening his judgment for good, notwithstanding any shortcomings of the doer, is work that tells and lasts, and its accomplisher will always earn a just title to the thanks of those that come after.

From an autobiographical sketch of his life, now in the writer's possession, through the kindness of his only surviving daughter, we learn that Canon Osler's father, Edward Osler, was a merchant and ship owner

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in Falmouth, that his mother's maiden name was Mary Paddy, and that his paternal grandfather died in the West Indies. When young, the subject of this memoir, against his family's advice, went to sea in a merchant ship, but after a stormy and hazardous voyage to Malta and the Mediterranean gave this up for the Royal Navy. He experienced here both a wreck in the West Indies and the ravages of yellow fever in its worst form, and on returning to England served for a time on Nelson's ship, the Victory. Afterwards, Mr. Osler, now a sub-lieutenant, went to South America in the 42-gun frigate "Tribune," and then spent two years cruising in the Indian Ocean on the "Algerine." He then got leave of absence and proceeded home, having in the meantime refused a handsome offer to go to the East Indies as an officer of high rank in the Scientific Department of the Navy. On his arrival in England he found his naval friends out of power, and on their advice decided to take Holy Orders, which he had always had an inclination towards. He entered Cambridge in 1833, and at the end of 1836 was induced on an urgent appeal of Charles James Stewart, second Bishop of Quebec, for clergymen in Canada, to leave England for Colonial Service in the Church. The agreement was with the Upper Canada Clergy Society and was entered into for five years. Having taken his degree and been married to Miss Ellen Free Pickton, then living in Falmouth with her uncle and adopted father, Captain Britton, Mr. Osler was ordained at Lambeth Palace in March, 1837. He and his bride sailed from Falmouth for Quebec on the sixth of April of that year, and a young divinity student named Henry Scadding, afterwards



REV. F. L. OSLER, M.A.

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rector of Holy Trinity, Toronto, was their fellow passenger. The voyage took seven weeks, and after a stay of eight days in Quebec they proceeded to Toronto, and then north to Holland Landing and Tecumseth, the destination that Dr. Strachan, the then Archdeacon of York, had selected for them. Mr. Osler tells us in his own interesting account, that the parish had an area of twenty by twenty-four miles, that they lodged first with a farmer named Mairs in two small rooms, not large enough for their luggage, and that West Gwillinbury and Tecumseth at this time contained about two thousand inhabitants, nearly all Irish emigrants.

He goes on to tell how glad the people were to have a clergyman, but of the great difficulty in securing a place for worship and the scarcity of money and building material. He also lets some light in on the difficulties of travel in those days, and the long distance they were from post office, doctor and even blacksmith. It is almost incredible to read of the stable cleaned up by some of the parish women into living apartments for the young clergyman and his wife for the winter, and even that having to be given up in the spring again for the use of the farmer's cattle. But, after many make-shifts and protests, it appears that in July, 1838, the new parsonage at Tecumseth, built on an acre that James Armstrong had donated, was sufficiently advanced to receive the incumbent and his wife and infant son, Fetherstone (afterwards the Honorable Mr. Justice Osler of the Ontario Court of Appeal). Mr. Osler proceeds to tell here of the many out stations he organized, over a territory including twenty townships and taking in such distant places as Penetanguishene, Coldwater, and Barrie, to the north, and Chinguacousy and Caledon

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to the south and west, and of the great difficulty he had in getting men to fill all these stations. He had twenty-eight different congregations and Sunday Schools under his jurisdiction at this time, so many and so far distant, in fact, that it was only possible for him to visit some of these personally once in every six months! He had to ride on horseback an average of 150 miles a week over roads that were merely cattle trails and frequently to stop at night in sleeping places that swarmed with vermin! The future Canon mentions here the names of six young men whom he educated for the ministry and whom he afterwards scattered over these twenty-eight congregations. They were Messrs. Darling, Stuart, Champion, Hill, H. B. Osler and Bourne, all to become well known afterwards as pioneers in church work in their various localities. The future Rector of Ancaster and Dundas goes on to tell how twelve hundred scholars at one time received instruction in the Sunday Schools he established, how eager the young people were to learn, the boys fastening their testaments to their plows, and the girls theirs to their spinning wheels, and how Mrs. Osler taught the Tecumseth girls to sew. He tells, too, of the building of churches at Tecumseth and West Gwillimbury and another, Trinity Church, in between these two, then one at Cookstown and finally, the last at Lloydtown. Great difficulties were encountered at this last place owing, it appears, to the radical inhabitants' antagonism to the English Church, whose clergy often met insult at their hands. This seems to have been overcome, however, and one of the leading rebels, Mr. Tyson, finally gave the site for the Church. Mr. Osler's younger brother, Henry Bath Osler, settled at Lloydtown as first incumbent and re-

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mained there for 32 years of faithful service, afterwards going to York Mills, where he died in 1902. Longevity seems to be a characteristic of both the Canadian branches of this family. The author when in Florida in the winter of 1922-23, on calling one day informally at the apartment of Mr. Henry Osler, formerly manager of the Dominion Bank at Cobourg, Ont., and eldest son of the late Rev. Henry Bath Osler, was astonished at being informed by his host that he was that day celebrating his seventy-eighth birthday. He had just returned from his morning game of bowls and was as active on his feet and in general appearance and bearing as the average man of fifty. But to return to my subject. Mr. Osler also tells us of the first organization in this district, of the Sunday School picnic, afterwards to become so popular and indispensable everywhere, how as many as 700 scholars and their friends had congregated from as far as 11 miles away, at Trinity Church just mentioned in 1841, at the first recorded Sunday School picnic in Canada! How the idea was then so novel that visitors came from as far as Toronto to witness the strange sight, and taxed the rectory to its utmost capacity for their entertainment. He gives us in another part of this interesting sketch, an insight into the rebellion of 1837—the frenzied, alarmed condition of the Loyalists about him, the panic created everywhere, and the difficulty he experienced in keeping his people calm and collected during those troublous times. Worn out with hard work, broken in health, and with an abscess on his back, brought on by too much horseback riding, this pioneer priest of the church goes on to tell us of a trip with his wife to England in 1841, during which their oldest daughter was born.

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We learn here, too, what a wonderful send-off his people gave him on his departure, how well he was received in England, how he was given £500 for church work in Canada, preached in London to the S. P. G., visited Ireland, met many notables, including members of both Houses of Parliament, and returned to Canada again in the late autumn of the same year fully restored to health.

After being ten years in Canada with his own young men whom he had educated, some from England and others from the Cobourg Theological College, Mr. Osler found sufficient material with which to supply all his outstations, and after this he only had Tecumseth and West Gwillimbury to serve himself. Shortly afterwards the Rev. Arthur Hill took over West Gwillimbury and Mr. Osler retained Tecumseth and Bond Head till his removal to Ancaster and Dundas. He had long felt that the education and advancement of his growing young family must now be one of his first considerations, and, Ancaster and Dundas being better settled, with access to the best schools and a larger stipend he, not without many regrets, on being offered this preferment by his Bishop, left Tecumseth and Bond Head in January, 1857, after nearly twenty years of pioneer work there. He was, of course, remaining in the same diocese, his new home and his own both being then and for many years afterwards in the Diocese of Toronto. They moved to Dundas, although Ancaster was the rectory and Dundas only an outstation. The latter had however grown from small beginnings into a thriving town by this time, aided largely by the building of the Desjardines Canal. I have heard well informed people say that about the middle of last century Dundas was as

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important socially and commercially as its robust young neighbour, Hamilton, soon to outstrip it. But, in any event, both of these places had by now left old Ancaster on the hill, a place of vast importance in the days gone by, when neither of the other two were even heard of, entirely in the background. It was natural and proper, therefore, that the new rector and his wife with their growing family of young boys and girls should choose the larger and more accessible place of the two to live in, as the McMurrays had done, both for church and educational purposes, before them.

What were the activities of this sturdy pioneer in church work, the reader will ask, on his assuming his new duties? He has left us here too, some little light on what he accomplished in his new sphere between his arrival and the year 1868 when he retired from active service in Ancaster and confined his parochial duties henceforth to Dundas alone, until his retirement and removal to Toronto in 1881. By sacrificing the rental himself for nine years he increased the revenue from the Ancaster Glebe lands from \$60 per year to \$600, thus giving Ancaster a resident minister and establishing for the first time both morning and evening service at St. John's. There had been no chancel in the old frame edifice and Mr. Osler had a new stone one added as the nucleus of a new church. He cleared off a large debt on St. James', Dundas, and added a tower, spire, and chancel there. His efforts brought about the building of the present substantial stone church in Flamboro, free of debt. And he tells us that for twelve years he regularly performed three full services every Sunday, alternately driving six and fifteen miles, the longer of these drives being from

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Dundas in the early morning to Ancaster, across the country to Flamboro in the afternoon, and back to Dundas in the evening.

But perhaps I am getting away from the heading and text of this chapter and losing myself in a great mass of detail. And yet the name of Osler has in the last quarter of a century or more, become so famous all over Canada, and even beyond it, that it is hardly necessary to particularize any further here, suffice it briefly to say that the unostentatious Cornish clergyman, whose early labors in Simcoe County, and whose subsequent career in Ancaster and Dundas I have just traced, and his gifted devoted wife, became the parents of four sons of their total family of nine, who were to shed luster on their chosen callings and professions in life, and to leave behind them names that in Toronto's and Ontario's histories can never be forgotten.

The eldest, Fetherstone, after an eminent career at the Toronto bar, was elevated to the bench in 1879, and ended his judicial life on the Ontario Court of Appeal in 1910. Still active, though far advanced in the eighties, the Honorable Fetherstone Osler was until January 16th, 1924, president of the Toronto General Trusts Corporation, and energetically attentive to his duties as head of that great financial concern. He died on the last mentioned date, practically in harness. Addressing the bar and his fellow members of the Court of Appeal on January 18th, Sir William Mulock, Chief Justice, paid this worthy and beautiful tribute to the gifted man just departed: "The Great Harvester has just taken from our midst another great and good man, the late Mr. Justice Osler, one of a family which deservedly enjoys in a marked degree the respect of the

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people of Canada. It has given to the country four men, each of whom in his own particular career has attained enviable eminence. Mr. Justice Osler for nearly a third of a century adorned the bench of his native province, and throughout that long career he so adjusted the scales of Justice as to command the respect of the bench, the bar, and the country. To-day he sleeps in peace in his narrow bed, but he has bequeathed to his country a priceless and inspiring legacy, the ideal of the character of a man of unbending honesty of purpose, steadfastness in adherence to right, kindness and gentleness of heart, and charity towards all men."

Many of us still remember the fervid oratory of B. B. Osler, K.C., Canon Osler's second son, whose influence and telling weight with Courts and juries was recognized and his services sought in great cases all over Canada. He practiced first in Dundas, then in Hamilton but, too great a lawyer for either of these places, wound up his noted career in Toronto. He died childless, from overwork, in 1901 at only 62 years of age, having refused more than one tempting offer to ascend the bench. As I mention later on, the wives of these two eminent jurists were two Smith sisters from St. John's Parish, the elder son marrying the younger of the two daughters. And an equal eminence in the profession bids fair to be attained by the third Canadian generation of Oslers, three of Mr. Justice Osler's sons, and grandsons of the Staple Grove Smiths, now wearing silk and all standing at the head of the bar in Toronto—an instance of high triple heredity, the author ventures to assert, unknown in Canadian legal annals and rare in those of England or any other country.

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Sir Edmund Boyd Osler, another son of Canon Osler's, was too well known as a merchant prince in the Canadian financial world to require much mention here. Director of the Canadian Pacific Railway, head of the great firm of Osler, Hammond and Nanton, of Toronto and Winnipeg, President of the Dominion Bank, and for many years Dominion member of Parliament for West Toronto, his interests and the ramifications of his fame were both vast and varied. He had three sons and three daughters, two of the former being associated in business with their father, the third farming on an extensive scale at Bronte. On August 3rd, 1924, just as this history was being revised for the last time before publication, the great financier, Parliamentarian and capitalist, the last of the four eminent brothers whom the humble Tecumseth parsonage had nurtured and given to the world, died at his beautiful home, "Craigleigh," Toronto. He had attained to his 79th year and was, like some others mentioned here who have since alas died, in the fullness of all his powers and honors when the author was beginning the present work.

But, no doubt the most distinguished and shining light of the Osler family was the sixth and youngest son, William, a baronet of the United Kingdom and Regius Professor of Medicine at Oxford—it may be safely said, one of the greatest doctors the world has ever produced. Sir William died in 1919, his only surviving son and child, Edward Revere Osler, having been previously killed in the Great War. Sir William Osler once, no doubt in a moment of levity, suggested the comparative uselessness of all men over forty, and even went so far, so it is alleged, as to hint at the

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propriety of putting out of existence men whose faculties time had thus impaired. But if he ever really seriously contemplated the advancement of such a theory, how utterly was its fallacy to be proved in his own case as well as in those of his three famous brothers, all four of whom achieved their best and greatest accomplishments when far past the meridian of life!

Among the trinkets found in his house after the death of the author's father, George Devey Farmer the elder, in March, 1922, was a daugerrottype of the latter taken with Edward Lake Pickton Osler, the third son of Canon Osler. The two lived together at "Weybridge," the Farmer home on the Governor's Road for a while in the early sixties, after the death of the author's mother there, and just before his father's second marriage. Shortly after this, Edward Osler married Miss Marion Wyld, of Dundas, and settled there, afterwards practising law at Selkirk, Manitoba, and dying in 1907, leaving two daughters, who became later Mrs. Arthur Meredith and Mrs. Mervyn Mackenzie. The Osler and Farmer families naturally saw less of each other after the marriages of these two men and the separation of Ancaster and Dundas into two parishes, but the author remembers seeing Canon Osler, then an aged man, at his grandmother's funeral at "Springfield," one wild stormy day in January, 1881. The snow drifts were piling fence high and the cold was intense. It was the last time the venerable Canon visited that part of his old charge and surely such a journey on such a day spoke volumes for his faithfulness to duty even then, and bore fitting witness to the

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sincerity of his regard for a staunch and faithful former friend and parishioner.

The fifth son of the Reverend Mr. Osler, Francis Llewellyn, twin brother of Mrs. H. C. Gwyn, of Dundas, settled in Saskatchewan, but afterwards went to England, marrying Miss Isobel Fowler. They had one son, Ralph Fetherstone Lake, who was also, like his more illustrious cousin, killed in the Great War.

Canon and Mrs. Osler had three daughters, the youngest and the last of the family dying in infancy in 1854. As I have elsewhere stated, the eldest daughter, Ellen Mary, married Alexander Williamson, a civil engineer of Ancaster and Toronto, and died in 1902 leaving one son surviving. Mrs. Williamson was a great church worker and was long head of the Woman's Auxiliary of the Toronto Diocese. The second daughter, Charlotte Elizabeth, is the wife of Mr. Herbert Charles Gwyn, K.C., the present Surrogate Clerk and Registrar of the Supreme Court at Hamilton. This couple have a large family of sons and daughters, one of the former, Charles Campbell, having made the supreme sacrifice in the Great War, another Aylmer Hammond being in the Civil Service in India. The rest are all prominent in Canadian and American social, professional and business life, the eldest son, Herbert Britton, is an Episcopal clergyman in Chicago, the second, Norman Beechy, a prominent Toronto doctor, while two daughters are the wives of well-known divines of the church. Thus, while none of Canon Osler's sons themselves entered the ministry or daughters married clergymen, a tendency is seen in the third generation to turn again toward the cloth, a daughter of the Honorable Mr. Justice Osler having also married a clergyman.

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Let me just mention as briefly as I can before I draw towards the conclusion of this chapter, how it came about in 1868 that Mr. Osler severed his connection with Ancaster. Immediately after the fire in February of that year prompt steps were taken to rebuild, and many vestry and other meetings were held. Differences arose between the rector and some of the more headstrong of his people over the style of the new church and over the subscriptions to the building fund. No doubt there were faults on both sides, as is usually the case in such disputes—perhaps an inclination to tyrannize on the clergyman's part and a desire and a determination to rule in matters not properly within their province on the part of some of the congregation. It is neither seemly nor necessary here to mention any names to this ordinary church "row" looming so large then to those concerned, but so small now in the reflected light of more than fifty years of church history. At the bottom of it all was no doubt, as I have elsewhere suggested, a desire on the Ancaster people's part to run their own parish in the future disassociated from Dundas, and no doubt had any other clergyman than the Reverend Canon Osler been rector of the two parishes, the same result or one very similar would have happened. The psychological moment to separate had arrived anyway. Like the birds leaving their nest in the spring, the overgrown parishes or, more properly speaking, the people's of each, had concluded that each was now strong enough and able enough to go its own way, and that the other was only a dead weight around its neck and an obstacle to its progress. And so, after a more or less unfortunate display of hostility on both sides at these meetings, an

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arrangement was happily and finally come to by which, from that time on, subject to the approval of the bishop, St. John's vestry were to be allowed to select their own incumbent or vicar. Mr. Osler was to receive \$300 a year from Ancaster so long as he lived or continued rector, and for this sum he gave up entirely all connection with St. John's except that he still retained the title of rector. This fell to the Reverend E. J. Fessenden on Mr. Osler's death in 1895 and less than a year afterwards to the present Bishop, who came back to St. John's as Mr. Fessenden's successor.

In devoting a special chapter of this book to the Osler family, I do not for one moment presume to reflect on, or to be considered as unfavorably comparing with its head any other worthy occupant of the position of rector of Ancaster, either before or after the sire of that since eminent family held the office. I do so merely because I think that the old parish of St. John's is entitled to claim at least a reasonable share of credit for the renown which afterwards came to the sons of her fourth rector and his worthy wife. The elder two of these sons found their wives in the parish, and one of their sisters her husband, so that the intimacy of person and place must have been close and affectionate here for a considerable period. The Smiths of Staple Grove, like many other good English people who are temporarily enthused about farming in Canada, did not remain here, it is true, but they were members of the parish for well nigh thirty years, long enough to bury many of their dead there, to adorn the sacred edifice with an exquisite enduring memorial to these, and thus to make and leave lasting impressions on and connections with St. John's, with which many of the Oslers

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themselves are necessarily even yet, more or less associated.

The Meredith family of London have been mentioned as nearly equalling the Oslers in distinction, but they excelled in law and finance only, while the latter added medicine to their other brilliant achievements. It is quite true that recently, on the occasion of Mr. Stanley Baldwin's succession to the British Premiership, a case of four or even five-fold genius equal to our own but in the female line of a century or so ago, has been revealed in the persons of four famous daughters of a Methodist clergyman, the Reverend George MacDonald. These were Mrs. Baldwin, the mother of the new Premier; Mrs. Kipling, mother of the present illustrious English poet; Mrs. Burn-Jones, wife and mother respectively of two great painters, and Mrs. Poynter, wife of a president of the Royal Academy, and mother of Sir Ambrose Poynter, the famous architect. And the fact that these were dissenters and not of the established church, must have militated strongly, especially in England, against their social advancement and called for a tremendous amount of tact and cleverness in these individuals, to overcome this handicap that they started out under. The MacDonald family are further distinguished, too, by having a famous brother in it, as well as the four eminent sisters just mentioned. He has followed, moreover, unlike any of the Oslers of the second generation, in the professional footsteps of his father. But of course when one takes in the whole British Empire and its vast area and millions of people, one need not be surprised at rare and phenomenal things like this occurring somewhere in it, now and then. I am referring here to things Canadian only, and the

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challenge can I think be thrown down safely, that in Canada no family yet known has attained so much all round distinction as that of the young Cornish parson, who sailed with his newly-wedded wife from Falmouth into what his family then regarded as absolute banishment, on the sixth of April, 1837.

Canon and Mrs. Osler moved from Dundas to Toronto in 1881, he retaining the rectorship of both Dundas and Ancaster till his death. In the midst of every comfort and luxury that the wealth and social position of their now distinguished family could afford, this worthy old couple came to pass the evening tide of their busy, eventful lives in the same great city that had received them, itself a mere hamlet at the time, and they strangers and unadapted to its ways, nearly half a century before. Canon Osler died at 89 in 1895, his widow in 1907 at the remarkable age of 101. They rest side by side in the family plot in St. James' Cemetery, Toronto. A duplicate of the handsome brass tablet in St. John's also graces the walls of St. James' Church, Dundas, to Canon Osler's memory. The Ellen Osler Memorial Home in Dundas, erected and endowed by her son, Sir Edmund Boyd Osler, stands for all time to mark the virtues and accomplishments of her who, on the rugged frontiers of our Canadian civilization, had thus toiled and struggled and endured, that her children might inherit The Promise.

CHAPTER V.

THE CLERGY OF MORE RECENT DAYS

*Toward times more modern now my history moves
I dwell on Ballard, Carey, Spencer, Groves
Though only brief these parson's sojourns here
I make their names with all the rest appear
Then tell of Cartwright, he whose magic touch
Surmounted barriers and accomplished much
The man of energy incomparable
Of action and finality as well
In all the cleric groves no hardier oak
Yet doomed to fall at folly's one fell stroke
Then turn to Belt, the honored sire who gave
Two sons, like him the souls of men to save
And Fessenden and Chilcott worthy too
Each in his turn this history shall review
All sturdy churchmen, all well fitted these
To blaze life's trails towards heavenly destinies
But you St. John's, a bishop, nothing less
Nurtured and furnished to your diocese
So let me here the name of Clark acclaim
And humbly add my tribute to his fame
In judgment clear, in controversy fair,
This able filler of the bishop's chair
A man of zeal, a spiritual guide
By years of saintly service firmly tried
The friend and counsellor whom time has proved
Who where best known, is most revered and loved
You old St. John's, with pride this honored name
This, greatest of your sons, may justly claim!*

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Before Mr. Osler gave up active service in Ancaster in 1868 he had been enabled, through increased revenue from the Glebe lands, to engage different curates to reside in or near the village to take charge of the services at St. John's, by this time extended to both morning and evening worship, and generally to perform all those spiritual ministrations that an Anglican congregation requires.

The parish records shew that the Reverend J. McLean Ballard, B.A., was curate from 1866 to 1868, and that he was present at the laying of the corner stone of the present edifice on the fifth of May in the latter year. Shortly after this event Mr. Ballard moved to Toronto, where he established the now flourishing parish of St. Anne's, of which he was rector for a great many years.

He was succeeded in the curacy by the Rev. William B. Carey, M.A., who remained after Mr. Osler retired from all participation in St. John's affairs till Mr. Cartwright became the de facto head of the parish in 1870. Mr. Carey moved to the Diocese of Ontario, becoming one of the rectors of Kingston and subsequently Archdeacon of Frontenac. He died there comparatively recently at a very advanced age.

The names of the Revs. F. J. S. Groves and P. L. Spencer should also be here mentioned in passing, as at about this time associated, although briefly, with St. John's. Mr. Groves, who was the father of Mrs. Elmes Henderson, of Toronto, was Mr. Osler's curate for a time in Dundas, and frequently took the services in St. John's before the latter had a permanent clergyman of its own. Mr. Spencer took Mr. Cartwright's place in the winter of 1873-74 while the latter was absent

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assisting in gathering together an endowment for the new diocese of Algoma.

Thomas S. Cartwright was an Englishman of extraordinary vigor and resource, who had previously been the Rev. John Gamble Geddes' curate at Christ Church, Hamilton. His coming to Ancaster seemed to be the occasion of a general "stirring up of the dry bones" of the former common humdrum church life of the parish. The congregations and their offertories doubled; the genial personality of the new clergyman seemed to unconsciously draw people to him; his intense individual activity made every move and every entertainment that he undertook a marked success. His annual harvest festivals acquired a fame that reached far beyond the parish, drawing crowds, and helping to swell the church coffers to an extraordinary extent. No menial service either, was beneath the dignity of this enthusiastic incumbent's participation. The writer, then a young boy on the farm adjoining the new rectory, well remembers the Rev. Mr. Cartwright, coat off and fork in hand, frequently assisting at the haying and the harvest, the very life of the gathering, taking his place at the head of our early breakfast table among the English farm pupils of the old Grange farm!

Mr. Cartwright left Ancaster and went to New York in 1875. His departure unfortunately was under a cloud, falling as he did before the lure of gold that:—

Wide-wasting pest! that rages unconfined,
And crowds with crimes the records of mankind;

He had used his churchwardens' names for obtaining money in some unauthorized way and thus foolishly marred what had otherwise proved to be a most successful and useful career. While his faults were serious

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and perhaps fatal to a clergyman's career, his great gifts of initiative and persuasion and his untiring energy, had stamped him as one of the most acceptable and popular clergymen that had ever entered the precincts of St. Johns. He succeeded in getting the debt on the church cleared, the church itself handsomely fenced and beautified, and one of the triumphs of his ambition was its consecration and that of the newer or western part of its burying ground, by the Bishop of Toronto, on the first of May, 1873. It was through his energy and instrumentality also that the purchase from Alexander Smith of the 6-acre site where the present handsome stone rectory now stands was accomplished, as well as the erection of the latter there, at a cost of over \$6,000.00, a large outlay for a country clergy-house in those days.

A clerical name closely associated with Ancaster and vicinity from almost pioneer times is that of Belt, for the Church records of the then Diocese of Toronto shew that the Reverend William Belt, M.A., then just ordained, was appointed curate of Dundas in 1850, and the Flamboro' Church register shows that in 1853, while still curate in charge of the former parish, he married Laura Alison Kirby, daughter of Colonel Andrew T. Kirby, of Kirby's Mills, West Flamboro'.

The Belt family came from Yorkshire, England, and was, from information recently furnished the author by one of its members, apparently an ancient one. One ancestor, Leonard Belt, was sheriff of York in 1580, and another, Sir Robert Belt, Lord Mayor of the city of that name in 1640. The ancestral estate of Bossal Hall, in the same shire, so the authority just mentioned states, is still in possession of relatives and namesakes of the Canadian Belts.

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The future curate of Dundas and afterwards incumbent of Ancaster, was born at Prescott, Ontario, in 1826. He got his early education there and at Brockville, at the latter place attending the Theological Seminary of the Reverend John Strachan, to be soon after that time consecrated First Bishop of the new Diocese of Toronto. From Brockville young Mr. Belt moved to Cobourg, where he completed his theological course at the Diocesan College, then conducted by the Rev. A. N. Bethune, destined to become Dr. Strachan's successor in the Toronto episcopate. Mr. Belt was one of the first graduates of the new University of Trinity College which Mr. Strachan, disgusted with what he thought was the scant courtesy and niggardly treatment meted out to his church by the then authorities of King's College, at Toronto, had just succeeded in founding and obtaining a Royal Charter for.

Immediately after his marriage to Miss Kirby, the Reverend William Belt left Dundas and took charge of the incumbency of Scarboro', where he remained until 1869, moving from there to the adjoining parish of Oshawa, recently created a city, but then only a small town. From Oshawa Mr Belt moved to St. John's, Ancaster, in 1875, succeeding Mr. Cartwright there as incumbent under the Rev. F. L. Osler, M.A. His last appointment was to the rectory of Burlington in 1879, he and the Rev. Mr. (afterwards Bishop) Clark exchanging livings at this time.

While incumbent of Ancaster Mr. Belt, assisted by his second son, now Dr. R. W. Belt, of Oshawa, carried on a successful private boys' school in the old frame Sunday school building then adjoining the church, but long since torn down. This school many of the boys

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of the parish, including the author himself, attended, besides several outside scholars.

The Reverend William Belt died in Toronto in 1909, having retired some years previously from active parochial work. He and his wife, who survived him a year, are both buried in St. Luke's Churchyard, Burlington, as is their eldest daughter who died immediately after the family moved from Ancaster.

Of their large family of eleven sons and daughters, Mr. and Mrs. Belt gave two of the former to the Canadian Church. The eldest son the Rev. Alfred James Belt, M.A., after holding livings successively in Hillsburg, Arthur and Harriston, moved to Guelph in 1890, and founded and built St. James' Parish and Church there, whose congregation have placed in their chancel a handsome marble tablet to commemorate his life and work. This worthy son of the Church afterwards held the successive rectorships of Milton and Jarvis, dying of cancer in only middle life in January, 1912, while stationed at the last named place, and just after being honoured by his Bishop with the appointment to the Archidiaconate of Haldimand and Wentworth. A sense of delicacy on the author's part, to whom this diligent and faithful clergyman was closely related, prevents the former from dwelling further here on his many merits and accomplishments. I need only add that a modest cross erected by his widow and testifying to his having "kept the faith," marks the spot where he rests from his labors beneath the venerable oaks of old St. John's, his father's former parish and the rectory of his brother at the time of his demise.

The fourth son of this much respected couple, the Reverend Charles Edwin Belt, M.A., became rector of

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Ancaster on the resignation of Bishop (then Archdeacon) Clark and the latter's removal to Hamilton, to assume the duties of Secretary-Treasurer of the Synod in 1903. Born at Scarboro' in July, 1862, he had been educated at his father's school in Ancaster and afterwards at Bishop's College, Lennoxville. Curate for some time at the Church of the Ascension, Hamilton, he was afterwards in charge of Stoney Creek, Winona and Bartonville for a number of years and immediately prior to his elevation to the rectorship of Ancaster. He has been twice married, first to a Miss Black, of Hamilton, his present wife having been formerly a Miss Ellis, of Winona. The Reverend C. E. Belt remained in Ancaster till 1916, when he became rector of Stamford, where he still is, and was succeeded at St. John's by the Rev. T. E. Chilcott, M.A., the present rector.

In the preceding chapter I touched upon the pre-eminent professional and financial success attained by four of the sons of the fourth rector of St. John's Church, Ancaster. In this one it falls to my lot to recount how Mr. Osler's successor in the rectorship a year after the former's death in 1895, following an incumbency under him of fourteen years before then, and thereafter rector himself for nearly eight years, on first being raised to the dignity of Archdeacon of the whole Diocese and becoming Secretary-Treasurer of the Synod at a critical time in its financial condition, in succession to Mr. J. J. Mason, was, without any intervening parochial living subsequently to his leaving St. John's, elevated to the episcopacy in May, 1911, in succession to Bishop Dumoulin.

Thus can the old parish claim the honor not only of being closely associated through one of her clergy

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with men of great eminence in a worldly way, but of giving the diocese to which it belongs, its fourth and present Bishop.

To say that he of whom I am now writing, while not gifted with the natural oratory of his predecessor in office, has, both in administrative gifts and as head of the church in the very community where he is best known and has spent most of his life, proved himself spiritually zealous, as well as capable, tactful, and thoroughly acceptable to all schools of thought in the Anglican Church, is not going too far, or saying too much.

And when one realizes the many cares and responsibilities that the episcopal office involves—the frictions and animosities that have to be cooled and softened down, the jealousies and heartburnings that have to be palliated, the local wrangles and disputes that have to be adjusted and straightened out, the financial difficulties and obstacles that have to be faced and overcome, the bitternesses that have to be ameliorated and the insurrections that sometimes have to be quelled, the clerical lapses that often deserve to be exposed, but the suppression of which the good name of the church sometimes strongly suggests, to say nothing of the possible spectre of doctrinal and ritualistic aggravation and accusation that may at any time rear its ugly head before him—it surely speaks well for an occupant of the episcopal chair if as much can be truthfully said in his favor as I have just given utterance to here.

William Reid Clark, like many other eminent Canadians of his own time and before him, is a son of the soil having first seen the light on his father's farm in Carleton County, Ontario, in the year 1848. His father,

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John Clark, was a Scotchman from near Glasgow, and his mother, neè Mary Ann Reid, claimed Clones in Ireland as her childhood home. They came to Canada in 1839, and for some time the father, who had intended to qualify himself for civil engineering, got employment at Bytown, now Ottawa, on the Rideau Canal, then in course of construction. He subsequently gave this up however and took up land in the adjoining County of Carleton, becoming one of the pioneer agriculturists of that district. John Clark, the father of the sixth rector of St. John's, was an only child and, losing both his parents in early life, had been adopted by his uncle William Bell, a prosperous farmer near Glasgow, whose own son and cousin of him of whom I am now writing, became a minister of the Church of Scotland in the old land.

At the age of 15 the future fourth Bishop of Niagara decided to prepare himself for Holy Orders, having been carefully and piously reared by a religious mother and in a God-fearing home. His father, like many well intentioned old country people, who turn to farming in Canada and know very little about it, did not make much of a success of the venture, and the son was early in life thrown on his own resources. He took to teaching at 16 and for several years combined this with evening and holiday reading under a local clergyman in preparation for admission later on to the Anglican ministry. He then attended the private school of the Rev. Mr. Higginson at New Edinburgh, where he had as a class mate and fellow pupil the future Sir Charles Hibbert Tupper. From this the coming divinity student moved to the home of the Rev. T. Garrett, M.A., rector of Cumberland, County of Russell, from whom he acquired not only much scholarship but a deal of wise fatherly

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advice. The future bishop's higher education was acquired at Bishop's College, Lennoxville, and Trinity College, Toronto, he obtaining his B.A. degree in 1874, and his M.A. in 1885. These universities also conferred the respective "honoris causa" degrees of D. C. L. and D. D. on Bishop Clark on his elevation to the episcopate in 1911. The subject of this sketch was ordained deacon on St. Simon and St. Jude's day, 1874, advanced to the priesthood on the 2nd Sunday in Advent, 10th December, 1876, and consecrated Bishop on St. John the Baptist's day, 1911. During his ministerial career he has been successively missionary, vicar, rector, rural dean, canon, archdeacon, dean and bishop. He was clerical secretary of the Niagara Diocese for 15 years and combined secretary-treasurer and archdeacon of the same for eight more. He was secretary of the Provincial Synod of Canada for three years and also of the General Synod for a similar length of time. He was a delegate to the Pan-Anglican Synod in London, England, in 1908, and preached on that visit abroad at St. Mary's, Oxford. He was first missionary at Palmerston, Ontario, for eighteen months, and then curate in charge of St. Luke's, Burlington, for two years. From there he moved to Ancaster in 1879, where he remained altogether twenty-one and a half years. Such a favorite was he in the latter place that on the death of his successor, Rev. E. J. Fessenden, in 1896, St. John's unanimously recalled Canon Clark from Barton, to which living he had, on account of the education of his family in Hamilton close by, removed in 1893 and of which he had been rector for three years. He remained in his old parish till his removal to Hamilton in 1903 to assume the duties of Secretary-Treasurer of the Diocese.



Faithfully yours
William Niagara

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Bishop Clark married on June 14, 1875, Miss Elizabeth S. Hunton the only daughter of one of Ottawa's oldest and best families, and to say that this estimable lady has been both a help and an inspiration to her distinguished husband all through their long and useful married life, is to give her only a small portion of the praise that is justly hers. Her kindness and courtesy to everybody, rich and poor, clerical and lay, are proverbial throughout the whole diocese. Six of Bishop and Mrs. Clark's family still survive, an only son Percival Stanley, who saw active service in the great war and is now an accountant in Detroit, and five daughters four of whom are married. An elder son Ernest, accidentally killed in the West in 1904, a son-in-law Reginald Cutbill of the Imperial Bank staff, and several infant children of Bishop and Mrs. Clark are interred in the family plot near the front of the newer part of St. John's graveyard.

When Canon Clark, wishing to be nearer Hamilton for the education of his family, decided to accept the living of Barton and Glanford in 1893, his successor at St. John's was the Reverend Elisha Joseph Fessenden, B.A., of Chippewa, who on the death of Canon Osler in 1895 became the fifth rector of Ancaster. But death claimed this highly esteemed and scholarly clergyman himself, only three years after his appointment, at the comparatively early age of 56, and I have already pointed out how Canon Clark again succeeded to the living. Elisha Joseph Fessenden was of Huguenot descent having been born in Lower Canada in 1839. The family had been a prominent one in America for many generations, but preferring British rule came over to Canada at the Revolution. The fifth rector of St. John's was a graduate of McGill University in Arts, and of Bishop's College,

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Lennoxville, in Theology. His first livings after his ordination in 1864 by the Bishop of Montreal were at Bolton, Albion and Sandhill, all in Quebec. In the early seventies of last century he moved to Ontario where he successively held the livings of Fergus, Niagara, Niagara Falls, and Queenston, succeeding to the rectory of Chippewa in 1878. During this last appointment Mr. Fessenden spent three years in England doing deputation work for the S. P. G. His wife was Miss Clemintina Trenholme, a sister of the late Judge Trenholme of the Montreal Superior Court, and a woman of many literary and historical gifts. She and the youngest son Victor lie alongside the husband and father in St. John's Churchyard. An older son Reginald, residing in Boston, attained fame as one of the inventors of wireless telegraphy and a brother of the Reverend Mr. Fessenden, Mr. Cortez Fessenden, M. A., was for many years principal of the Peterboro Collegiate Institute.

In dealing with the Belt family I have already recorded how the Reverend Charles Edwin Belt, M.A., succeeded Archdeacon Clark as rector of St. John's in 1903 and remained there thirteen years. His successor, and the present head of St. John's Church and parish, was the Reverend Thomas Edward Chilcott, M.A.

Mr. Chilcott was born in Winchester, England, in 1885, but came to Canada with his parents when only 7 years old. The family settled on a farm near Cainsville and the son attended the neighboring Public School and afterwards the Collegiate Institute at Brantford. From here he matriculated at Trinity College, Toronto, graduating B.A., in 1892 and M. A., in 1894. Some of the family settled at Burford, Ontario, and are still in that neighborhood. Mr. Chilcott was ordained deacon by the Bishop of Calgary in 1894, and priest in 1895. He was

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stationed for three years at Duck Lake, Saskatchewan, but moved to Port Carling in the Algoma Diocese in 1897. After serving there for five years he became incumbent of Parry Sound, and after seven years at the last named place, transferred to the Niagara Diocese in 1909, filling the livings of Arthur and Mount Forest prior to becoming rector of Ancaster on December 9th, 1916. Mr. Chilcott married Jennie, daughter of the Reverend W. A. Duthie, of Burford, Ontario, who, sad to relate, did not long survive the family's transference to Ancaster, dying there at a comparatively early age in 1919, leaving a family of eight sons and daughters, several of whom are still quite young.

CHAPTER VI.

ORGANISTS, CHOIRS AND SEXTONS

I.

*The organist, who from the key or reed
Transfers terrestrial tunes to the divine
The chorister of chant or hymn or creed,
Of simple gifts, or born in song to shine.*

II.

*Who keeps the church and churchyard in repair,
Inters with reverence the departed dead,
Whose warning bell calls careless ones to prayer
Of one and all may something good be said.*

III.

*Each fills within his sphere a worthy place
However humble such a place may be,
Each plays a part that years may not efface
In fitting service to the Sanctuary!*

It will be impossible under any of the three headings of this chapter, for want of either written record or living witness, to go as far back in time as I have in several of the previous ones, or to give as many details as the data at hand enabled me to do in some of those chapters already written, or may permit of, in one or two of those yet to come.

But if I can give a substantially correct account of the many different men and women who have provided

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the musical part of St. John's service during the past three-quarters of a century, and of those perhaps less sentimental and artistic, but no doubt more practical and equally deserving men who have "swept and garnished" the sacred edifice itself, rung its bell continuously, and no doubt to them somewhat monotonously, through all the years, reverently buried its dead and kept its graveyard in at least fairly good order, I will have covered a wide field and recalled to many of my readers' recollections, the names and individualities of a multitude of worthy and devoted sons and daughters and servants of the Church of England in Ancaster.

Mr. George Hayden, of Dundas, was the first regular organist of St. John's. He also filled the same position in St. James' Church, Dundas. His tenure of the office ceased in 1860. Previous to him Mrs. Mackelcan, Miss Ferrier, and one of the sons of the then rector, Mr. McMurray, had temporarily provided the instrumental music for a period as far back as there is any record or evidence now left, of the musical part of St. John's service. A Mr. Hallen, also the joint organist of St. John's and St. James', succeeded Mr. Hayden and filled the position till the burning of the old pipe organ and the church itself in February, 1868. This organ had been purchased in 1856 at a cost of \$500.00. It stood in the gallery of the church and was considered a very fine instrument in those days.

About this time and until the new church was opened in 1869, several kind musical friends provided the instrumental music for the services, which were held in the old frame Presbyterian Church on the Sulphur

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Springs Road that I have previously mentioned, afterwards dismantled, used for a cigar factory, and subsequently destroyed by fire. Among these were Mrs. Arthur Hubbard and Miss Jessie Williamson afterwards Mrs. Alfred Hoskin, of Toronto, William Ritchie a local music teacher, only recently deceased, assumed the duties of organist on the opening of the new church in 1869. He performed these duties satisfactorily, although with only a melodeon to play on, till 1880. Miss Eleanor Bull of Barton, the eldest daughter of the Rev. Canon Bull, incumbent of that parish, succeeded Mr. Ritchie and was St. John's organist for three years. Miss Kate Egleston, afterwards Mrs Shannaman of Gananoque, mentioned again in chapter 10 of this work, followed Miss Bull and very efficiently held the position longer than any other occupant before her. By this time the old melodeon of the Ritchie and other previous regimes, had been discarded and the present pipe organ installed. Miss Egleston was organist twice, an interval of four years between her two terms from 1897 till 1901 as musical head of the church having been filled by David Nicholson, now a well known Ontario musician and organist of a large Methodist church at Pembroke. On Miss Egleston's marriage and removal from the parish in 1904, Miss Jemima Farmer a sister of the author's, now Mrs. J. S. Hughes, of London, England, took over the organ and held it in turn till her own marriage and removal in 1908. Since then the duties and responsibilities of the position have fallen on the present popular and talented occupant, Miss Frances Postans, a general favourite with all who know her and who, in spite of often precarious health

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has now for a long time stayed faithfully with her task. The salary attached to this somewhat trying position, calling as it does for close attention and the devotion to it of much time and thought under all conditions, was little more than nominal for a long time after the Ritchie occupancy, although recently it has been raised to \$200.00 a year, so that it is easy to see that its occupants, whoever they may have been, were very poorly repaid from a worldly or selfish standpoint, for all the time and effort devoted in St. John's, Ancaster, in bygone days to this worthy department of church work.

But now let me say something about the composition from time to time of St. John's Choir, giving as nearly as I can, an account of those who, from at least the middle of last Century up to recent times, have contributed and those who are still lending, their best vocal talent, no doubt at some self-sacrifice, to make the musical portion of the church's service bright and attractive. Its leading members in the early days were Dr. Dalton, Alpheus Snider, Edwin Clark, Mrs. Robert Halson and Miss Kate Halson, the last named afterwards Mrs. William Craigie of Hamilton who just lately died. A flute and a base viol helped in the music in these old days before the luxury of an organ. Under Mr. Ritchie, Marshall Wright, the head master of the village public school, Thomas Postans, then farming three miles to the west but afterwards a store keeper in the village and father of the present organist, Mrs. Mary Brodie, Mr. Ritchie's sister and still living in Ancaster. Bolton W. Donnelly, Miss Kate Brown afterwards Mrs. Kirkby, two Miss Trotmans, afterwards Mrs. Seaward and Mrs. Lawry, Mr. Seaward himself, Miss Mercer

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afterwards Mrs. Lount of Stayner, the Misses Phyllis and Jennie Burns of a family then associated with the Strathroy Knitting Mills and later on Miss Kate Gabel, afterwards Mrs. Regan, the Misses Clara and Annie Henderson Miss Musson, Miss Grace Brandon, Mr. Fred Egleston, Miss Hayes, afterwards Mrs. E. Robarts, several of the Almas family and Mrs. William Thompson, all took a prominent part in the vocal music of the church, assisted from time to time by others whose names the author cannot at present recall.

Mr. Donnelly has the unique and unrivalled record of having been associated with St. John's Choir for 57 years and still at this time of writing (September, 1924), regularly fills his place there to the great pleasure and satisfaction of the present day and younger members of it. The author will not, and could not attempt to mention all the intervening names between those of the above period and of to-day's surpliced choristers, but will just mention in concluding this part of the chapter the names of Donnelly, Clifford, Kenrick, E. V. Wright, Heming, Hudson, Beven, Anderson, Chilcott, Byrne and Wall, as composing for the most part St. John's Choir of the immediate past or the present day.

St. John's Church has been fortunate in having some faithful and efficient men in its employ as sextons. I will mention later on the memorial to Thomas P. Wilbur, at the entrance to the church, who occupied this no doubt somewhat hum-drum and unromantic position for the long space of 27 years immediately prior to his death in 1921, a period almost rivalling in length that of the witty, loquacious Danish Sexton, who unceremoniously tossed up before the Prince and his

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friend, the skulls of the long departed in Shakespeare's immortal play. He was a United States Army pensioner whose widow still lives in the neighborhood and was the worthy successor to a long line of respected men who performed these duties before him and away back to the Miller rectorship. John Logan in the middle of last Century, himself the father of an Anglican clergyman, Edward Beattie, Edward Armstrong, John Urquhart, his grandson John Crooks, Robert Lucas and Thomas Webb, all followed one another up to Mr. Wilbur's occupancy. William Wall, the present sexton, succeeded Mr. Wilbur. The author's recollection only goes back to John Urquhart, a Scotchman of very sterling parts who had been in the British Army, bore the title of Captain, and who at the time he was sexton at St. John's had a numerous family of sons, daughters and grandchildren in the neighborhood, all of whom have now disappeared from the scenes. Messrs. Logan, Beattie, Urquhart, Webb, and Wilbur are all buried in the same spot where the labors and duties of their office were performed.

The writer hopes that he will not be criticized for introducing into this work here a short sketch of those plain honest artless men who carried on in their time those necessary menial services that every successful church requires and whose names cannot but help to be closely associated in their day and generation at least with St. John's temporal management and success. In those essentials to the order and proper government and regulation of a church and parish, the accomplishments day after day, week after week, and year after year, of a diligent, conscientious, tidy sexton tell almost

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equally for good with those of the organist and chorister, the warden, or even of the incumbent himself.

And every individual duty faithfully performed, however humble it may be, helps to make up and complete the greater fabric of the church, or institution, or organization, which it concerns or of which it is a part. It imbues us all too, as it does this, with the weight and truth of those impressive words of the great blind poet and scholar, whose name and works time has only made all the more enduring, who wrote in England three centuries ago:—

“They also serve who only stand and wait.”

CHAPTER VII.

DIFFICULTIES AND DIFFERENCES

*The difficulties that beset our way
Loom large and overwhelming while they last
But in the retrospect of history they
Seem but the flurried fancies of the past.*

*The differences that disturb and fret
The schisms and strifes, that in their day appal
Time, the great healer, helps us to forget
And live as if they had not been at all.*

It has been suggested to me that I should not touch here at all upon any of the fortunately few discordancies or troubles that have occasionally clouded the otherwise happy and prosperous horizon of St. John's Church and parish.

But a history to be genuine and successful must be true, courageous, and not evasive. It must not be written as if its author, fearful of revealing matters of a disagreeable or defenceless character were endeavouring to avoid these altogether, or to gloss them over by ambiguous phrase or misleading interpretation.

And the same rule must apply to the historian of a parish and the individuals who compose it, as to that of a nation. Suppose for instance that a British historian, in order not to cast any reflection or aspersion on Britain's monarchs or statesmen, left out of his work all about those two dark spots in our 18th century

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history the American rebellion and the conduct of Warren Hastings in India, the latter so strikingly described by Lord Macaulay? Or suppose they presented these in such a way as to show no condemnation or disapprobation attaching to the foolish or sordid actors in those two sorry dramas in our history? How such a work would be criticized, regarded as quite inaccurate and worthless, in fact ridiculed out of existence? How the historians of other rival nations would jeer at these omissions or inaccuracies, and dwelling on the vents they either omitted or misinterpreted even at greater length than they deserved, point to and paint these dark episodes in our history perhaps as tenfold blacker than they really were! Great Britain herself is not to blame for these lamentable errors of her sons of the past, and she is strong enough and enduring enough to have them and all their unfortunate details discussed above board and out in the open light of history. And so with a church or a parish, an evil or a scandalous person in it, clerical or lay, a public act of folly in its management, a breach between pastor and people in which hard uncharitable words may have been said or inexcusable deeds done on either or both sides to be regretted forever afterwards, a sad lapse from grace on the part of either parson or parishioner (and every church, being but human in its organization has all these things constantly occurring in its midst) are none of them necessarily any reflection on the body in which they arise or occur or on the other members of it. And to avoid mentioning these, where the incident or occurrence is a well known actual fact and the persons or events themselves of sufficient importance to chronicle historically, merely for fear, or because the author thinks he is reflecting indirectly on innocent people or on the parent body in so doing, would

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only be displaying an evidence of weakness and a desire to avoid too close scrutiny on the writer's part, into happenings that in his opinion it were better to have concealed. Such an attempt to cover over the perhaps discreditable doings and careers of the subject for the time being of the historian's pen or the individuals composing it, whose history he was recording, would suggest something that it and its members were evidently ashamed of. Such an omission or false presentation would merely prove to be in the end an unkindness and an injustice to those who composed or were chiefly interested in the subject matter in review where no doubt the very opposite result was meant. It would create an opening to outsiders and malingers to discuss at far greater length and with deeper venom than otherwise, and to magnify and unjustly distort the very events and evasions its author had been trying all along in the spirit of fear and cowardice to suppress. It would show weakness, fear, avoidance, and a desire to keep out the light of day, while a true and impartial history on the other hand, whether it be of nation, organization or individual, should challenge the closest scrutiny and be recorded in a spirit of perfect frankness, candor, and sincerity. As with England herself, surely her church in Canada and in Niagara is great and fearless and magnanimous enough to have such mistakes and lapses and errors of judgment as those mentioned in this and some of my other chapters that a few of its erring members in this or any other parish may have made or suffered in the past, touched upon and discussed fairly and candidly rather than timorously concealed—pointed to and impressed on one's readers charitably but seriously, as examples it were better not to follow and as indiscretions and pitfalls to be avoided in the days to come.

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In any history therefore, be it of individual event, community or nation, that writer who courageously "hews to the line, let the chips fall where they will," despite the criticism or objection on the part of some one aggrieved or fearful of the truth giving offense to powerful factions or interests, or who perhaps for some unknown reason desires "darkness rather than light" in its references, will in the end be regarded more of a successful writer and more of a benefactor to his age and times than he who is lured from his purpose to suppress or alter what he has conscientiously and feelingly written. To pacify the whim or ease the feelings and foibles of every objector to something in the author's manuscript, to listen to and attempt to suit all those who like to criticize but are not deeply concerned in the success of the work, to yield up in every place the spice of truth for the humdrum of flattery and platitude, would not only divest the production of its essence and very life, but would render it and everything it contained flat and uninteresting to all its readers.

I am not going back more than three score years in time to record the events of this chapter. Like the period devoted to the persons and things discussed in my last one, there may have been, and no doubt were, as well as organists, choirs and sextons, perplexities and entanglements in St. John's parish away back before this, but they are not on record and therefore we can safely assume were not of such magnitude that time has not been able to entirely heal and obliterate them. Every parish has its difficulties and its differences—financial, doctrinal, personal, and physical or material, but in our case kindly oblivion must have buried all these, if there were such, of over three score years ago, for no existing

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witness or documentary record can now be found to let in any light on the same.

The first difficulty I am going to mention in this history, and a sad and serious one it was, even a staggering one at the time, was the destruction of the old church by fire on the 27th February, 1868. The fire occurred at three p.m. on a Thursday, supposed to have been occasioned by an overheated stove used at a service the day before. Valiant efforts were made by the Villagers to save the building but to no purpose, although they did succeed in saving the old frame Sunday school adjoining. But the parish was too strong and too loyal to stand by and not make an immediate and successful effort to retrieve its fallen fortunes. With the small insurance obtained and with the promised subscriptions both large and small of all its members it was decided to go on at once and build a stone edifice and afterwards a rectory close by as well. Work was started on the new church as soon as the frost was out of the ground, the corner stone laid on May 5th, 1868, and on May 9th, 1869, the new church was opened with imposing ceremonies and amid the rejoicing of the parishioners old and young. Shortly after this the commodious stone rectory adjoining had reared its head and been completed, the whole making as fine and handsome a church property outside of those in the large cities, as exists in Canada to-day.

Mr. James Mercer of Dundas, with whom the writer was afterwards closely associated in business in Hamilton along with his partner Mr. Casey, was the contractor for all this work and, with the exception of the pinnacles on the church tower, to be mentioned presently, apparently completed it to the satisfaction of all concerned. I understand the whole cost of both buildings was in the

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neighborhood of \$16,000.00, a large figure then; but which now would be exceeded for the same work at least two or three times over. The Rev. T. S. Cartwright and his wife were the first occupants of the new rectory.

But in the meantime there had occurred that unfortunate estrangement between the Rev. Mr. Osler, the then rector, and his Ancaster flock, which was to end in his confining his ministerial duties entirely to Dundas, and in a new and separate incumbent taking charge at St. John's, the rectorship being retained and \$300.00 a year of the emolument still being paid to the former. I have dwelt at some length in another chapter and as impartially as I could, on the circumstances of this unfortunate separation, and I have stated there how I think it could have been and should have been avoided. But at the risk of being criticized for enlarging too much on this unhappy event, and being careful to avoid any actual repetition of matters previously discussed here, I hope I may be permitted to dwell somewhat further and from an entirely charitable and unbiased view point, on this the earliest and, no doubt, the most consequential difference between clergyman and people that St. John's has experienced in all her history. I remember as a small boy the bitter discussions and the strong feeling and language engendered over this episode. It struck me of course then as an event of transcendent importance, though it looms so small now in the light of history and in comparison with other modern church troubles in every denomination that one continuously hears and reads of on all sides. There were no doubt several clauses leading up to it some of which I have already touched on. The charge against the rector most strongly urged by his opponents was that Mr. Osler had encouraged many subscribers to the new church to make

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their donations larger than they had intended by leading them to think that his own and those of some of his relatives would be larger than they ultimately turned out to be. This charge, viewed only in retrospect at this great distance of time, and without the actual details before us, would seem at best somewhat vague and indefinite. But I think the substantial and real reason of the severence, and the one that the charitably disposed reviewer of events now long gone by naturally arrives at was, that Mr. Osler, then getting on in years, was now undertaking more in the management of the two congregations of Ancaster and Dundas than he or any other clergyman of ordinary mental and physical capacity could properly attend to, even although he had by this time handed over what might be called the "drudgery" of the Ancaster work to a curate.

Dundas, originally a small outstation of Ancaster, had now grown to be a large and important town while Ancaster Village, too close to it and to Hamilton, the latter now a flourishing city, had retarded in growth. The congregation of St. James', Dundas, had now come to be a much larger one than St. John's. The Rector's family had by this time grown up, and several of them had now formed business and other close associations in Dundas. Evidently if there had to be a slackening off of effort on his part it was natural that Ancaster of the two places must suffer most. It is true that Sunday services at St John's had now been extended to embrace both morning and evening services. But I think that Ancastrians felt generally, although perhaps mistakenly, that while their's was the rectory and their's the endowment, the younger and more thriving congregation in the Valley to the north and Mr Osler's permanent place of residence was getting most of the rector's

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attention. But be all this as it may, a settlement was arrived at on the terms I have already mentioned and St. John's as a church saw no more of the spiritual ministrations of its former clergyman, who was however to remain its rector till his death, which occurred in Toronto at the age 89 in the year 1895. Canon Osler's family afterwards installed the handsome brass memorial underneath St. John's pulpit that I have already mentioned and will again refer to in Chapter ten.

In arranging about memorial windows in the new Church, Mr. George Leith, one of the leading members, a generous subscriber to the building fund, and on the building committee, had selected and been assigned the front window on the north side of the body of the church to be erected in memory of his sister-in-law, Miss Margaret Ferrier of the Hermitage, a devout and estimable lady, a talented musician who had frequently assisted at the organ and had recently died. In the top circle or space of this handsome window a fine cross had reverently been placed at its installation, which evidently had not met with the approval of a certain member of, or a certain element in the congregation. In those days there were bitter controversies raging everywhere in the Ontario Anglican Communion over high and low church services and adornments, differences happily now for the most part buried and forgotten. The Ritualistic element often slightly referred to the others as "Methodists;" the Evangelical party frequently stamped their opponents as "Papists." To the more bigoted of these latter, to set up anywhere in a church the sacred emblem of man's salvation in substance or picture was like flaunting a red rag before a savage bull. Men and women on both sides had either forgotten or failed to apply to their unseemly disputes and wrangles that

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benignant maxim of Rupertus Meldinius an obscure German devine uttered three centuries ago, but just as applicable to-day and frequently referred to and quoted by Dean Farrar: "In essentials unity, in non-essentials liberty, in all things charity." One day the pretty Ferrier—Leith cross was found to be nothing more than some shattered fragments of golden glass on the floor of the church and the circular space at the top of the window was vacant. A large stone, lying on the floor on the other side, told how this malicious destruction had been accomplished. There was not the slightest evidence to show who was the perpetrator of this criminal outrage, although people of course had their suspicions. Mr. Leith, with that determination and loyalty to what he deemed right for which he was always noted, at once had the cross replaced and the window screened with wire, a precaution he had not taken before. Never since has any attempt been made to tamper with this cross or any other that any member of St. John's has deemed it fitting and proper to present towards its adornment or its ritual.

In 1870 the services of the Rev. Thomas S. Cartwright then curate at Christ Church Cathedral under Mr. Geddes were secured by St. John's Church, Ancaster. Mr. Cartwright was a very active energetic Englishman who did not always however observe the "Queen's English" in his sermons and conversation. As an instance of this I remember him reading in the lesson on a certain Sunday about "the blood of bulls and goats and hashes of an effer." But this incumbent was what we would call in to-day's vulgar parlance a "hustler" in the parish and its work. The Harvest Homes he used to plan and see through to a successful finish got to have a far more

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than local reputation. Where these events had formerly netted \$100.00 his energy and perseverance made them bring \$400.00 or \$500.00 to the coffers of the parish, but I will refer to these more fully later on. He was an indomitable worker and parish visitor as well and, unlike some others of his less fortunate clerical brethren, welcomed everywhere he went. As I have stated before, he would frequently appear at the farm breakfast tables of members of his nearby flock and make himself useful for the rest of the morning in the hay or harvest field,—more vigorous and eager to work than any of the practiced workers. He was a forceful preacher, too in spite of the occasional dropping of his h's and used generally to fill the Church both morning and evening. But as often happens where things are running at their highest peak of prosperity and success, there turned out to be a vicious fly in the ointment of all this jolly industrious parson's goodness and parochial energy. One day it was discovered that Mr. Cartwright had made improper and unauthorized use of his church-warden's names to obtain money from the Synod office in Hamilton and he suddenly left us. No charge was made against him for the good name of the church, and on his promise to refund the money obtained to the secretary of the Synod as soon as he could do so. He went to New York City, had a church there for a period and afterwards, strange to record, a living in Nova Scotia returning eventually to New York where he died some years later. Mr. Cartwright's career in Ancaster parish was a living warning to all that it is better to have a quiet steady moderately successful sincere man at the head of parish affairs than a noisy one and a "pusher" who, despite the good work he does and all his amiable and energetic attributes is

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likely not only riding for a fall himself, but bound to bring the parish as well as the church at large into discredit in the eyes of outsiders.

I hope those who view St. John's Church to-day with the four sharpened pinnacles on its otherwise imposing tower, will not conclude that those unarchitectural looking points were always there or were so devised originally, for such is far from the case. On the 6th of December 1876 just after Mr. Belt's induction as incumbent a fierce storm raged over Ontario uprooting trees, levelling fences and telegraph lines, carrying away small buildings entirely and the roofs and chimneys of larger ones. It was disastrous to the handsome new parish church. Three of the stone pinnacles of the tower, evidently insecurely placed in position from the first and not properly braced or reinforced, were blown off about three feet from the tops and two of them fell through the roof, one on each side. They went clean down to the basement making two ugly jagged holes in roof, tinted ceiling and floor. Of course the damage was soon replaced but the cost was considerable. Strange to say, and unfortunately for the handsome church's future appearance, these pinnacle tips were never replaced but the fourth one removed instead and the four broken stubbs pointed in the unsightly manner in which they now appear. Thus did the fierce forces of nature triumph here on that December night long ago, over the beauty and the symmetry of decorative art. The aesthetic grace and ornamentation of these fine stone finials, to say nothing of their original costliness surely called for their prompt restoration and their reinforcement against the elements! Instead of this we see in the flat tops of what was left of these four ornate pinnacles, bluntly and

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roughly pointed into their present unsightly and undignified shapes, the judgment of some cheap and too practical mind prevailing over the finer motives of sentiment and finished art, to the lasting detriment of an otherwise beautiful and commanding structure. Thus for the sake of a few dollars saved they stand to this day, with their original finely carved apexes buried somewhere beneath the debris and rubbish that have accumulated in the rear of the Church.

And now let me briefly and finally mention the last difference that occurred or let us hope will ever occur to mar the good feeling existing between St. John's Rector and people. With my chief desire to be just and impartial throughout I approach this last unhappy variance guardedly and with delicacy, most of its actors being still on the scenes and the mellowing levelling influence of the years having not yet perhaps with some of these, relegated it to the region of unimportant forgotten things. Time helps the historian to present and his readers to receive unpropitious events and incidents like this with candor and equanimity of mind which, presented at the time, or soon afterwards, sometimes engender and arouse feelings quite the reverse of these. In 1915 dissatisfaction arose in St. John's congregation over the rectorship of the Rev. C. E. Belt, M.A., who had succeeded the then retiring Rector Archdeacon (now Bishop) Clark in 1903. There was no real definite charge against Mr. Belt who had united in his person the happy and fortunate combination of an able preacher, a good singer and a man of unimpeachable habits of life. He simply seemed to be out of touch with a portion of his people from some of those unaccountable psychological reasons that it is hard for the historian to grasp or

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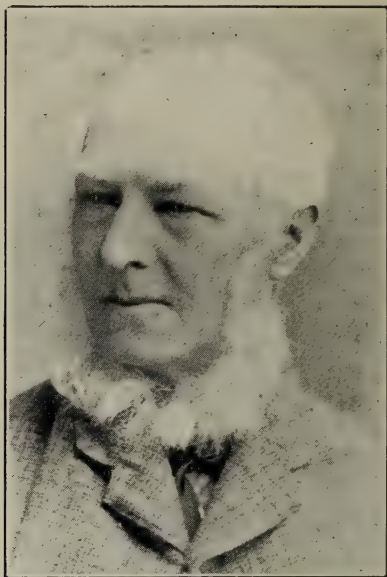
to describe and no doubt many of the complaints against him on the part of those antagonistic were trivial, largely imaginary, and mostly of a negative nature.

But having merely mentioned that such a difference did arise and that such complaints were made, I think it will, in this instance at least, for the reasons just stated and other obvious ones be best not to dwell on this rupture between pastor and people now under review at any great length here. Perhaps the rector fell back too much on the formal rights and dignities of his office and did not feel it fitting or necessary to indulge in that degree of intermingling and social converse that his people expected and looked for. Perhaps his people on the other hand, adopted towards him that uncompromising attitude and that unfortunate tendency to criticize and condemn so evident alas, in many congregations, towards their clergyman to-day. In any event, after matters had drifted on thus for a year or more in this unsettled condition, Mr. Belt was offered and accepted in 1916 the living and rectory of Stamford which at the time of writing this volume, he still acceptably holds. I said in an early part of this work that silence is the privilege of the dead and it should too, unless its antithesis of open expression be prudent and unprovocative of bitterness, be equally the right of all living parties to resent controversy or dispute in church as well as in other organizations. No coarse intrusion into the recesses no gross breach upon the sanctities of private or domestic life such as we unfortunately meet with in many modern writings, are necessary to the maintenance of the freedom of an author's pen or the width of his range of subject. Lovers of freedom of pen and speech are of necessity lovers of truth as well, but an intelligent love

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of both of these should be guarded by a fine discrimination and a sensitive delicacy. The prudent author must respect, as one of the best characteristics of our race, the jealousy of familiar approach which, while properly guarding rational freedom of discussion, at the same time scrupulously maintain the personal dignity of the individual discussed.

This regrettable occurrence and misunderstanding in Ancaster is one of a kind that we continuously read and hear about it many other places and in nearly all denominations. While it has to be left largely to the reader's conjecture and imagination as to how such an unhappy divergence between a naturally affable and kindly pastor and a usually tractable and satisfied flock first came about, two results or deductions can I think be safely gathered and arrived at from its occurrence. Firstly, that as long as human frailties exist and selfish and uncharitable motives and conclusions are allowed to govern men's acts the wisest and most benignant governments and assignments of Bishops assemblies or conferences cannot prevent such baneful affairs from frequently cropping up in our midst. Secondly, that the itinerant system of the Methodists, admitting that its term of residence is too short, has much to commend it after all that is said against it that it automatically and ruthlessly cleaves too soon and too often the pleasant and flourishing relations between pastor and people. If the clergyman is not liked for any reason whatever, the congregation bear with him knowing that his term will be short. If the congregation are uncongenial or uncharitable to the clergyman or his family, nothing is generally said, the latter realizing that they can soon have a change. In this way with this denomination the



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parish life usually goes on without that friction and bitterness that long and interminable occupancy sometimes fosters and engenders in Anglican and other religious bodies. Many inactive livings or stations in different denominations of Canadian churches have become so it may be from want of individual energy and activity on the part of the clergyman, perhaps more the fault of the system than the man, for few clergymen can afford to resign or have the opportunity to make a suitable change in their livings and none can help old age, sickness or decrepitude from creeping on. On the other hand, clergymen who have not been popular in one living have done remarkably well in another and many parishes have seemed to be even as it were "cut down, dried up and withered" which the infusion of new clerical life have immediately revived.

But it is not my place or intention to theorize on or to discuss here at length, purely academic questions, and I think I have now touched on all those more serious substantial occurrences that have at one time or another, at least within my own recollection, affected or ruffled the usually calm and serene atmosphere of St John's Church and Parish. So let us pass on now and consider for a moment the boundaries of our parish, dwelling briefly on those other Anglican churches and parishes contiguous on all sides to St. John's, and two especially, whose very existence the buffetings of time and the slings and arrows of adverse circumstance, have brought to an untimely and unfortunate end.

CHAPTER VIII.

ADJOINING CHURCHES AND PARISHES

I.

*On Caledonia's quiet streets her churchbell sound still
falls
You Glanford churchmen still attend your worship at St.
Paul's
Old Dundas in the valley near, with strength and vigor
claims
That no church round about exceeds in energy St. James'
And pretty Flamboro' boasts to-day her Christ Church on
the hill
And Rockton has her bard "The Khan" to help her pews
to fill
Then southward Brantford rears her spires, and Mohawk
calls to prayer,
And Onondaga's river banks, still tell of service there.*

II.

*But once St. Peter's graceful form adorned the Mohawk
road
Of Barton's sturdy yeoman sons, the church's proud abode
And later on a new St. Paul's, built to endure—in stone
Proclaimed that Copetown's churchmen too, possessed a
shrine their own
Where now these two whose services once filled the Sunday
air
Whose pious faithful builders thought would stand for
ever there?
Alas! the zeal that raised these walls was destined not
to last
Their day is a forgotten thing, their very being past!*

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III.

*Good men pass by where once these stood, and view the
spots with pain
And tell how those who built them there, but laboured
all in vain
And atheist and scoffer pass, and in their glee applaud
To see such sacrilege dethrone the Sanctuaries of God
And sectaries, beholding there such ruin's fateful fling
Ask if the church's influence is not a waning thing
When Anglicans of modern times can calmly stand and see
Such gaunt oblivion rise and mock their Christianity!*

IV.

*There is a lesson all may learn from Copetown's vanished
pride
From those old tombs that churchless stand in Barton's
country side
From these two vacant places now how plainly can we see
The waste that waits on misplaced zeal, and fruitless
energy
And that 'tis better far that we should build no church
at all
Than one a generation sees disintegrate and fall
That when some favorite parson leaves, some families
move away
Closes its doors, and yields its life, to failure and decay!*

I said in the commencement of this work that Anglican Parish and civil or municipal boundaries in Ontario were not identical and I gave there some of the cogent reasons for this variance.

A leading divine of our church has since corrected me to this extent that an Ontario Anglican clergyman can control and enforce by law if necessary certain rights and emoluments such as the performance of marriage, baptism, etc., in the municipality where his church is situate and, as a corollary to the possession of these rights, can prevent the encroachment upon such

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territory of neighbouring clergy without his consent. There is no doubt too that diocesan boundaries with us, geographically speaking, generally follow strict county lines,* though even here there is liable to be overlapping. An instance of this latter that came to the writer's attention a few years ago was in the case of a mission at Clarkson served by a clergyman from Oakville. The building itself where the services were held was on the Halton-Niagara side of the line, but practically the entire congregation came from just across the way on the Peel-Toronto side, and no charge of "sheep stealing" seems ever to have been made by his Lordship of Toronto or by the local clergyman, who under the law above laid down, had exclusive municipal jurisdiction.

The story of the activities of some of the adjoining parishes to St. John's also shews that while, technically speaking, municipal boundaries may confer certain clerical rights these rights are or have been more regarded in the breach than in the observance.

The following diagram sets forth roughly the boundaries of Ancaster municipality and the situations of the different Anglican churches adjoining or that once adjoined St. John's, the straight undesignated black lines marking the township limits, the circled spots the two cities, to within a few miles of whose limits this large township extends, the little dots or black spots the geographical situations of St. John's Church itself and her sister churches of the neighbourhood, the former being the larger central dot, and two crosses churches that have become extinct. It will be seen at a glance

* Dufferin County is an exception, it being apportioned between the three dioceses of Toronto, Huron and Niagara.

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from these how absurd it would be to expect every church family in this large township to trail all the way to St. John's to worship, and in spite of the assertion I have already given of her rector's alleged clerical jurisdiction over all the Township, I do not think any serious attempt to make them do so has ever been made or even hinted at.



It will be seen, too, from this approximately correct sketch that all the places where Anglicans now worship or have worshipped in the past, that I have marked outside of Ancaster Township, including Hamilton and Brantford, but perhaps excepting Ohsweken, are nearer *some part* of that municipality than St. John's church is.

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It is well known that St. Peter's, Barton, and St. Paul's, Copetown, when they were in existence, though neither were situate in Ancaster Township, drew their support in people and funds largely from that Township. St. James, Dundas, from her geographical nearness, always did and does to-day, take whatever Ancaster Township church people live just south of the boundaries of that town. The other dotted spots outside, that the above diagram shows, may all be far enough away to make their contributions from Ancaster Township almost negligible, although no doubt these have in the past drawn on and still may, according to their proximity to the municipal boundary, attract some church inhabitants of Ancaster Township and Parish. Even the City of Brantford itself, with its several Anglican places of worship, it will be seen is a good deal nearer the westerly part of the Township than St. John's, and the same condition applies to Hamilton on the East. And does it not seem highly proper that such should be the case, that country people should go if they wish to the church nearest their home, in spite of civil boundaries and of clerical rules and regulations?

It is well known too that in our cities church people will go miles past the door of their proper geographical parish church to attend another one of their choice much further away, and no attempt is ever made by the city clergymen to counteract this, or to exercise control over those residing within their parochial limits who desire to stray to a more distant spiritual fold. How then can country clergymen expect to bring people many miles further than a nearby church just outside of their resident municipality, to attend one inside merely be-

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cause it is in the municipality of these people although two or three times as far away as the outside one? If in our cities it is deemed proper for clergymen to let church families resident in their parishes go a long way afield to worship if they wish, surely it is more proper in the country to give these the uncontrolled privilege of attending their nearest church regardless of municipal boundaries! But I have now dwelt long enough I think on this somewhat technical topic to show, that while some Anglican clergymen may hug the idea to their breasts that they have spiritual authority over every churchman within their municipal boundaries, such authority, if it exists at all is not real but at the best nominal only, if not entirely illusory.

The boundaries of St. John's activities, so far as adjoining parishes are concerned, are not the same today as they were a quarter of a century ago. Then, beginning on the east, first came St. Peter's, Barton, extending to the top of the mountain northerly and easterly and to the different westerly Hamilton congregations and southerly to Glanford. Then might be reckoned St. James' Church, Dundas, and Christ Church, West Flamboro', to the north, and St. Paul's, Copetown, with St. Alban's, Rockton, behind it, both to the north west. Then a long stretch south and west and across the Huron boundary to Brantford, with its two former parishes of Grace Church and St. Judes, but now containing five other new parishes besides these. Then easterly from Brantford to the Mohawk, Onondaga, Middleport, and Tuscarora Township churches to the south and south-west of Ancaster, composed largely of Indian congregations and none of them in Niagara but forming

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the extreme easterly ambit of the diocese of Huron, and ministering as well to those somewhat scatterd white Anglican people who live between Brantford City on the west and Ancaster and Caledonia parishes. Then crossing back into Niagara, came in their order St. Paul's Church, Caledonia, and the Church of the same name in Mount Hope or Glanford, both lying south and south-east of Ancaster Township and Parish, and the Glanford Church completing the circle.

Now, through a process of elimination, by decay or disintegration, or what might by the cynic be vulgarly termed "dry rot," both St. Paul's, Copetown, and St. Peter's, Barton, have entirely vanished from the scenes and the places that once religiously knew these fine substantial stone structures and the good people that claimed them for their spiritual homes, know them no more. On the other hand, although according to the alleged rule that I have just quoted, an infringement on the rights of St. John's rector, a new Anglican mission known as St. Margaret's church, started under the wing of the Hamilton Church of Ascension, has sprung into existence below the mountain in the recently built and established Village of West Hamilton on the easterly boundary of Ancaster Township. So that while the new boundaries of St. John's on the east and north-west may be now said to be Holy Trinity Church, Barton, this new mission church in West Hamilton, and St. Alban's Church Rockton, respectively, instead of these two vanished church centres, the parochial jurisdiction of St. John's has to that extent been widened. The church people in these two abandoned missions or parishes either have now to go respectively further west

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and south to Ancaster, further east and north to Holy Trinity or West Hamilton or, in the case of those former Copetown attendants living near the Beverly boundary, apparently to Rockton, Flamboro' or Dundas, or else they cannot with any degree of convenience go to an Anglican Church at all.

As the circumstances surrounding the abandonment of these two fine churches in Barton and Copetown are happily unusual in this diocese and as their histories are more or less dovetailed into that of St. John's, it may not be improper or out of place to give a short account here of their rise and fall, as well as of their intermediate activities.

And first of St. Peter's. I have already explained how there was an old frame Union Church on this site at the beginning of last century and used as a hospital during the war with America. This finally passed into the exclusive hands of the Anglicans, many of whom came up there to worship from the then embryo city beneath the mountain, but it was condemned as unsuitable and out of date in or about 1850. At this time the Reverend Robert Norris Merritt, one of the well-known St. Catharines' family of that name, was in charge of the living. Mr. Merritt at once started to build a fine modern house of worship in place of the old one, and on July 11th, 1852* the new stone church that replaced the old frame one was opened. They do not seem to have acquired title to the property till later on, Jacob Filman only conveying this to the Bishop of Toronto

* This date is taken from Canon Bull's diary, The "Spectator" says, June 13th of the same year.

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in September, 1859, although William Rymal had conveyed the cemetery to the churchwardens in 1821. Mr. Merritt shortly afterwards accepted a living in New Jersey and on October 10th, 1853, the Rev. George A. Bull, M.A., then curate under Mr. Atkinson in St. George's, St. Catharines, was inducted in his place. Mr. Bull lived for many years at Ryckman's Corners so as to be equally convenient to his two charges of St. Peter's and St. Paul's, Glanford, and he also had Tapleytown and Woodburn as outstations till a permanent resident clergyman afterwards took charge of these two. In 1879 Mr. Bull, desiring to be nearer the city for the education of his large family, moved to the top of the mountain, and transferred the centre of his ministerial activities to the new Holy Trinity Church erected there in 1877 and opened on January 6th, 1878. He still held services every Sunday at Glanford and occasionally at St. Peter's, till he moved to Niagara Falls South in 1886. From that time pretty historical old St. Peter's fell gradually into neglect and decay.

The church people to the far east went to Holy Trinity, those to the far west to St. John's, those nearby no where except at great inconvenience and travel, and finally St. Peter's was permanently closed. A great storm on Good Friday, 1922, blew off the roof, and no attempt being made to replace this, shortly after that the walls were removed. The property including the extensive old burying ground in which many notables of their day are interred and a driving shed across the way, is still held by the diocese of Niagara with some sort of an arrangement for oversight by the families of Rymal and Kern.

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While entertaining a feeling of the greatest personal affection and veneration for the memory of this estimable man and dutiful pastor of these parts for 33 years, long ago gone to his reward, the present impartial recorder of past events here, can plainly see in retrospect, although Mr. Bull himself no doubt did not do so, that in founding this third of his churches and endeavouring to individually serve and maintain all three, he was undertaking too much, unwisely dividing his forces, and following a course that was bound in the end to weaken and undermine at least one of these creatures of his aims and hopes and the objects of his spiritual care. Human judgment is but fallable at the best as the experience of all of us has proved, and thus do even the saintliest and the worthiest of men, sometimes fall into error. Fortunately for St. Paul's, Glanford, it was too far away to the south and too strong a church centre of its own, to feel any drain from the inauguration of Holy Trinity. Not so St. Peter's, Barton. The best of its life went out, never to return, in 1878 and 1879, when its reverend clerical head, too fully engrossed in his new undertaking to give St. Peter's its former attention, moved to the outskirts of Hamilton, and Holy Trinity, its too near neighbour to the east, came into being to claim a large share of its people, and to sap and lessen its parochial territory and strength.

The history of St. Paul's Church, Copetown, is a much sadder and more unfortunate one than that of St. Peter's, revealing as it does a far shorter life or period of activity and influence, and a far worse error of judgment as to the staying and giving powers of

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church people in that section, on the part of those who in the religious frenzy of the moment wasted their money and time and effort in building it. In the light of past history it may be safely and candidly stated here and now, that these people were encouraged and led into this saturnalia of religious waste and vanity by the eloquent and plausible pleadings of a young missionary clergyman named Richard Harrison, afterwards rector of St. Matthias', Toronto. This young priest was a brother of the then Chief Justice of Ontario of that name, who had been given charge of Rockton, Copetown and Beverly Township and had just married a daughter of Colonel Leslie, of Puslinch. Not only did this mistaken clerical enthusiast build, or rather persuade the few scattered Anglicans into building, at Rockton and Copetown, but also at Sheffield and Strabane, besides holding services at Morriston. And, to show the extent of his foolish clerical pride and unfortunate judgment, and the way he was cheapening and belittling Anglican Church influence all about him, it is only necessary here to point out to my readers that of the five church establishments that this misguided young priest who described himself "Incumbent of Beverly and points adjoining," caused to be erected, only one, Rockton, and it poor and struggling, has any existence to-day. Having got these unfortunate Copetown people pledged to this great outlay and the church itself nicely completed, Mr. Harrison, as usually happens in such cases, yielding to his own personal ambitions and no doubt to the urgencies of his Toronto friends and influential family, decided not to stay longer in such poor and scanty surroundings, but moved to Toronto and undertook a

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similar line of church and parish building life there. Copetown became attached to St. John's, Ancaster, taking the dregs of what clerical energy remained to the incumbents there after satisfying the requirements of the large and flourishing parent congregation, and with, as I will now show, only disastrous results.

Not, to linger over the many details attending the distressing and sacrilegious end of this fine parish building, and the reflection that such a hard and early fate brought upon the surrounding church and diocese as a body, it need only be said that its life as an active element in the Copetown Community lasted scarcely ten years and its physical material existence about thirty-five! Associated at first with Rockton and afterwards with Ancaster, the little congregation, of whom Messrs. Ireland, Green-Armytage, Head, Horning and Fry were originally the leading members, encouraged sometimes by the help of fairly close residents like the Templers, the Boulthees, and our own family, who all had their own church to first consider and maintain, gradually dwindled and disappeared, till the incumbent of St. John's found it useless to attend there on Sunday afternoons any longer. Its doors were closed, and finally in 1906 the building was dismantled and sold for \$31.00 and the bodies buried there removed to St. John's. In 1915 the lot was sold to George Hogarth for \$50.00! And thus was evanescently ended Mr. Harrison's foolish dream of two score years before, and the care and toil of those whom he had cajoled into such waste and folly!

Many lessons can of course be drawn from the fate of the Copetown church, if it is allowable or desirable

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to hold "post mortems" after such unhappy occurrences have almost passed into forgetfulness. The first of these is that the temporary enthusiasm of an ardent young clergyman should not lead church people in a poor and thinly settled community into great and extravagant undertakings like this. The more able and energetic he be the worse, for this ability and energy will soon result in his being called away to better financial and more congenial social and educational surroundings, and more than likely make his successor, however worthy, appear feeble by contrast. The second is that too many churches are often reared in one comparatively small space. Within a radius of five miles from Copetown there were already four Anglican churches, quite enough for the church people of these parts, and there were not in their palmiest days enough adherents at Strabane, Sheffield, or Morriston, to warrant any such Utopian ideas as this young incumbent dreamt of. A third lesson is that those who, in their fanatical enthusiasm encourage such an inordinate parochial outlay and lead others into it, should first look carefully into the future and calculate the chances of permanency and life on the one hand and evanescence and dissolution on the other. Had these people and those of Sheffield and Strabane only calculated wisely and properly and foreseen as they might have in the thinly scattered congregations about them, less than a dozen years of usefulness for their new churches, and weighed the probability that their very places would in about a single generation know them no more, how much waste and useless effort they could have saved themselves and how much ignominy and dishonor the

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parent church? And, finally, and as a necessary deduction from all these other conclusions, let no congregation, after this unfortunate experience of the churchmen of Copetown (and of other places I can name in other parts, besides Sheffield and Strabane), think that they can rely on any permanence, or length of time in the personal magnetism to draw congregations, of any successful and popular incumbent who may be for the time in charge! This class of clergyman like other men of ambition, are always seeking to better themselves and perhaps we cannot blame them as much as the conditions under which they live, if this is so. The most able and persevering are usually called to and accept the higher richer livings that may be vacant, and those works and activities in smaller places on which they have spent their pioneer experimental clerical days, in the hands of milder, less energetic, and perhaps less popular incumbents, are often left to dry up and disintegrate, and to become but unhappy memories of a once roseate past.

The real reason I think for the sad histories of Barton and Copetown was an unfortunate restless ambitious zeal, both clerical and lay, for change and for new churches, where those already in existence were never overfilled and were quite large and numerous enough. I have shown this to have originally been the case in Copetown; St. Peter's, Barton, was quite capable of taking care of all the Anglicans in the western part of the township. There was a church at Rymal for those in the east, and those at the north or along the mountain brow, scattered thinly about and not like the great aggregation in that section to-day, mostly

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went, and could conveniently go, into some of the many Hamilton churches adjoining.

Some church people and some clergymen are found to-day who try to justify and attempt to explain away these two unfortunate episodes in local Anglican church history, by the plausible easy going apologetic statement that all, or nearly all the church people had died or moved away from Copetown and Barton; and that the sad end of these two congregations and churches was but a natural and a proper consequence of local conditions at the time. And thus these things are explained to us to-day by the more ardent and credulous upholders of our faith in a way that, however unconvincing it may be, leaves at least a half impression with us and encourages us to feel that all was not for the worst, or forms not nearly as dark a picture of the spiritual outlook for these Anglican communities, as at first sight is here presented. Church families have died out or moved away, it is true, more rapid modes of travel take people to other and more attractive church centres, the strong and winning personalities of local clergymen at the time of building or during the prosperous period afterwards, whom higher calls or old age or death have removed from the scene for others less aggressive to fill their places, have no doubt each and all something to do with the church's abandonment of its hold and despoliation of its centres in these particular places, and in others as well.

The author knows of many instances in Ontario where country Methodist and other outside churches have also closed up, been sold for a trifle, and converted to secular uses. But on the other hand this easy way

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of accounting for such things must sometimes make us wonder seriously what the desecration and dismantling of a church, of which we have seen a good deal in recent years, really means, especially where a building is a handsome one and must have in former days been the cherished object of some piously inclined people's devotion and care. "Surely" one sadly reflects when he sees these places, once the centre and attraction of worshipping throngs of people, being sold for a song and levelled with the ground, "this cannot be in accord with the eternal fitness of things." "Surely there must have been some lamentable error of judgment here either in building thus in the beginning or destroying thus in the end." Surely the staunch church people who devoted weeks and months and years of their best effort in days gone by to the building of this temple for the worship of God, had some other and higher aim and spiritual ambition in view than to see it survive its usefulness and disappear entirely in little more than a generation of time? Surely there must have been sad error of calculation and waste of money and energy, and even sadder yet desecration of holy things here, in beholding a complete subjugation and defeat of the higher and better and more spiritual side of man's nature, by the indifference and neglect and abandonment of a material and a carnal world? And if the Anglican Church in Canada is still the real vitalizing force that we hope it is and that its leaders profess it to be, does not this argument and this excuse seem a trifle weak and futile? The population generally has not decreased and surely the great law of average applies here as elsewhere! If Anglicanism is not failing to hold up

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its head among the other denominations here as well as everywhere else, why should there not be as many Anglicans in this British country coming in to take the places of those who have died or left the scenes in Barton and Copetown as there are Methodists, Presbyterians, Baptists, and Roman Catholics? It is not my place here to dissect these queries and explanations, or to make any reflections on any of the church people who have stood by and watched these iconoclastic proceedings of the past dozen years or more in the neighbourhood of St. John's Parish. As I have just said, the same thing is happening among other churches and in other localities, so that if it is a sign of the weakening of religion and of waning Christian life and influence, it is not confined to the Church of England or to this part of the country alone. But the situation as a whole, and not alone the Anglican part of it, raises some broader questions to disturb the minds of serious thinking Protestants or, let us say more inclusively, non-Romanist people. Is Protestantism and that branch of the Christian religion that it stands for, not failing in its mission? Can the bold challenge thrown down by the author of "Painted Windows," be successfully taken up and refuted, that Christianity is to-day neither entirely satisfying the cravings of the human soul, or successfully coping with the great overwhelming ills of the world? Or, viewing these Harrisonian wastes of Beverly, must not we Anglicans concede at least some colour of justification in the late Father Bernard Vaughan's utterances when, in both England and America he not so very long ago proclaimed in thunder tones, with head thrown back and arms uplifted as if

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in supplication, the decay of all other forms of Christian religion but his own in words like this, "A religion without life cannot endure and the Protestant religion lacks that life. Look and see if your religion is a vitalizing energy, if it is an entity that is making for life or a microbe fastening on us for death. I want you to hitch your chariots to the stars! I want you to pause not until the golden gates spring back upon their hinges and in the life, the light, and the love of God you dwell as citizens for ever more! For we have not here a lasting city, we seek one to come. Don't join those who, abounding in the affluence of worldly things say by their lives 'we have not a lasting city and we seek none, none, none, to come.' Don't tether your ambitions to a third rate planet! Stretch forth the ribbons of your tents! Lift up the eyes of your soul! Put Electricity into your steps!"

Without subscribing to, or in any way sanctioning or approving of the falacies and superstitions of this great man's faith, we must all I fear admit, when we reflect on the desecrations and the decadencies that I have described here, the warning that his fervid utterance contains against the blunders, the neglect, the lack of vitality and the "affected modernisms" so evident in many of the so-called Protestant religions of to-day.

I know that I will be criticized and accused of lingering longer than I should have done here to reflect and moralize over the fate of these two parishes, and to expose and lay bare the unfortunate errors of judgment and the chain of events that led to such disastrous results.

Those apologizers for our faith who dislike the

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truth when it is not agreeable, and are prepared at all times to complacently swallow the easy-going doctrine that "whatever is is right," will no doubt accuse me of painting too dark a picture here. But the author's feeling on the untimely end of these two extinct churches has always been a strong and a personal one. St. Peter's was the marrying and christening place of his parents and his family, and in his childhood he watched his father, foolishly stampeded like the rest, helping to rear the early vanished battlements of St. Paul's! As he has stated before, he did not enter upon this task to apologize in every place for error or to draw the veil over misguided action or palpable mistake. The true and fair historian is he who honestly presents both sides of his picture, he who, while just and generous enough to praise men's virtues, is also fearless and candid enough to point out their errors and the quality of their defects. And all the sophistry of all our church savants, and all the fault finding and criticism that may be levelled against the writer of this work for bringing out the facts in the experience of these two vanished churches, cannot assist in escaping the one inevitable conclusion that, had reason and right prevailed in the councils of those who brought them into being, guided their destinies, and afterwards stood by and watched without protest their disintegration and their decay, neither of these churches should ever have been built at all, or having been built, that both should yet be standing and living witnesses of the faith they once represented!

CHAPTER IX.

ADJOINING CHURCHES AND PARISHES (Continued)

Dundas, West Flamboro' and Rockton—A Visit to Huron
—Indian Churches and Congregations—Back Again to
Niagara—Caledonia, Glanford and Barton—The Circle
Completed.

I need not dwell at length on any of the other and present adjoining parishes of St. John's, but, at the same time it may not be amiss to give here very briefly in a conversational way, and in a short chapter of their own a few interesting facts or epochal events that flash across my mind concerning these, involving as it does a departure of several miles in distance across the diocesan boundary near Brantford, and back again at or near Caledonia.

Old St. James' in Dundas I have mentioned frequently before. I understand that the present church and site have been sold to the adjoining Bertram interests, and that a new and handsome building is in immediate contemplation to take its place. It has boasted in its day of many able clergymen, including Dr. McMurray, Canon Osler, Archdeacons Forneret and Irving, Mr. Reilly and the present efficient rector Archdeacon McIntosh, and it has flourished from its inception. It was built under Dr. McMurray and opened on

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December 31st, 1843. The lot it stands on, and afterwards its baptismal font, were given by James Bell-Ewart of West Flamboro', who and whose family, are here memorialized by four fine white marble mural tablets all of a similar design and form. The bell was donated by John H. Greer, at the time Wentworth's registrar of deeds, who then lived on the Governor's Road, and the east window by friends of Dr. McMurray in the United States, in commemoration of his successful visit among them in 1854 on behalf of Trinity College, Toronto. This old church is also rich in other memorials in the form of windows to Canon and Mrs. Osler and the Leonard and Crooks families, and another to commemorate the association of Archdeacon Irving with the parish for 35 years. There are too, to be seen here a marble tablet to George Rawson Penfold (to be mentioned later), handsome brasses to Canon Osler and his son Britton Bath, the famous lawyer, and an exquisite triple panelled war memorial in oak and brass, to the three grandsons of Canon Osler, already mentioned, as having fallen in battle for their King and Country.

Christ Church West Flamboro', a handsome stone edifice after the English model, was built in 1864 under, and first ministered to, by Canon Osler. It is beautifully located on a high slope in that romantic village, and its present incumbent is the Rev. Ernest Melville Rowland. It contains a unique font brought by Mr. Osler from Cornwall, England, in the form of a bowl supported by a TAU Cross and no doubt rescued from some ancient British church of about the fifth century A.D. This font is to-day regarded as of great value and interest

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to antiquarians, being probably the only one of its kind in Canada. In the graveyard here lie the remains of Sir Richard Crooks, at one time Lieutenant-Governor of the old Province of Upper Canada. Now attached to this mission is St. Alban's, Rockton, referred to already in the previous chapter, another stone edifice, built by the Rev. Richard Harrison in the late sixties of last century when Rockton, Copetown, Strabane, Sheffield, and Morriston, formed the Mission of Beverly. Rockton Church has Mr. R. J. Kernahan, the gifted rustic poet, known all over as "The Khan," as one of its chief supporters. The East window of this pretty little stone church was given by Chief Justice Harrison, the bell named "St. George" by Mr. George M. Mason. The clergymen of West Flamboro' during the last half century, in addition to Canon Osler and the present incumbent, have been successively Revs. John Osborne, Thomas Grogheghan, William Bevan, J. H. Ross, J. J. Morton, C. W. McWilliams, S. Bennetts and W. A. Kyle.

Leaving Rockton in a south-westerly course on our journey round Ancaster Parish and crossing into Huron diocese, the old Mohawk Church near Brantford, now having an Institute attached to it and ministered to by a clergyman from the latter city, since the principal of the Institute ceased to be a clergyman himself, is the first evidence or suggestion of an Anglican place of worship in this long stretch. Our church people all the way from Rockton here, unlike those in St. John's Parish itself and the territory bordering on Ancaster along the Grand River and further on beyond Brantford, suffer much in numerical comparison with other de-

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nominations. I have already referred to this old Indian station and its importance more than a hundred years ago—how the Ancaster settlement was first observed by the early Anglican, or at that time Established Church clergy, on their way to hold service here among the Indians and how Mr. Leeming subsequently had this mission under his care. This church was built in the reign of George the third, although its celebrated tribal silver Communion Service and Bible date three reigns further back than that. These were a gift by Queen Anne in 1712 to the Mohawk tribe when their headquarters were among the Finger Lakes in New York State. The great Indian Chief "Thayendanegea" otherwise known as General Brant, to whom the British Government gave an extensive estate at Wellington Square for his loyalty to the Crown, is buried here, as is also his son, Captain John Brant, both beneath a ponderous iron fenced tomb. Other Indian Chiefs also lie here, and the stranger is attracted by a large rough looking rock, lying alongside of the church near the huge Brant Memorial, which on enquiry is found to be a certainly unusual form of memorial to a son of one of the modern Chiefs, recently placed there by his sister. Inside the church, otherwise devoid of ornamentation, are the Royal Coat of Arms and the Creed, Lord's Prayer and Ten Commandments in the Mohawk language.

I read recently in Blackwood's (Edinburgh) Quarterly Journal of Agriculture for June, 1832, of the visit of a Scotch traveller named Ferguson to the Mohawk Church one Sunday in May the year before. He and a local friend had ridden out from Brantford, then only

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a small village in the woods, on two Indian ponies. They found the Indians at service, orderly and becoming in manner, the men and women divided, and all attentive and devout. The clergyman was preaching on the faith of Abraham in offering up his son, and an interpreter was required in both reading desk and pulpit. This traveler tells how the Indian babies, each strapped to a board, were hung up out of the way while the mothers were at service, and he gives an interesting account of the condition and occupations of the Mohawks, and of the prosperity and advancement of this church and settlement 93 years ago. It was the first church built in Upper Canada, was named St. Paul's, and its bell, dated in 1786, now unfortunately cracked and useless near the church door, was a present by King George to Joseph Brant on the latter's visit to England. A panel outside the church gives the date of its erection as 1785 and the names of the four incumbents since Mr. Leeming, viz.: Messrs. Lugger, Nelles, Ashton, and Turnell. Archdeacon Nelles laboured here for 47 years, the Rev. Mr. Ashton for 30, and both have fine monuments close to the old church.

It is hardly necessary, or perhaps strictly speaking within the scope of this work, the Mohawk site coming in between, to mention here as adjoining parishes to St. John's, the several Anglican churches in the city of Brantford, which I have urged elsewhere should, by every force of reasoning, have been attached at Niagara's inception to that diocese and detached from Huron, suffice it to say that, ministered to not very long over quarter of a century ago by those two worthy pioneer Anglican divines in this section, Archdeacon

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MacKenzie and the Reverend Saltern Givens and their two respective churches of Grace and St. Jude's, Brantford, now contains seven Anglican churches. But following down the river from Brantford and this famous Mohawk church, a mile or so below the city and once associated with St. John's under the same incumbent, about eight miles as the crow flies but nearly twice that distance by the windings of the river, we come to the quiet but sterling little village and community of Onondago in the Township of the same name and which the river divides from the Indian Township of Tuscarora.

While Tuscarora does not, strictly speaking, either in church parlance or geographically, adjoins Ancaster, Onondaga lying between, it is so close to it and is such a stronghold of Anglicanism that a word may well be devoted here in passing to it and its churches.

An old frame building once called "The Mohawk Church" (but not to be confused with the one of that name just mentioned near Brantford) which formerly stood on the north side of the river between Onondaga and Middleport villages, was moved across the stream in 1875 under the incumbency of the Rev. Albert Anthony and under the present charge of Rev. H. J. Condell, a graduate of St. Bees College, Cumberland, England, is now called St. John's, Tuscarora. But there are besides this five other Indian Anglican churches in this Township all supported by the New England Company up to three years ago when the Huron Diocese took them over. They are Christ Church of the Cayuga's; St. Paul's, Kanyengeh; St. Barnabas in the same district, St. Peters, Ohsweken and St. Luke's of

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the Delaware's. Mr. Condell has charge of Christ Church as well as St. John's. The Rev. J. G. White, B. A. T. C. D. ministers to Kanyengeh and St. Barnabas and the Rev. Thomas W. Jones to the remaining two of the Ohsweken district. Two of these Indian churches, St. Pauls, Kanyengeh and St. Peters, Ohsweken, are handsome substantial brick buildings, the other four are plainer and smaller and of frame construction. St. Paul's has two memorial windows, one to the wife of the Rev. T. Elliot who died in 1849, another to the wife of Archdeacon Nelles who died in 1863. St. Peters contains six of these stained memorials to different local families of the past, the whole effect giving to the interior of this venerable old place of Indian worship a soft shadowy reverent mellowed appearance. Two Indian clergymen, the Revs. Albert Anthony and Isaac Bearfoot once ministered among these congregations but the present incumbents are all three white men. There are about 12,000 acres on this reserve.

Writing to the author a short time ago, the Rev. Mr. Condell has this to say of his work among the Tuscarora Indians: "Since 1865 this mission has been operating here among the pagan tribes, the Cayugas, the Onondagas and the Oneidas and while these tribes are still pagan, Christianity has had a great effect in moulding their lives, but they say that the divisions among the Christian communions has been the great stumbling block." Early and prominent clerics still familiar and spoken of with reverence among these old indian haunts in Tuscarora, besides the names already mentioned, are those of Archdeacon Nelles, James Roberts, James Chance, Isaac Barr, C. D. Martin, D. J.

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Caswell and J. L. Strong the last mentioned having been pastor of Kanyengeh for thirty years. And the stroller and seeker for information is now occasionally reminded in these parts by both clergy and people, that the Indian poetess, Pauline Johnson, sometimes visited or worshipped among them. And thus it ever was and I suppose ever will be! Treated like a Bohemian, allowed to die far from home and in poverty by a scorning sneering and neglecting public, this gifted poetess, she who wrote:

Because I never knew Your care to tire
Your hand to weary guiding me aright
Because You walk before and crush the brier
It does not pierce my feet so much to-night.

is now being claimed and even apotheosized not only by the humble people of her race and girlhood surroundings, but by that cold unappreciative outside world who, while she lived, had no use for or no patience with her or with any other mortal who, like her, dares sometimes to turn from material things in an effort to "wake to ecstasy the living lyre.". But now having deviated a little to the south from our direct path around St. John's parish, to briefly discuss and survey these Red Men and their churches, let us get back again across the River and dwell for a moment on the thriving combined living of Onondaga and Middleport at present under a popular young Irish priest, the Reverend H. K. L. Charlton, whose father is incumbent of St. Matthews, London, Ontario. Holy Trinity Church, Onondaga, a gothic structure of red brick was built in 1857 and the Rev. Fredrick Grant was its first incumbent. Since then a fine tower and bell have been added and the church

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consecrated in 1876. A pretty stained window adorns the chancel presented by the Rev. Adam Elliot, a subsequent incumbent who is buried here, to the memory of his children. The site of this church was donated by the Indian Chief, George H. M. Johnson, father of the gifted poetess just mentioned as now getting the deserved recognition denied her in life. Beside Messrs. Grant and Elliot the Revs. G. W. Du'Ane David Armstrong, John Murphy, John Ridley (afterwards of Galt) J. W. Armstrong, Geo. M. Cox, Samuel R. Asbury, William Stout and Charles L. Mills have successively occupied this incumbency.* Attached to Onondaga and about three miles further down the river is the frame church known as St. Pauls, Middleport, built in 1868 on a fine plot of ground the gift of Robert Wade, an Irish gentleman who then resided in these parts and who died in 1863. It is a neat frame building with a tower and bell and having the whole field to itself in this neighborhood, has a flourishing congregation. This church has a pretty cemetery attached where there stands among many other more modern ones, a striking old marble monument to its patron Mr. Wade. There are some handsome memorial windows here too, one in the chancel, was erected jointly by the Rev. Mr. Elliot and a relative, Robert Racey to the memory of a nephew and niece. Another was installed by a Mr. Cooper of Mount Pleasant and there is also a mural tablet here to the memory of a local war hero, Oscar Fearman. One of the best resident authorities, a layman, tells me that

* Besides these I have seen the names of Greenfield. Roberts, Delue, Griffin and Dudley as clergymen who have at one time or another been in charge here, but the above is vouched for by Mr. Charles Edwards, the present Church Warden and Township Clerk of Onondaga.

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although the congregations of these two churches north of the river are now substantially white about ten per cent. of them are composed of Indian worshippers.

Proceeding down the river now, a beautiful winding stretch of seven miles, passing over the county line from Brant into Haldimand and the diocesan one again from Huron into Niagara, Caledonia is reached, an incorporated Village in the Township of Seneca about six miles directly south of Ancaster Township's southeasterly point or angle. St. Pauls, apparently a popular church name in this part of Ontario, is also the designation of the unpretentious frame edifice in which the Anglicans worship here. It was built in 1846 under the pastorate of the Rev. Bold Cudmore Hill, M. A., an English missionary who came to the Grand river in 1838 and had charge of what is now the whole county of Haldimand. The church building is practically the same to-day as originally designed. There are mural tablets here to commemorate two former incumbents, Messrs. Hill and Mellish as well as one to fifteen local war heroes. The altar is in memory of a later clergyman, Mr. Godden and the Baptismal Font of Mrs. Elizabeth Arrell. Old family attachments to the Church is found to be marked in this parish and the congregation is a strong and thriving one. James Old in his eighty-ninth year and his two sisters, Mrs. Howard and Mrs. Rennels eighty-four and eighty respectively, have attended St. Paul's practically all their lives. The Grinyer and Arrell families can also each boast a very long connection with the parish and the Hudspeths have attended there for three generations. Other prominent names in the present congregation are those of Leith,

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Simpson, Springer, Smythe, Avery, Norton and Heeney, the last named being a brother of the well-known Winnipeg divine of that name. Mrs. Fannie Ross, the mother of a clergyman and of a clergyman's widow, born in the parish 85 years ago, the daughter of James Aldridge, for 20 years a church warden in the early days of St. Paul's history, although her married life was spent in Hamilton has come back to spend life's eventide in the old home surroundings of her girlhood, and is also now a member of St. Pauls Church, Caledonia.

Up to 1872 York, Cayuga and Caledonia formed one joint Anglican living, but from that year forward each has had its own clergyman. Mr. Hill laboured here for thirty-two years and one of his successors, the Rev. Henry F. Mellish for twenty-four. The Rev. John Keith Godden, M. A., had an incumbency of eleven years and his immediate successor, the Rev. William Percy Lyon, the present resident rector since 1913, has now been in Caledonia for about the same period. The other three Anglican clergymen who from its inception to the present time have had charge of Caledonia, Messrs. Musson, Haywood and Bevan, were each of them there but a short time.

Continuing about three miles southerly from Caledonia through Seneca and along the Hamilton road and Glanford Township in our own county, Wentworth is reached. Three miles further along this road we come to the Village of the same name, but formerly and even now popularly known as "Mount Hope." Just through this hamlet in the direction of Hamilton we find on our right another St. Paul's church which I have referred to before as having been long connected with

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St. Peter's church, Barton. The church just reached, a substantial brick structure, was erected under the early incumbency of the Rev. George A. Bull and opened sometime in the year 1854*. It has two memorial windows to Mrs. Sarah Tydd and Mr. W. M. Allison, two very old members of the congregation. It also, like its namesake in Caledonia, seems to hold its families' allegiance long and well. Among these can to-day be found the names of Webber, Dalton, Almas, Armes, Neale, Allison, French, Brigham and Turner most of the sires of whom, if not the present heads of these families, were members of this church from its beginning.

The next, and last Anglican Church (except the new St. Margarets of West Hamilton already noted) to be met with on our circuit around St. John's parish, is that of Holy Trinity church, Barton.

I have already in my last chapter referred in passing to this parish, founded by the late Rev. Cannon Bull in or about 1877-1878. The idea of that worthy divine was no doubt that there was a sufficient aggregation of Anglican people on the mountain brow to start and maintain a fairly strong and permanent congregation without impairing St. Paul's to the south and St. Peter's to the west. Or perhaps he concluded that in any event the last named had by then outlived its usefulness as an active church centre. His conclusion was right as to St. Paul's but mistaken if he imagined that these two closely adjoining churches of Holy Trinity and St. Peters could both continue to live and thrive, or that the life

* The Hamilton Spectator is my authority for this date. Another authority mentions the year previous to this, just as Mr. Merritt was leaving and Mr. Bull assuming charge of the parish.

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and vigor of the new would not in a comparatively short time bring about the decadence of the old.

Although through the subsequent extension of the city southward and the desire of many Hamilton church people to live on the mountain, this parish has now become a substantial and a thriving one, for a long time after its first inauguration the little church of Holy Trinity, despite the winning personalities and kindly attentive administrations of its founder and his popular family had a hard struggle and a somewhat precarious existence; Anglicans along the fringe of the mountain were mostly already attached to some Hamilton church which attachment they were reluctant to sever, as, even to-day, the incumbent of Holy Trinity with far more people around him complains of his flock being continually drawn citywards. I have already explained how in Holy Trinity's own finally successful efforts to survive, it caused the wreck of old St. Peter's, Barton. As far as this new creature of his clerical hopes and ambitions was concerned Mr. Bull was, as it has since turned out, working for some one else's to-morrow and not for his own to-day. And his impressive individuality and the deep affection in which he was held by his people alone saved the situation at that time.

The clergy in charge here since Canon Bull have been Revs. Messrs. Lee, Clark (now Bishop), Bennets, Fletcher, Fennell, Wilson, Pugsley, Walling and the present energetic incumbent. Holy Trinity has not always however since its inception been associated with the Glanford church. There was a period between 1899 and 1907 when, under the Rev. Joseph Fennell it had a sole and separate career of its own. Later on under the

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Rev. G. Pugsley it had also attached to it besides St. Paul's Glanford, the new mission to the east of St. Stephen's, Mount Hamilton, till the latter became a separate parish in 1915. In Holy Trinity church may now be seen the mural tablet which his family erected in old St. Peter's, Barton to Lieut. Col. Gourlay of "Barton Lodge" who died in 1867. It also rescued from the ruins of St. Peters the old organ of the latter church, and made use of this till a new one replaced it a year ago. This congregation, adjoining and affected by the city, and drawn from more of a fluctuating transient class than those to the south of it just enumerated, cannot, of course, claim that old continuous attachment and family membership that these country parishes boast of. But the names of Milne, Warring, Chappel, Passmore, Beckett, Gallagher and Spicer appear to-day among its permanent worshippers and the connection of many of these is unquestionably of long standing. And not to forget to give credit where it is due to the deserving and recently departed dead, the long and loyal services to this parish and the Anglican Church generally given by the late William Alexander Hamilton Duff, K.C., and his gentle kindly wife should not and cannot be overlooked here by any true and candid recorder of Holy Trinity's history.

The present incumbent, the Rev. M. G. Thompson, is a man of dauntless energy and courage, and while he can be persuaded to stay in charge of this parish and St. Pauls and not bow before that restless 'move on' spirit now agitating and impelling many of our clergy,* or while

* This opinion may seem somewhat at variance with the one expressed previously in favor of the itinerant system. But of course there are exceptions to every rule, and no doubt that system,

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his successors, if he leaves, are men of the same virile stamp, the future life and vigor of these two churches in their respective communities seems assured.

And so we have completed in this chapter the long circle begun in our last, around the old parish. We have "walked about St. John's and gone round about her, told the towers thereof, marked well her bulwarks, set up her houses, that we may tell them that come after." We have had something to say of the past and present of every parish and church of her faith that in all points of the compass immediately surround her, and here and there have even gone a little further afield in our somewhat extensive itineracy. And now having travelled afar in every direction and dwelt in this and the chapter immediately preceeding it, on external people and things, let us get home again and devote some time in the following ones to a subject nearer and more sacred to us all than that just under discussion—the veneration of our beloved dead.

while beneficial generally, could, if adopted by the Anglican church, be so modified as not to apply where and so long as both pastor and people unanimously agreed to the contrary. It was no doubt originally fixed upon by the Methodists to meet this very "move on" spirit of the restless or over ambitious man that I mention here, as well as those opposite clerical cases of apathy and easy going unconcern.

CHAPTER X.

WINDOWS AND TABLETS

I.

*Whose history do you tell,
Window and tablet and inscription here?
Whose names and doings do you chronicle
And bid my muse revere?*

II.

*Names memorized in glass
That the stern tests of fire and time have stood,
Names wrought in marble, in bright burnished brass,
In chastely chiseled wood!*

III.

*Young names, or weighed with years,
Sire, matron, maid, nor doth this sacred fane
Forget her warriors' names and proud careers
To worthily maintain!*

IV.

*Names that great reverence bore
With those who set then in this hallowed place
That clinging moss and tempest passing o'er
Corrode not nor efface!*

V.

*That these their cherished dead
'Mid meditating morn's and vesper's calm
Might be recalled, and pondered o'er and read
In service and in psalm!*

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VI.

*Not like the near-by stone
Low lain and grass hid, crumbling in decay
Whose names the warring elements dethrone
Shall yours consume away!*

VII.

*But sheltered, these shall last,
Cared for by kindly hands, embellished well
The virtues of the dear ones of the past
Perennially to tell!*

VIII.

*Let then, St. John's, thy walls
And tinted windows honor these thy best,
So venerate these names, till heaven calls
Their bearers to their rest!*

In the middle thirties of the last century a retired English gentleman, a captain of Her Majesty's Honorable East India Civil Service named Henry Smith, settled with his wife and growing family of young daughters on what was known as the "Staple Grove" farm in the Township of Glanford, not far from the Ancaster boundary.

Although it was a long way from St John's Church, this family, with a single gentleman named George R. Penfold, who was apparently an inseparable friend and had come from England to Staple Grove with the Smiths, became regular attendants at the Ancaster church, there being then no Anglican church at Glanford.

The parish records, kept by the Rev. John Miller, the second rector, show that on Sunday, December 18th, 1836, Caroline, and on Sunday, May 13th, 1838, Georgina, two daughters of Captain Henry and Mrs. Amelia Sarah Smith, were baptized at St. John's. This union of a widely divided family and church, was destined later on to be all the closer cemented by the

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marriage of two daughters of the Smith house with two sons of the fourth rector, the Rev. Mr. Osler—a couple of young limbs of the law marked out to become in later years two of the brightest and most distinguished legal lights in the province of Ontario.

Another of the Smith girls (evidently by this time grown up to be a bevy of most winning and attractive young ladies) married Dr. Bethune of Glanford, and another still a Mr. Stratton of Montreal. But these last two together with two grown up but unmarried sisters, died young, hardly out of their teens, as well as an infant son long before them, and were all buried in the Ancaster family plot. As a reflective and meditative boy, the author remembers lingering often, as he passed at the back of the old church, to read the inscription on the Smith family monument and to contemplate to himself the sadness of it all—these four young and beautiful women being thus doomed to die long before their prime, and just at the budding charm of life's maturity.

A little later on in 1866, the lovely east window in St. John's chancel, its successor and fac-simile still there to-day and let us hope for all time, was to be erected to perpetually remind the worshippers of the church, of the Smith family and these four fair young sisters and their baby brother, whose mortal remains have long since crumbled into dust just behind and beneath it. Their old friend Mr. Penfold, who died in Dundas in 1872, is also buried here in the same plot, but Captain Smith and his wife returned to England in the late sixties living subsequently and dying at Hammersmith just outside of busy old London. The wives of the Hon. Mr. Justice Osler and Mr. Britton B. Osler K. C., while

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their inscriptions are on the monument here, are interred in a newer family plot in Toronto, where their husbands both attained to such distinction in the law. The remembrance of them all, however, may be said to be fittingly perpetuated here by this magnificent window with only this beautiful, simple, unpretentious inscription: "To the Glory of God, and in pious memory of several members of a family formerly of this congregation."

Thus does this handsome memorial, in addition to its other beauties, possess in a striking degree the adornment of humility, for one cannot gather from any inscription on it to whom it is erected, the above dedicatory sentence being all there is to enlighten the stranger in this regard. And, with at least questionable taste, the author submits, even this beautiful mark of the humility of the donors and those who rest near by has been, for the time being at least, entirely hidden from view by the present far-fetched and stilted arrangement of the altar drapes.

While St. John's east window is properly known as "the Smith Window," modern usage, no doubt owing to the later prominence of the Osler family and their long and close connection with the church and parish, sometimes links it with the latter name to-day.

Mr. Penfold subsequently married Mrs. Caroline Miller, widow of the second rector of St. John's, and his relict rests here by his side. The second rector himself and his younger brother, Dr. James Miller,—if one is safe in so concluding from the inscription there, after such a long lapse of time,—are also both buried in the Smith plot immediately in rear of the church, the name being here spelled with an "a," though everywhere else with an "e." Captain Smith, like many other

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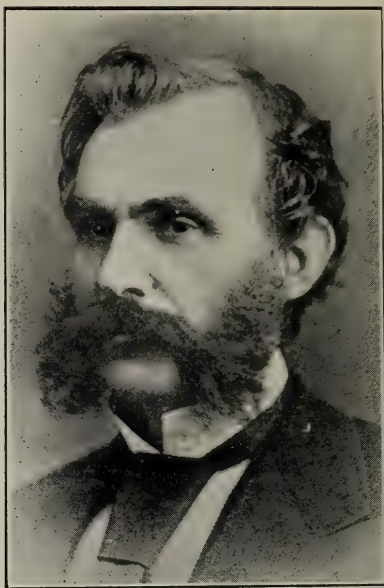
well-to-do retiring Englishmen of his day, had determined to try Canadian farm life and apparently stuck to it longer than most men of his class and social standing do. The distance this worthy and cultured family travelled weekly to their place of worship, nearly ninety years ago through all kinds of roads and weather and in the early civilized days of these parts, must have aroused the admiration of all who valued loyalty to principle, and consistency and effort in well-doing.

On the right hand side of the chancel there is a pretty single window, with the figures of Christ and the children, telling of an uneventful, but consecrated useful life, in the person of Jemima Rudkin, an old nurse and distant relative of the Farmer family, who came from England with the paternal grandparents of the author in 1834, and had devoted her life to, and attended them faithfully through the birth of most and the bringing up of all their children, during an entire continuous space of over thirty years.

The inscription on this little window simply recites that these children have erected it to the memory of their faithful old friend and nurse who died at "Springfield" on 30th January, 1866.

This saintly woman was not destined to be long a member of St. John's Parish, for she had only been in the neighborhood a few years when her death occurred at the very earliest period in the author's recollection. But if affectionate remembrance is any recompense to the dead for their good and kindly deeds in life, Jemima Rudkin was well remembered by the love in which her memory was held by every member of the family to whom she was so devoted, and whose interests she served so long and so well.

Both the Smith and Rudkin windows were destroyed



ALONZO EGLESTON.

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in the fire of February, 1868, but replaced in the present church.

The first window to the left in the body of the church as one comes west, and now unfortunately almost completely hidden from the congregation's view by the organ, is that to Susan Leeming, wife of the first rector of the parish, erected in 1866, and to which Mr. Leeming's own name was subsequently added.

As I have already dwelt at length on the Leemings in another part of this work I must not linger long here. This lady was the daughter of Richard Hatt, well known in the early life of Dundas as having built the first mills there. Mrs. Leeming had in later life resided for seven years with her husband on the farm on the Governor's Road where the author of this history was afterwards born and which his father purchased from the then retired clergyman in 1861. The way she had adorned and beautified her home here in the comparatively short time she was there stamped her as a lady of high taste and culture. There was a large family of this particular branch of the Hatts, including the well known Hamilton lawyer of that name, John Ogilvie Hatt, who married a sister of Sir Allan McNab's, and another son Richard, who married one of the Ancaster Milnes. Many descendants of Richard Hatt, Sr., are still in the neighborhood, and several collateral members of the family are buried in St. John's Churchyard. The graves of both Mr. and Mrs. Leeming are just outside the church and close to this window, on which are the words from Titus 2-13: "Looking for that blessed hope, the glorious appearing of our Lord Jesus Christ."

Next to the Leeming window is a small war memorial tablet in the form of a wooden shield, to five men who fell in the Great War, namely, Private W.

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Robarts, Private R. Tavernier, Captain A. R. W. Stevenson, Private E. Clarkson, and Private A. Woodworth. This tablet is a recent contribution from the endowment fund of the Indian and Eskimo Mission M.S.C.C.

The next colored window on this side approaching the west is to Thomas W. McMurray, solicitor, and his five year old daughter Nora. There are two texts, one from Rev. 21-7: "I will be his God and He shall be my son," and the other from Isaiah 40-11: "He shall gather the lambs with His arms and carry them in His bosom." Mr. McMurray, a promising young Ancaster lawyer, who was cut off in his 39th year, was a distant relative of the third rector of Ancaster, afterwards Archdeacon of Niagara. His wife was one of the old Gurnett family. She died in Winnipeg in 1904, and is buried beside her husband. One son Frank survives, who at first followed his father's profession, but afterwards abandoned the law for a business career in Winnipeg. Mr. McMurray originally lived in the village, but shortly before his death had exchanged residences with Dr. Orton and gone to reside in the "Fairview" property on the Sulphur Springs road where he died.

Next we come to the window in memory of Robert and Mary Halson, erected by their two daughters, and which recalls to our minds one of the earliest Ancaster families. The representation here is Christ sitting in judgment, St. Matthew, 25-35.

The Halsons were prominent in Ancaster ninety years ago, Augustus Halson and wife having settled there in the early thirties of last century. The former's massive flat tomb just outside tells that he was born with the 19th century and died at 46. Robert Halson was latterly a druggist in Wellington Square, but in

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earlier life was engaged in mercantile business in Ancaster village, where he married the only daughter of Dr. Godfrey Jones and sister of Mr. William Chadwick Jones, at one time a brewer and cheesemaker near Mineral Springs, and later a journalist and proprietor of the "Paris Star." Robert Halson died at Burlington in 1882 when sixty years old, and his wife in Hamilton in 1885, when fifty-four. The two daughters Katherine and Margaret, always while in Ancaster active workers in St. John's, lived with their bachelor uncle Christian, opposite the rectory till 1895, when they moved to Toronto, where they still continue prominent in Church work.

Christian Halson is buried in St. John's Churchyard, as are also his uncle Augustus just referred to, with the latter's wife Catharine and son Charles, the last named being a resident of Ancaster but later of Vancouver, B.C. Mrs. William Craigie, who only recently died at an advanced age and was the widow of a former prominent Hamilton lawyer was also one of this Halson family. A massive rough-hewn modern granite cross in the newest part of the graveyard near the road marks the resting place of Mr. Christian Halson, who was a retired gentleman of culture and of many fine parts, and for some time superintendent of St. John's Sunday School.

We now pass three windows still awaiting memorial glasses and touch upon the tablet at the door erected by the congregation out of respect to Thomas P. Wilbur, the faithful sexton of the church for 27 years immediately prior to 1921. But I have already dwelt somewhat fully on this venerable and diligent servant of the parish in discussing in chapter six the different workers and officials who have at various times ministered to the temporal requirements of St. John's.

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After passing under the tower and by two more windows still plain and unmemorialized the first stained and inscribed one on the north side and approaching the east is a handsome memorial erected by the Clifford family to the husband and father Edward Arthur Clifford, who died in 1914. Mr. Clifford, a close connection of the English nobility, came as a young man to learn farming at "Staple Grove" from Frampton-on-Severn, Gloucester, England, in 1868. The Smiths had by this time returned to England, and the old farm, the scene of so much former church and social activity, had passed into the hands of Mr. Henry Ely, another English gentleman, who took farm pupils and who had become connected with the Ancaster Milnes through his marriage with Miss Helen Hatt of Dundas. But young Mr. Clifford soon joined a colony of English gentlemen farmers in the State of Iowa who had settled there some time before. In 1874 he came back and married Miss Helen Milne, of "Milneholm," Ancaster, and returned with her to Iowa where all the five children of the family were born. They eventually came home to Canada, however, and settled at "Milneholm" in 1888, where they subsequently ever since resided, and where Mr. Clifford's widow also died in March, 1922. Their only son, Colonel E. W. Clifford, took a prominent part in and was twice severely wounded in the Great War. The Scripture subject on this window is also Christ and the children, with the text to correspond from St. Matthew 19-14. It is in no sense an exaggeration to say that no man was ever more devoted to the service of St. John's church than the subject of this sketch, and every lay position of honor and usefulness in its gift was at different times held by him during his long residence in the neighborhood.

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The next memorial approaching the east is a handsome brass tablet to the memory of Alonzo Egleston. The Egleston brothers, Harris P. and Alonzo, came to Ancaster from New York State in 1846 to manage Wiard's large implement factory already established there, but shortly afterwards went into the foundry business for themselves. From this they branched out into the grist and woollen industries, also establishing the woollen mills at Mineral Springs which the Ellis and Walker interests afterwards acquired. In addition to their milling activities the Egleston brothers also turned to farming, Alonzo purchasing the fine farm at the head of the Mountain now occupied by the McLarens and the Whittons, and Harris the Mackelcan property up the Jerseyville road a mile or so west of the village, still held by members of his family. While Alonzo Egleston devoted himself largely to public affairs, Harris was of a more retiring disposition, but both were men highly esteemed in the community and, with their families were continuous devoted adherents of St. John's Church. Alonzo Egleston was for many years reeve of the Township and had received an independent Liberal nomination to the local Legislature for South Wentworth when death called him at the comparatively early age of 54. The two brothers married sisters, daughters of Mr Jacob Gabel who for years owned the village tannery as well as the picturesque farm now occupied by the Dalleys of Hamilton. Mr. Gabel left a large family of sons and daughters, many of whose descendants are still in these parts. A granddaughter is the wife of the present Sheriff of Wentworth County, and Private W. Robarts, already mentioned, was a grandson, as is also Mr. Lloyd Gabel, the Dominion Fruit Inspector, of Dundas.

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Representatives of the Egleston family too, are happily, unlike many of the old pioneer stock, still numerous in Ancaster and their descendants are also fairly well maintained elsewhere. John, the eldest son of Mr. Harris Egleston, became a prominent physician and politician in Michigan, where he died. Another son, George, farmed in the Canadian West, but has since moved to Bowen Island, B. C. The other two sons, Harry and Fred, still reside at "Oakridge," the old family homestead. A widowed daughter, Mrs. Green, and two other daughters, Mrs. Gibson and Mrs. Eddrup, reside in Toronto.

Mr. Alonzo Egleston's eldest son, Charles Herbert, a very promising young man, was accidentally killed near his home by a horse in 1872 in his twentieth year. His younger son, Edgar F. Egleston, married Miss Annie Harrington. This couple who spent most of their lives in Ancaster and are both buried in St. John's Churchyard, left four children, only one of whom, Mrs. T. D. Byrne, still resides in the old parish. An unmarried daughter of Mr. Alonzo Egleston, now living again in Ancaster, was for many years lady superintendent of Grace Hospital, Toronto, and a grandson, Mr. H. A. Richardson, after a successful banking career, is prominent in the mercantile life of Kingston, Ont. His father, Dr. Henry Richardson, was Ancaster's leading physician for many years, and until his death in 1895. And the whole neighbourhood recalls with fond recollection its long association with two departed lady members of the two Egleston families, Miss Kate Egleston, afterwards Mrs. Shannaman, of Gananoque, and Mrs. B. W. Donnelly. Both of these excellent exemplary women invariably greeted their acquaintances, high and humble alike, with a kind word and a cheery smile, both were

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untiring in their work and self-denial for the church of their choice, and both have left memories behind them of their good actions and charitable deeds, that will retain for all time the esteem and affection of every one who was privileged to know them!

A handsome window is reached next representing the figure of "Charity" with the text from I. Corinthians, 13-4. This is to the memory of a name universally known and much beloved in Ancaster half a century ago, Dr. Henry Orton, who died in 1882 at fifty years of age, and two infant children. Close to this and both taking our attention together is a recently placed tablet to the memory of the doctor's wife, Annie Elizabeth Bush, who survived him 26 years, dying in Guelph in 1908, and on the latter of which are the words, "The Master cometh, and calleth for thee." Mrs. Orton died in the same house in which she had first met her husband over half a century before.

Ah! beloved physician, how well I remember your kindly ministrations, and how our whole community mourned your early taking off! How you toiled day and night among us for nearly thirty years at scanty remuneration, and often none at all, to cure our ills and ease our pain! How many of us your skillful care brought to the light of the world,—and how many hundreds from miles around assembled on that sad and memorable spring day in the old village, when they laid you to rest here under the shadow of the church you loved and served so well!

There are careers and events in the histories of parishes as well as in those of nations and individuals, that stand out like the landmarks that measure the highway or the hills that ruffle the far-stretching plain! These, however, old and hoary, can never be entirely

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obliterated from our mental vision. Time itself cannot efface them, for they appeal to that better nature within us which, born to immortality, is enabled to protect and cherish such events even against the un pitying inroads of the bearer of the scythe and the hour-glass himself. And such, kindly benevolent man, were your life and your lamentable taking off in the history of St. John's Parish, where your memory and good deeds are revered and honoured yet to-day by those still here who knew you, although it is now well past two score years since you ceased to minister among them!

The Ortons—a name to conjure with in medicine—came from Beeston, Leicestershire, England, in the early days of last century and settled in the Guelph district, the father of our present subject having practiced medicine there over ninety years ago in the identical spot where his grandson, Dr. T. H. Orton, Henry's elder son and Guelph's present popular and efficient medical health officer, now pursues the same calling. Dr. Orton's three brothers, Thomas, George and Richard, were all doctors, the first named, after passing through and serving as a medical officer in the Crimean War and in the Indian Mutiny on the staff of Sir Hugh Rose, settled in India and spent most of his life there. Retiring as a Surgeon-Major, Dr. Thomas Orton lived in London, England, after 1886, and died there ten years later, leaving one son. The other two Orton brothers remained in Wellington County, Ontario, where George, who married Anne Farmer, the author's youngest paternal aunt, became a well-known member of Parliament and prominent Canadian politician. The last named died in Winnipeg in 1904, his widow still survives and is residing at Victoria B.C. Dr. Richard Orton married one of the well-known Howitt family of Guelph. An only



HENRY ORTON, M.D.

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sister too, of these four able physicians, Mary by name, married William Grain, a civil engineer, and became the mother of another prominent medical man and western politician, Dr. Orton I. Grain, for many years member for St. Andrew's and Kildonan in the Manitoba Legislature and now of Winnipeg.

Henry Orton went first from Guelph to Hespeler and then settled in Ancaster as a young doctor in 1857. From the start he enjoyed the entire confidence of the people and an immense though a continuously laborious practice. His comparatively early death was occasioned through a fall from his horse when on a journey to a distant patient in the winter of 1882.

It can be safely and without hesitation asserted in shortly summarizing the events of Dr Henry Orton's career that no memorial window or tablet was ever more worthily won than this, or no more valuable or useful life ever given to a community than his whose history I am briefly recording here!

The graves of Dr. Orton and his family are marked by a handsome sandstone shaft near the church. The plot was originally owned by the Williamsons, a Toronto family who lived in Ancaster in the sixties of last century, and one of whom, Alexander—as I have mentioned before—married a daughter of Rev. Mr. Osler. His father, the Rev. M. H. Williamson, is the only member of this family buried here, and when the Williamsons returned to Toronto they gave the plot to their old friend and physician Dr. Orton. Besides his son in Guelph, a daughter, Mrs. W. J. Robinson, of London, and another son, Mr. H. G. Orton, of Barton, to-day survive the worthy pair whose window and tablet are now before us.

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Next we reach a large white marble tablet to the memory of Mabel C. Gurnett, the wife of Richard W. Cradock, the sad record of a young mother and wife dying at 24. This memorial opens up and enables me to dwell here on the lives of many members of two important families in the parish history.

The Gurnetts first came to Ancaster about a century ago, some of the family, at least, so an old headstone suggests, from Virginia, but they were originally from Sussex, England. George Gurnett was the first settler here of this family, and his son of the same name was Mayor of Toronto in 1848, 1849 and 1850. An ancient but well preserved slab still stands in the rear of the churchyard to the memory of six children of this gentleman all of whom died in the twenties of last century, three of them in Virginia and two possessing the classical names of Raphael Riego and Albion Virginius! James Gurnett, who married Ellen O'Brien, kept a general store in Ancaster for many years. His son Lemuel A. succeeded him in the business and was also for a long time Ancaster's Division Court Clerk. His eldest son Richard followed in turn as proprietor of the store and was the father of Mrs. Cradock whose handsome memorial we are now dwelling upon. Several generations of the Gurnetts are interred in the rear of St. John's, an older group by themselves far back in the yard among the handsome oaks, and the later ones in a newer plot nearer the church. The family must have been continuous worshippers in the present church and its predecessor for a century or more, and their well-known business stand in the village only recently passed into the hands of strangers. William Kemp and his wife, who was Emma Gurnett, also lie buried here with the older generations of the Gurnetts. Mr. Kemp, who was

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an Englishman, was a well-known hotel keeper in Ancaster about the middle of last century.

The Cradocks were an aristocratic Irish family who settled on the Governor's Road now well nigh a century ago. Captain Adam Williamson Cradock an army officer from Dublin was the first of these. Richard Hedges Cradock, his son and successor, though a practical farmer was also deeply versed in chemistry. The latter's wife was Sarah Scott, the couple having been married by the Rev. William McMurray in Ancaster in 1842. A sister of Mrs. Richard H. Cradock married one of the Bournes who in the early days of Ancaster's history lived up the Jerseyville road, on what was afterwards known as the Chrysler farm, and in the same neighbourhood as the well-known Jones and Chadwick families, all long since vanished from these parts. In this way the Cradocks and the Boulthees of "Thornvale" were related. The parish records shew that Captain Cradock and his son were both present at the induction of the Rev. John Miller into corporal possession of the church by Mr. Geddes on the 11th of October, 1836. Also the burial of Julian, an infant son of Captain Cradock's, nine days before that. The Cradocks appear a little while after this to have divided their church attendance between Ancaster and Dundas, for there is a record in St. James', Dundas, of Captain Cradock having been elected a vestryman there on April 2nd, 1839, at the first meeting of the congregation under Mr. McMurray. But this seems natural enough. They lived about equi-distant from both places and no doubt at this time of year especially, the road to Dundas was the better of the two. Captain Cradock afterwards returned to Ireland, married a second time and died there. Charles G. Cradock, Richard's only son, occu-

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pied the Governor's Road farm with his father, but the family moved to the neighbourhood of Brantford in 1880. Richard died in 1882, his son Charles in 1911. Mrs. Charles G. Cradock was a daughter of Mr. James Chep, for years prominent in Ancaster's commercial and social life, and for a long time its postmaster, and she died only recently. All three are interred near the more modern of the two Gurnett plots and close to the rear of the church as is also the young wife whose fine tablet we are now discussing. A young widowed half sister of Mr. Richard H. Cradock, Mrs. Agnes Georgina Wood, came from Ireland to the Ancaster Cradock home in 1875 and subsequently became the wife of Mr. George Atkins, of Paris, Ont., dying there about five years ago. Charles G. Cradock left four sons and four daughters. The eldest of the former, Richard, farms near Brantford, the other three sons, Colin, Ernest and Robert are in the Canadian West. Two of his daughters, Mrs. C. F. Saunders and Mrs. H. Bull reside at Burford, Ont. An unmarried daughter lives with her brother near Brantford, and the fourth daughter who went overseas as a nurse during the war, is now Mrs. J. K. Frost, of Terrace, B.C.

The Cradock and Gurnett families were further united after the erection of this tablet by the marriage of a younger sister of her who is here memorialized with one of her surviving husband's brothers.

We now continue our footsteps a little further on till we reach the window of the Farmer family, whose subject is St. Luke 3:6: "And all flesh shall see the salvation of God." When I discuss this window and recall the names and associations it brings before me I can only wish that some one else were writing this history. For while I feel a conscious pride in the lives

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and records of my paternal grandparents and especially in the exemplary career and works of my grandmother, during the twenty years and more that they lived and worshipped in Ancaster parish, the fear possesses me that I may be accused of unduly praising my own family too highly. While resolved not to do this, I feel that such a subject could be better and more impartially dealt with by others who, though she has been dead now over forty years, are still here to attest to Mrs. Eleanor Shelton Farmer's pious life and many good deeds, and to the very active part she played in all worthy works and especially in the advancement of St. John's Church and parish.

William and Eleanor Farmer came from Shropshire, England, to Canada, in 1834. The former brought a large fortune with him, but like many other inexperienced Englishmen have done before and since, sunk it in foolish business operations, in his own case in lumbering on the Gatineau River, where the family first settled and remained for twenty years. There the oldest daughter of the family, Jane, married the Rev. P. J. Manning, then chaplain to Bishop Mountain and afterwards Vicar of Farsley in Yorkshire, England. Fortunately for the younger generation a large family of 12, five children by a former wife and seven of my grandmother's own, the latter inherited the estate of "Kingslow" in Shropshire soon after her husband's money had vanished, and was enabled in 1854 to bring her family to Upper Canada, which at that time presented a much more promising field for young people's energies and activities, than the lower province. This move, with the mother's private fortune, enabled the second generation of the Farmers to acquire social and educational advantages that they would not likely have

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otherwise secured. They lived for five years at the "Logie" farm at Mount Albion, and while there Eleanor, the eldest daughter of the second family, married the Rev. Geo. A. Bull, M.A., incumbent of Barton and Glanford. In 1859 the Farmers moved to Ancaster, settling for a short time at "Oakridge," then owned by Dr. Mackelean who had just moved into Hamilton and which afterwards became the residence of Mr. Harris Egleston and is still owned and occupied by his youngest son. They then moved to "Springfield," a pretty spot on the Sulphur Springs road, owned at the time by Mr. Thomas Bush, with an entrancing view beneath and beyond of the Dundas valley and the Flamboro' hills to the north. Here the venerable couple lived out the rest of their days, and here the husband died in 1880 and the wife in 1881. The family, except one son, Edward Devey, had in the meantime scattered and married; George, the author's father, remaining in Ancaster; Richard settling near Drumbo, and Thomas, Robert, Harriet, and Anne, in Fergus or its vicinity. Edward, who had been educated at Trinity College, and was on different occasions both a lay reader in the church and superintendent of St. John's Sunday School, left for England on the death of his mother and married and lived there, in Shropshire, till his own demise in 1907. William, Joseph, Eleanor, George and Richard Farmer are all buried in St. John's graveyard, all having reached a ripe old age. The first wives of William and George Devey Farmer, the latter Mary Matilda Jermyn, the author's mother, who died shortly after his birth, also rest here. William Farmer the younger, early in life settled in New York and attained eminence there as a gas engineer. On the death of his stepmother he moved to Ancaster with his family and occupied the old home

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till his own death at 89 in 1911. He had purchased the property with the adjoining Phillipo farm and spent his retired life amusing himself in quiet scientific agricultural pursuits and experiments. His estate, attracted by a handsome offer, a few years ago sold what had been the family home for so many years to a wealthy Hamilton manufacturer, and the family moved into the village.

This fine old home, the centre of church thought and activity of these parts throughout the time of the author's grandparents, with its artistic old garden and English ideas and appointments, and where different noted churchmen had visited and been entertained, has now been so altered and added to, to conform to the ideas of "the smart set," that it is impossible to recognize it as the same pretty, restful old place that it once was. And thus in Ancaster has old-time comfort and refinement fallen before the stern demands of modern wealth and display.

Unlike most of the other old parish families who have disappeared from the scenes, the Farmers seem to cling to Ancaster and its haunting memories and surroundings, from generation to generation. My father spent the last sixty years of his life there; my brother, Dr. Geo. D. Farmer, C.B.E., all of his except his college days and while away four years at the Great War. As for both my younger brother William and myself, whenever we can extricate ourselves from the cares and responsibilities of life's material side, our inclination still seems to be to turn towards Ancaster for rest and change, and for communion once more with the revered peoples and memories that remind us of our boyhood days!

But I must hurry on and not linger longer over the

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varied careers and callings of my own flesh and blood. There are and have been many of my family associated with the parish. Many of my connections have been clergymen of the church; and these two facts, along with the thought that, were any fair and well informed chronicler of the events of St. John's dealing here with the part that my ancestors took in its affairs instead of myself, he would give at least as much space to them as I have here, are my excuse and my apology for saying what I have and lingering so long beneath this particular window.

Next to the Farmer window is a sad reminder of the Great War in the form of a gilded oak tablet to the memory of a young officer, Captain Augustus Rafe Wykeham Stevenson. This family was originally named and known here as Woods, but its head, Mr. William Baring Woods, changed the name by an Act of the House of Keys to the older family one of Stevenson, on coming into his inheritance of "Balydoul" in the Isle of Man in 1866. Two of the sons of Mr. Stevenson, Sr., himself by this time a member of the House of Keys, viz.: Frederic C. and Richard S., after being educated at home returned to Canada and took up farming on their father's large estate of "Brockholm," near Ancaster. Frederick afterwards took to the medical profession and settled at Bradford, Ont., where he still lives and practices, but Richard, the father of the above gallant young officer, continues to reside on a part of the old homestead west of the village. He has been for many years and is yet a leading lecturer and authority on cattle and other agricultural subjects and is recognized all over as one of the most competent judges at large live stock fairs. His wife was Miss Amy Harrington, of Ancaster. Most of their children have settled in the United States, although two sons

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are still in Canada, one being now a professor in the Guelph Agricultural College. In further proof of the family's deep interest in St. John's it may be stated here that Mr. William B. Woods, the grandfather of the subject of this little memoir, during his extended residence in Ancaster, was prominent in church work and for a long period was superintendent of St. John's Sunday School.

With what mingled feelings of deep affection and sadness do I now dwell upon the next tablet that comes under my observation, that of the Hubbard family—affection because this family were the kind and dear friends of my childhood, youth and early middle age; and sadness because of the thought that so many of these good people, more especially the only son, who was my close companion and confidant all his life, are no longer here in the flesh.

Armiger Ibbot Hubbard and Helen Louise his wife were both natives of Norfolk, England, and came to Canada to take up farming in the year 1861. They first settled on the Peter Filman farm in Barton, known as "Cherry Lane," but after a year Mr. Hubbard purchased from one of the Shavers what became afterwards known as the "Brundall" property of 80 acres three miles west of Ancaster village on the Jerseyville road. Here they lived till advancing age and the settlement of their three children elsewhere, determined them in 1891 to move to Toronto.

During this long period of nearly thirty years the Hubbard family were devoted supporters of and attendants at St. John's Church, having to drive to it through all kinds of weather and further along rough winding hilly roads, than almost any other members of the congregation.

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What a cosy, cheerful, well kept home was "Brundall" in the writer's boyhood days? What a thoroughly warm English welcome was always extended by the genial host and hostess? How the writer of this history always looked forward with supreme delight from what he regarded as his own more commonplace home, to a day, a week-end, or better still, a whole week, to be spent there with the gay and frolicsome young people of that pleasant entertaining household! And how he looks back even now in his memory over the vista of many long departed years, to those bright halcyon days of his young life spent among the hills and woods surrounding dear old Brundall and with its cultured and charming occupants as his hosts!

Armiger I. Hubbard the younger, known to his multitude of friends as "Midge," the author's lifelong companion and friend, after four years' private tuition in Ancaster along with him who pens this sketch, left home to take a position in Hamilton with the Great Western Railway in 1880 and at the same time that the writer began the study of law in the same city. He afterwards joined the Canadian Bank of Commerce, and while holding a position in that Bank in Montreal married the only sister of the present Hon. Mr. Justice Lane of the Quebec Supreme Court. Leaving the bank to join the London Guarantee and Accident Company in 1895, Mr. Hubbard's ability and geniality won him quick advancement there, and he soon became the Company's General Manager in Toronto. But a frail constitution could not stand the strain of too close application to business, and this promising, much beloved and admired young man, to the great regret of all who knew him, was taken off by consumption in Toronto in November, 1898. The writer sorrowfully assisted at his obsequies

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in the old churchyard, as he did seven and fourteen years later respectively at those of his revered father and mother. He can say with deep sincerity of these three beloved dead, that no more genial, gentler, brighter souls ever came to this cold, hard, dark world to warm and soften and illumine it with their presence and their kindly words of help and cheer and encouragement. Not only, as this tablet says of Mr. and Mrs. Hubbard, do their children "rise up and call them blessed," but every one else who, like the writer, had the privilege and the honor of their long and close friendship.

And what of you, Armiger I. Hubbard the younger, whom death, regardless of your excellent attainments, so early snatched away? Bright, cheerful friend of my boyhood and youth! Close companion and chum of all the earlier half of my life! How well, yet how sadly do I remember that drear November day on which we laid you here to rest so early alas, and so long before your kind and gentle parents! How often since have I questioned that decree of Providence that separated so soon two such kindred spirits, calling you so early hence and leaving me to face life's further problems and cares and even the grim realities and disappointments of approaching old age! How, recalling to what worldly eminence you had even then attained, did I then, and do I yet, deplore the vanished hope of the still higher things to which you might have reached! How, in thinking of you and your untimely departure, do I still ponder and repeat the words penned now a century past by England's great master of song, over another bright young spirit called far too soon away:—

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"Alas, that all we loved of him should be
But for our grief as if it had not been
And grief itself be mortal! Woe is me!
Whence are we, and why are we? Of what scene
The actors or spectators? Great and mean
Meet massed in death, who lends what life must borrow
As long as skies are blue and fields are green
Evening must usher night, night urge the morrow,
Month follow month with woe, and year make year to
sorrow."

The eldest daughter of this splendid pair, the wife of Dr. F. C. Stevenson, of Bradford, himself an old Ancaster boy, and the younger, the widow of Mr. Charles Cumberland, a former bank manager of Toronto, still happily survive, and although the honored name of Hubbard can no longer be perpetuated here, it is some satisfaction to their friends and kindred to know that such a worthy race will still live in Canada in the families of these two estimable ladies. Two sons of Dr. and Mrs. Stevenson and their elder daughter are settled in the Canadian West; one son, Armiger, fell in the Great War, still another Fred, is the present manager of the Bank of Toronto at Bradford, and the youngest, Arthur William, is a student at Toronto University. The younger daughter is the wife of the Rev. Mr. Creighton, Bradford's present Anglican incumbent. Mrs. Cumberland's family are still young, but her eldest daughter is married to a Farncomb, a well-known Canadian church family.

In this practical ordinary work-a-day country of ours we find the commercial and the material on the one hand, in continuous warfare with the sentimental and the cultured on the other, usually to the detriment of the latter, and Ancaster Parish alas provides few exceptions to this rule. This condition locally, is more

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widely seen and emphasized in that commercializing mercenary spirit that asserts itself on Ontario's highways to-day where, for hundreds of miles, the beautiful maples, the pride and glory of the pioneers that planted them, have been ruthlessly hacked and slaughtered to increase the dividends of telephone companies. I have already told of what was once pretty secluded restful "Springfield," afterwards known as "Brockton," having been so altered and added to, to suit the taste of one of Hamilton's modern industrial magnates, as to be now quite unrecognizable from its former self. The old "Staple Grove" of the Smiths and the Elys, the ancient haunts of the Boulthees and the Cradocks, and many other once patrician homes of former St. John's families have long since parted with their refined associations of the past. And "Brundall" the old home of the Hubbards too, like these others, has now passed back into the hands of one of our plain Canadian yeomanry, a sturdy and respectable class no doubt, and the chief material asset of our land, but in whose abodes those higher finer gifts and instincts of life that marked and graced its former possessors are to-day alas, qualifications of the rarest order.

The next and last stained window to be mentioned, (except a small one in the vestry with the motto and crest of the fourth rector stamped on it), is known as the Leith window, having been erected by Mr. and Mrs. George G. B. Leith to the memory of the latter's sister, Miss Margaret Ferrier. The text is from Rev. 22-20: "He which testifieth these things saith surely I come quickly. Amen, even so came Lord Jesus." The Leiths came to "The Hermitage" two miles north of Ancaster, Miss Ferrier accompanying them, in 1855, having purchased this fine large property from the

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estate of Otto Ives, a Greek gentleman, later of Monmouth, Wales, who had acquired it in 1833 from the heirs at law of the Rev. George Sheed, Ancaster's first Presbyterian clergyman. Mr. Ives had died a year after purchasing and his heavy massive grey headstone may still be seen, now tottering in decay, near the rear of the church. Mr. Leith had resided for a short time before coming to Ancaster, and as a young man, at Woodburn in the Township of Binbrook, and the church there still possesses a silver communion set presented by his father, Sir George Gordon Leith, when he and his wife, Dame Albina Leith, came from Scotland in 1837 to visit their son at his Woodburn home of "Craigleith." For nearly forty years this fine family, whose head had come from Scotland and the Scotch nobility bringing, as a gifted writer of the family has said, wealth, education and position with him, were continuous residents at "The Hermitage" and worshippers at and generous supporters of St. John's. Mr. Leith was a large contributor to the building of the present church in 1868. The Rev. Mr. Ferrier, a brother of Mrs. Leith's, then on a visit to "The Hermitage," sometimes took the services when they were being held in the Presbyterian Church. The greater part of the original Hermitage 400-acre estate, including the fine old mansion and grounds, is still held and occupied by the youngest daughter of the family, Mrs. Eleanor Alma Dick Lauder, the well-known writer and local historian. A grandson of Mr. Leith's, Mr. E. V. Wright, of Hamilton, also now a staunch supporter of St. John's, has recently acquired and lives with his growing family, on a fine property between the old Leith home and the village. Another grandson of Mr. Leith's, Mr. Charles E. Counsell, the former popular manager of the

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Barton Victoria branch of the Bank of Montreal, Hamilton, and still of that bank's staff, with his family, have recently too become regular attendants at St. John's. Mr. Counsell some years ago purchased from Mr. Regan, now Sheriff, the farm on the former Mohawk trail, a couple of miles east of Ancaster village, now historical as the former home of St. John's pioneer member and churchwarden Thomas Hammill, which he has since made his permanent family residence, and called "Craig-leith," after the old Woodburn estate of his paternal grandfather.

The late George Leith, the second son of a Scotch baronet, spent many years beautifying and adorning his fine Ancaster estate with massive stone walls, ornamental trees, lodge, driveway, double entrance, etc., to the beauty of which two pretty streams flowing through the grounds, and a waterfall, gave additional natural charm and effect. His aim and ambition no doubt were to make this fine property and these broad wooded acres an ancestral demesne bearing as much resemblance as possible to the stately old Scotch homes he had left behind. But our Canadian conditions and opportunities, except in cases of much greater individual wealth than existed here, hardly ever permit the unimpaired descent from sire to son of fine extensive estates like this, such as occur in the older primogenitural lands of Europe. Mr. Leith's only son, Alexander Henry, who had as a youth served in the Royal Navy on Sir Rodney Murray's flagship the Royal Alfred, and later on practised law at Bowmanville, Ont., did not long survive his father, and the rest of the daughters, except the youngest, had married and settled elsewhere. So that although the property yet retains much of its natural beauty and the larger part of it is still in the family,

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the trim and tidy appearance and up-keep that marked it half a century ago are now wanting. The impossible conditions of labor to-day could never warrant the expenditure and care necessary to keep this beauty spot of nature in the immaculate order that governed in the days of its old proprietor. And thus most of the care and pains that its aristocratic old Scotch owner bestowed on his Canadian home have, alas, vanished and fallen into decay.

In addition to the window that we are now pausing before, the daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Leith have dedicated with a fitting inscription, the handsome brass lectern now used in St. John's Church to their parents' memory. Mr. Leith died in 1887 at 74, and his widow Eleanor in 1900 at 85 years of age, and both rest far back under the oaks of old St. John's. In this plot too are interred their only son Alexander H., several members of the Wright family and her to whom the window we have just mentioned was erected.

The only other inside memorial remaining now to be considered, except a handsome alms-dish in memory of Harry Irwin, and a book-rest presented by Mrs. Andrew Craigie, is the fine brass tablet beneath the pulpit to the memory of the Rev. Canon Osler. But in view of his very long association with the parish and of the eminence afterwards attained by the family of the fourth rector, in which I think for reasons elsewhere advanced, St. John's is more or less interested or entitled to credit, I have in a former place and in a separate chapter of its own, given a full account of Canon Osler's family, and his life and work in Canada. I need not touch further, therefore, on that special topic of St. John's history here.

And so, with the hope and expectation that the

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remaining windows of St. John's will, in due time, be dedicated to the memories of other faithful deserving departed ones of the parish, thus completing its internal beauty and sacredness, I bring to a close this somewhat lengthy review of those worthy dead whose families and children have up to the present seen fit to perpetually enshrine their memories within the sacred edifice, by memorials in glass and bronze and by enduring mementoes in artistic wood and stone.

CHAPTER XI.

SOME FAMILIAR PARISH NAMES OF THE PAST*

I.

*In search of plunder there had laid one low
Th' assassin's bullet on a winter's night
Thus violence stole nature's debt for slow
She's been with him to claim her 'customed right
Another, journeying on the sea, despite
That hoary hair and weight of years pursued
Heard there his summons from life's troublous fight
And was committed to the billows rude
Till judgment calls the deep's dissembled multitude.*

II.

*Who bore these other names I mention here
Nature's and custom's debt had satisfied
Amid the struggles of the pioneer
These lived their periods and serenely died,
But tell me St. John's! whither now abide
Their lineage, they who bore the names of these
Gone from your walls alas and scattered wide
I seek their names, their sons, their progenies
Yet none of these to-day in you the seeker sees!*

III.

*Time has removed and scattered far these names
O stern inexorable reaper you
Are surely a great leveller, even fame's
Fond issue you relentlessly pursue
If these had sons some distant home and new
Must number them among its populace
Fresh fields and habitations there to hew
For every name of those that here I trace
Has vanished for a stranger to usurp its place!*

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The inscription on a fine red granite stone with draped urn surmounting it, near the centre of the upper or front part of the graveyard recalls one of the sterling, solid families, who for at least two whole generations continuously worshipped in St. John's. This is the monument to John Heslop, his wife Elizabeth, and two daughters—one who died an infant in 1846, and the other Sarah Ann, who survived the father by twenty years. But the name of Heslop is, even without any monument to perpetrate it, one that can never sink into forgetfulness here. And this because of a tragic event in Ancaster's history which centered around the Heslop family many years ago, and which irresistibly made it for months, and even years, the chief name for hundreds of miles around on the tongue of every intelligent individual, interested in our country and its laws, and the punishment of crime. For it can be said here without exaggeration that the violent death of this notable Ancaster citizen, and worthy patriarch of St.

* The author is free to admit that this chapter is based upon too wide an idea of the scope and space that ought to be given in this volume to one single parish family, and is not consistent with the arrangement of the remaining biographical portion of the work. It may be taken, however, as an indication of what his review of many other families equally and perhaps more worthy of recognition might have been broadened out to, had he been able to follow his own unfettered inclination and had space and time permitted. The explanation, of course, is that the families and individuals mentioned here were dealt with early in the work and before the writer realized that it would be impossible to give the rest the same minute attention and space, and keep his task within the limits of a single volume. Having investigated and discussed these fully and at considerable pains, he decided to publish them as written rather than narrow and whittle them down to the brevity of the rest, even at the risk of making this chapter somewhat exceptional and the rest of the work a bit meagre in comparison in its biographical information. He asks the reader, therefore, to regard Chapter XI simply as a specimen of what the eight or ten that Chapters X, XII and XIII might have been extended to and would have been, had their author not been forced to conclude, after writing this one, that the rest of his biographical sketches, deserving and all as their subjects were, would have to be materially curtailed.

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John's, in January 1891, at the hands of some execrable assassins in search of plunder and quite willing to risk their necks to secure it, turned in a single night in all its revolting details, the name of the victim as well as his picturesque romantic house and parish, for a long period of time into household words all over Canada.

And the fact that his murderers are to-day (if still alive) entirely unwhipt of justice, and that the dastardly killing of Ancaster's Clerk and Treasurer and St. John's constant attendant and worshipper, has never been avenged, is not creditable to those in our province with whom at the time rested the enforcement of our criminal law, and whose duty it was to see that outrages against civilization and good order of this daring nature were promptly and properly traced to their source and atoned for.

The home of the Heslops was a remarkably ornamental and striking one, a handsome gothic stone structure, situate on a fir-clad eminence in the middle of, and overlooking, that charming hilly region I have tried to describe in the introduction to this work, half way along, and on the left side going North and West, of the pretty winding road that leads from Ancaster to Copetown. It is now the summer home of Colonel Edward W. Clifford, whose father purchased it from the Heslop estate in 1911. All Ontario, especially the immediate neighbourhood and including the whole of Wentworth and Hamilton, was staggered at the announcement in the newspapers, and flashed like lightning by residents individually through the country and nearby city on the morning of January 28th of that year, that the rear doorway of Mr. Heslop's substantial

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and beautiful residence among the pines, had on the previous night been battered in by a heavy cordwood stick in the hands of a band of plunder-seeking homicides, and that the aged and respected owner, coming downstairs chair in hand to defend his family and fire-side, had been shot through the heart by one of these desperate, mid-night marauders! Nothing of any monetary value repaid the robbers for this atrocious and desperate attack and unpardonable crime, although it was a time of year when it was supposed that large payments were just then being received by the murdered treasurer. It is supposed that the noise of the battering in and shooting, the cries of the wife and daughter, and the fact that the farmhouse was close by and occupied by a large family, frightened the plunderers and assassins into a hasty retreat, but, be this as it may, nothing of any substantial worth beyond the life of the esteemed and venerable father of the house and township official, was secured or rewarded the villains for all their risk and trouble.

Every old and even middle-aged resident of Ancaster and Wentworth remembers the incidents and events that followed—the arrest of Bartram and Lottridge, and some Indians from the Grand River for the crime, the confession of these latter in an effort to free themselves by implicating the two white prisoners, and the refusal of the jury, after a protracted, wearisome trial, to convict on such unreliable evidence. It will be recalled too by many even after this great interval of time, how long and tedious the Heslop murder trial was, and how often and conveniently the attendances of witnesses and alleged participants at “Katy White’s funeral,” three

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score miles away the day before, was rung in as an alibi against the prosecution's many but futile attempts to prove by the evidence of these that some at least of the prisoners were at Ancaster on the fateful night! And of course the Crown, having pinned its faith to this theory and explanation of the crime, and having pursued it and its many ramifications unsuccessfully to their necessary and rational end, was too weakened and exhausted in its efforts to start again and seek for or follow out any other clue that suggested itself. The result of course was that the matter of this heinous murder and its punishment, like several other capital crimes equally as bad in this part of Ontario of about the same time or a little later, was allowed to drop. Thus one of our country's most desperate felonies was never expiated, and thus it was too, that an honored name in St. John's modest parish history became a name never to be forgotten in the annals of Canadian criminal jurisprudence.

Mr. Heslop was given a wonderful and noteworthy funeral in his parish Church and graveyard on the afternoon of January, the 30th, undoubtedly the largest the parishioners and residents of the old village had ever witnessed. Thousands came from Hamilton and from many miles around in all directions, no doubt in countless instances to gratify a morbid feeling for the sensational and the curious, and only a small part of this multitude could get inside the Church. The Rector (the present Bishop) officiated, referring in a special address delivered in addition to the burial service, in scathing terms to the dastardly taking off of his leading parishioner, and the Township's financial head. He

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feelingly and appropriately extolled too the many good qualities and gifts of the deceased gentleman, both as a churchman and a high type of citizen, industrious and painstaking as he was, and at the same time always dignified and courteous in both appearance and conversation.

John Heslop was born in Cumberland, England, in 1812. He came to Canada in early youth with his father, Robert Heslop, a well-known builder and contractor; a brother, James, and two sisters, afterwards Mrs. Davis and Mrs. Van Every. The family first settled and lived in a frame house, long since entirely obliterated a few hundred yards further down and north along the same road from the present fine stone mansion, the scene of the tragedy just related. They lived for a while too on the property afterwards owned by Major Atkins on the Governor's Road.

The subject of this memoir was Reeve of Ancaster Township for several years prior to his appointment as Clerk and Treasurer in 1873.

Some of the Heslops, like scores of other English people in Canada that the Church has lost, left the Anglican Communion for the Methodist, but John Heslop marrying into the strong Anglican family of the Aikmans, remained to his death a staunch adherent of the Church of England. He was another instance of several of the good and loyal men of St. John's Church of his own time, who either originally joined or stayed with the Church, through the influence and persuasion of the wives they chose, all of a pronounced Anglican faith and upbringing. I take it from what John Heslop's nephews, James and Robert, now old men

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themselves, told me in a recent interview, that the former's father, Robert, remained an Anglican and is buried in St. John's graveyard although there is apparently no memorial to him. He died at Blinkley's Corners. They also told me that their grandfather, when he first came from England with his family, worked on the building of the White House at Washington, and also on other public works, both American and Canadian.

Although this immediate branch of the Heslop family is now extinct, collateral branches, the descendants of James and the two sisters, are still living in the neighbourhood, but have all, I am told, drifted into dissent.

A well-known old family, aristocratic in its connection, but in my childhood's recollection Liberal in its politics, as far at least as its period of residence in Ancaster is concerned, was that of the Washington Boultsbees.

Their pretty home lay in the hilly region and along the serpentine road that led north-westerly from Chapman's Mill to Copetown and was known as "Thornvale." The house still stands, but the handsome black thorn hedge that gave the place its name, and of which its owner was so proud, has long since, alas, disappeared.

Washington Boultsbee whose name frequently appears in the old official records of St. John's, came as a young man from Warwickshire, England, in 1830, with a sister, Rosalind, to join his brother Felix, then living at the Thornvale Estate with his seven children. Felix Boultsbee, who had migrated with his wife and young

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family to Canada from Warwickshire in 1828 had had the misfortune to lose his wife, Frances Anne, from typhus immediately after landing, and the single and younger brother and sister, the author believes, came out from a motive of duty to help the family thus deprived of its maternal head. Felix himself died in 1837, was buried in an unmarked grave near the Chancel in St. John's churchyard where another sister, also named Frances Anne, is interred as well, and Washington was left in sole charge of his brother's growing, motherless family, the first mentioned sister having in the meantime returned to England and married. Two of Felix Boulton's children died young, two sons Horatio and Frank went to South America,* but three of his sons, leaving the farm early, afterwards became prominent in Canadian business and professional life. Although not associated with St. John's in after years, their early bringing up in its care, I think, entitles me to include something of the careers of these three eminent and successful men and their families in this history. The eldest, William, spent most of his active life in India and became Chief Engineer of the Madras Railway. He married a sister of the present Chief Justice, Sir William Mulock. The second, Alfred, practiced law in Toronto and sat as a Conservative for many years in both the Ontario Legislative Assembly and later in the Dominion House as M.P., for East York. His wife was one of the Hamiltons, a prominent family of the city of that name. The third, Arthur, after first study-

* The author endeavoured to locate any descendants of these two in his trip to South America in January, 1924, but fruitlessly. His itinerary however, only took in the larger cities of the East Coast and the southern interior, so some of the Boultons may yet be in Chili or Peru, or in the interior of the north.

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ing law, entered the Church and besides the incumbencies of other different parishes in our diocese and neighbourhood, became successively rector of Georgetown, Cayuga, and Waterdown, dying and being buried in the last named place in 1890. He married a sister of the late Frank Turner, C. E., of Bracondale, and a member of the illustrious English family of that name. This branch of the Boulton family is fittingly memorialized by both a window in the Georgetown church and two handsome marble crosses in the churchyard at Waterdown. Horace a son of William Boulton, was formerly engaged in journalism in Toronto but is now in the wholesale lumber business there, and a daughter, Rosamond, was a well-known war correspondent in Europe. Two brothers of these, Alfred a doctor and Will Mulock a lawyer, both of Toronto, died in middle life. Two of the elder Alfred Boulton's sons, Frank a wholesale tobacconist of New York and Reginald, a Toronto barrister are also dead but two others, Horatio Clarence and Alfred Edward, still reside in Toronto. They had a sister Constance who died comparatively early in life who was a talented artist.

Three sons of the Reverend Arthur Boulton, Arthur Ernest and Harold, are Canadian Bankers. The elder of his two daughters married a New York physician, Dr. Vedder, and, sad and singular to relate, survives her entire family of three fine sons, two of whom fell in the American Army in France. The younger daughter, Mrs. Bell, of Hamilton, is the wife of the present general manager of the Bank of Hamilton since merged with the Bank of Commerce.

Upon the death of Felix Boulton, his brother

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Washington took over the Thornvale property, married Miss Eliza Bourne, whose father then lived in Ancaster on what subsequently became the Chrysler farm, and continued to live for the remainder of his days on the same old spot in Ancaster where his ten children were all born. His death occurred at sea, aboard the S. S. Republic on his returning from a visit to England in the summer of 1875. Shortly after this distressing event the family moved to Glanford and not long afterwards to Portage-la-Prairie, Manitoba. John, the eldest son, had in the meantime studied law in Dundas, and commenced the practice of his profession in Hamilton, afterwards moving to London, Ontario. He continued this in Portage-la-Prairie till 1886 when the whole family except the second son, Charles, and the youngest, Walter Arnold, moved to British Columbia. John became police magistrate at Rossland, and died in 1906. Charles is now in the Queen Charlotte Islands. Col. F. W., for many years in the City Hall at Vancouver, is at the present time fruit farming in British Columbia, and Walter Arnold, the baby of the family and familiarly known as "Jerry," fell for his country in the great war. One of the daughters, Edith, became the wife of the late John Gunyon Rutherford, formerly M.P.P. for Portage-la-Prairie, and M. P. for MacDonald, afterwards Dominion Veterinary Chief, later a member of the Canadian Railway Commission, and only recently deceased. Another, Minnie, married Charles Gardner Johnson, the well-known wharfinger, and business man of Vancouver, and a third, Sidney, is Mrs. A. E. Phipps of Toronto, the wife of the last appointed General Manager of the Imperial Bank. At the time of the

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writing of this history, the venerable and revered mother of this large family is, although far advanced in the nineties, still living in Vancouver, and in possession of all her faculties. Two brothers of another branch of the Boulton family, John and Fred, also came to Canada from England in the seventies of last century and for a time made "Thornvale" more or less their headquarters. John settled at Paris, Ontario, and only recently died there. Fred taught in the Hamilton Collegiate Institute, and subsequently in the private school at Hamilton of the present Archbishop of Nova Scotia. He afterwards entered the Church, married one of the Molsons of Montreal, and is now the rector of the charming 12th century church and parish of Hargrave in Huntingdonshire, England.

Like the Hubbard family, although not so closely associated afterwards, owing to the great distance apart, that of the Boultons appeals to the writer's very earliest recollection, and recalls to him many happy and some sad moments and occurrences of the far-gone past. They lived closer to his boyhood home than "Brundall," about half way between the two. Two of the younger Boulton boys were about his own age, and had the like inclinations with himself for fishing and other juvenile sports. Many an early morning ramble the author of this volume took in the early days from his own home "Weybridge," rod and line in hand, to "Thornvale," and many a threshing he got when he returned, for lingering at the latter genial homestead longer than the paternal permission had allowed! There too he first met the Ambroses of Hamilton, who were intimately associated with the Boultons, and several

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of whom also afterwards became the life-long friends of him who pens this memoir. The rugged leonine voice and head of Mr. Washington Boulton, as he vainly ordered us all out of bed in the early mornings, the many gay young people's parties, picnics, and other adventures at Thornvale, the regular meeting and mingling of our respective families on the road to and at St. John's every Sunday morning, the sorrowful announcement of the austere-looking but kindly father's death at sea, the sadness of the death of the son Joe at twelve years of age, and his funeral at St. John's, one summer Sunday afternoon in 1876, at which for the first time the writer was a pall bearer, are all, pleasant and sad in turn as these different episodes were, as vivid to-day in the writer's memory as if they had only just occurred.

Up to the present time, no memorial stone, mural tablet, or window of any kind, marks the resting place in the churchyard of my boy chum, Joe Boulton, or any of his kin, or adorns the inner walls of St. John's to commemorate any of the names of this worthy and afterwards, in both their men and women, distinguished Canadian family! And because of this want, and the fact that my other memoirs are largely taken from such records, my rather lengthy reference to this fine old family here, may be regarded as somewhat out of place. It is to be hoped, however, that it will occur before long to some prosperous member of the family whose lives I here record, to pay a just tribute in this way to the old Church of their childhood and to their own highly creditable progenitors, by embellishing with some enduring memorial, the beautiful and hallowed old spot

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where the family worshipped for so many years, and where several of them sleep their last sleep.

In the meantime, I am prompted, and I think warranted, by clear recollection of the large part they played in St. John's early parish history, by my own sincere and life-long personal regard, and by the past and present prominence of so many members of this former well-known old Ancaster family, to give the name of Boulton, in spite of their apparent reticence to thus memorialize themselves, at least the place and recognition that I am according them in this work.

Close to the Heslop monument, we find three groups of names perhaps more frequently seen than any others in the churchyard, all of old U. E. Loyalist stock, and the personages represented by whom were no doubt as substantial and representative, if not more so, in the early history of the parish as any other members of it, though all three names are, alas, now little more than memories in either their former church or community. Let me take these alphabetically, the first being Aikman.

Colonel John Aikman settled in the pretty, hilly northerly part of the township, a mile or so west of the Sulphur Springs in 1810, coming there from Hamilton and being of Scotch extraction. He took part in the war of 1812 and actually witnessed the fall of General Brock at Queenston Heights. For these and other valuable military services to the British he earned his title of "Colonel." He was said to have been the first white man born in Hamilton (I don't like the expression, but so it is told to me), where his father had received a large grant of land from the Crown in 1797. Besides farming on a large scale and being the owner of several

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hundred acres of land extending to the Flamboro line, he built in 1842 the original stone grist mill and dam, both only recently dismantled, on the stream which ran through his property, and carried on the business himself for twelve years or more, till he sold the mill and site to Alexander Chapman. His wife was a sister of Thomas Hammill, to be mentioned presently. The Colonel spent nearly all his career in the same spot, removing very late in life to Burlington, where he died at his youngest son's residence in 1878 in his eighty-sixth year. His sons were Samuel, Alexander, James, John Crooks, Charles and Robert; his daughters Mrs. John Heslop just mentioned, and two others who both married husbands by the name of Wilson. Samuel Aikman, who married one of the Hatts, died in 1873 on his own farm, now the residence of Mr. John Gartshore. Alexander moved to the London district and died there over thirty years ago, John Crooks farmed the original homestead, the property now owned by Mr. Cline for many years, retiring afterwards to Dundas where he died in 1892, his widow within this last year, and where a daughter still resides. Of James there is no local record, he evidently died young or comparatively unknown. Charles Aikman, who died in early life lived and practised medicine at St. George, Ontario. His son is now a prominent doctor in New York and one of his daughters, Mrs. Charles L. Olmstead, died as recently as May, 1924, while living in Ancaster though temporarily absent in Montreal with her only son, a young medical student. She was the last representative of her father's family and lineage left in these parts. The youngest son of Colonel Aikman,

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Robert, also studied medicine, practised for many years at Collingwood and died at Grimsby in 1918. A son of Dr. Robert Aikman, Fred by name, is in business in the Southern States.

Intimately associated with and related to the Aikmans were the Hammills, although the settlement of these was east of the church and village towards Hamilton, about as far as the Aikmans were the other way. The heads of this family were three brothers, Thomas, Patrick and Robert, all farmers, the two last named dying in middle life in 1850 and 1857. As far at least as the church is concerned, or the public life of the community, we hear no more of Patrick or Robert Hammill or their wives (both of whom appear to have been named Mary S.) than what their massive old square tombs in St. John's record. But the lineage of Thomas, who lived till 1870 and died at 82 years of age, having been a former church warden continuously for over 50 years, was destined, especially in the female line, to achieve a somewhat larger measure of public prominence and celebrity. One of the daughters married a Snider, and became the mother of the recently retired able and respected senior County Judge of Wentworth, as well as of the late Dr. Fredrick Snider, Sheriff of Norfolk. Another married an eminent local educationalist of the middle of the last century named Regan, the elder son of whom, Sheriff J. T. H. Regan, after two defeats, sat in the Ontario Legislature for many years for South Wentworth and still resides in and is prominently associated with St. John's Parish. Two other daughters became the wives respectively of William Kern, a Dundas manufacturer, and of Alderman Charles Foster of

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Hamilton. The two sons of Thomas Hammill both predeceased their father: Samuel, unmarried, in 1849, and John Aikman in 1855, the latter leaving in his turn two sons, Thomas and Samuel, the former who died in 1902 being the father of Mrs. W. J. Harrington, still living in Ancaster.

The name of Snyder was equally prominent in Church circles with those of Aikman and Hammill in the early youth of the author of this volume. Michael Snyder (the name now appears to be spelled with an "i" instead of a "y") seems to have been the progenitor, a strange mixture of Irish and German, for four generations ago, so a well-informed member of the family tells me, the name was undoubtedly "Schneider." But Fredrick George Snyder is the earliest representative of importance here, an old tomb merely recording that Michael's widow, Cetharine Ann, died in 1846 at 88 years of age. Fredrick George Snyder, lived on a fine 200-acres on the road running west from Fiddlers Green where he died in 1877 at 84 years, his wife, Margaret, predeceasing him by seven years at 76. The property now belongs to the Labatt family. They had three sons, George who settled out in Norfolk and became the father of the two high county officials above named, Alphaeus who formerly lived at Ancaster, but who moved to and died near Niagara, and Major Fred, who remained on the old Ancaster homestead but more recently resided in Hamilton, dying there in 1906. The latter and his wife, Susannah Gould, are both buried here, and two infant daughters. A handsome grey new granite stone indicates the resting place of Major and Mrs. Snyder as well as that of an unmarried sister, Margaret, in marked

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contrast to the other quaint old-fashioned Snyder slabs of the pioneer father and grandmother. How tautological was the custom of many of these bygone people to record on their headstones the actual dates of birth and death and then, instead of leaving this to the reader's calculation, to go on and sum up the years and months and days the object of their respect and affection inhabited this earth? And thus in bad taste and bad English, unfortunately did the recorder outline the life of such a worthy patriarch and progenitor as George Frederick Snyder! And an even quainter and far more massive memorial in the form of a heavy old carved ledger lies in this group too, to a young wife, evidently a maiden Snyder, though not designated as such—Mary Bawtinhimer, 1818-1840. With difficulty and over an hour's work, I rescued and revealed to the light with my penknife, from the moss and lichen that had covered this otherwise well-preserved but cumbersome old structure, this alliterative, if somewhat antiquated effusion:—

“Jesus her hope, God's word her constant guide
She lived respected, and lamented died.
Patient she bore the afflictions of her day
Then to celestial glory winged her way.”

Both this tomb and its inscription were no doubt regarded as proper and perhaps elegant in their day, but I could not help condemning with my modern mind the taste that would appropriate to youth and beauty such austere thoughts as these old-time decasyllabic couplets reflected, or that could even erect over a lovely young wife's or mother's remains such a ponderous, clumsy, unartistic tomb! An adornment and an inscription, it seemed to me, far more fitting to old

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age and the duties and accomplishments of a long laborious life than to one who, to the modern idea at least, could scarcely have thrown off, ere she was called hence, the bloom and the gaiety of girlhood!

And while I am dwelling on the Snyder family, let me just state that further down the churchyard a fine red granite column also marks the grave of Sarah A. Templer another daughter of Frederick George Snyder; her husband, William; her son, Russell G., and near by a marble slab that of her daughter Alferetta Regan—the only Anglican branch of the Templers, an extensive name and connection in Ancaster, all Methodists but this one, and it Anglican only because the firm religious influence of the wife and mother prevailed.

CHAPTER XII.

A STROLL AMONG THE TOMBS

Say, pensive Muse! whom dismal scenes delight
Frequent at tombs and in the realms of night
This truth how certain, when this life is o'er
Man dies to live, and lives to die no more!

I wonder if the great English poet and divine who at over 80 years of age, a century and a half ago crystallized the thought contained in the last of these two couplets into such beautiful and impressive expression, really believed in the strict interpretation and realization of that exquisite thought and those sublimely comforting words? One's natural conclusion is that he must have done so, for he was writing, not like many younger poets have done, on the fleeting wings of some new-born passing fancy, but on the strength of a faith founded and deep set on the impregnable rock of over four score years' endurance and service! I wonder whether we ourselves steadfastly and firmly believe that thought and those words to-day, as one by one we lay away our dear departed ones in the narrow confines of their last long earthly sleep? Let us at least devoutly hope so, else how empty and meaningless is all the prayer and ceremony we go through on these occasions, and how futile and false the hope expressed on many a headstone for union again with those gone

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before and for the joys of the better and fuller life hereafter! For if we do not believe them

“Then is our preaching vain and our hope also is vain.”

When I first visited England in 1911, my veneration for the old, my love of rambling and reading ancient things and records, and I suppose more or less my natural curiosity, led me much into old churches and churchyards. In fact I used, when I first arrived, to spend hours there at a time, walking over and contemplating the ashes of centuries of many thousands of England's dead. But I soon discovered the absolute futility of all this and gave the pursuit of knowledge of that kind up in dismay. The field was entirely too large from the standpoint of both time and space. Not only were the outside stones and inscriptions exhaustless and bewildering in themselves to one not particularly or individually interested, but whenever I entered a church I found myself helping to obliterate, as thousands had done before me for ages past, inscriptions running back some of them to over 300 years, on nearly all the flags that formed the very floors of the churches. And of course the old fashioned “S” and “ye” for “the,” the actual mis-spelling in the far long ago of many words, and the almost complete wearing away of numbers of these inscriptions by hundreds of years of constant foot traffic upon them, made the task of the stroller from a new land like myself all the more difficult and puzzling.

Fortunately the Rambler among the dead and the seeker for biographical knowledge amid the tombs in a task like my present one, venerable though many an inscription in St. John's churchyard may appear, es-

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pecially to the younger generation, has none of the difficulties to encounter here, that beset me in my rambles in that ancient land across the sea. We have never yet buried our dead inside our churches in Canada, and our outside tombstones and monuments even in our oldest cemeteries and graveyards are not so congested, so obliterated, or so moss-hidden that the seeker for information among them has ever to abandon in doubt and hopelessness, the idea of completing his task. A hundred years is a long period to go back in time, and an acre or so in space will include a great many graves and inscriptions, but in comparison with the accumulations of three or four centuries in time and the many close and congested places of interment one sees in the old land, these latter seem to him who has devoted some time to such things in both hemispheres, to be neither impossible to contemplate and absorb, nor difficult to fully survey and describe.

After eliminating the Heslop, Aikman, Hammill and Snyder families, discussed fully in the last chapter, the historical Schoolcraft tomb and family mentioned in the concluding part of chapter III. and those individuals and families whose memories are intra-murally enshrined, dwelt upon in Chapter X. there is perhaps a dearth of material for a full chapter from among those old members of St. John's congregation who are buried in the upper part of the graveyard—the portion extending from the street front backward and easterly to the margin of the oak trees or to a somewhat irregular line drawn north and south across the graveyard a short distance back from the rear of the church. But a scrutiny of this front and higher part of the yard reveals a score or more of

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familiar names still left for the church historian of the parish to dwell briefly upon, so we will begin at the extreme front and wander back easterly.

The name of Hore, read plainly from the street, suggests a family familiar for many years to West Flamboro Anglicans—a sterling manufacturing family who moved from the latter place to Hamilton in the seventies of last century and have now all scattered and disappeared. Why they buried as far from home as St. John's in 1848, unless it was that the Flamboro church and its present surrounding yard were not then in evidence I have failed to discover, but Ann, the wife of John Hore has a headstone of that date, and Georgia, the wife of Francis W., another alongside on which the date has become hidden. Two children of Doctor Thomas Seagram, late of Warminster, Wiltshire, England, infants who died about this period, are also in this plot, and the parish register kept by Mr. Miller records that Thomas Seagram of Zorra, and Emily Hore, of Dumfries, were married in Ancaster in 1837. Some old and well-informed Ancastrians assert with apparent confidence that this professional gentleman was a forebear or close relative of the afterwards famous Waterloo Seagrams of parliamentary, racetrack and distillery fame, but from careful enquiries I have not been able to obtain any family corroboration of this, although there may have been some relationship. Georgia Hore, above mentioned, was a sister of F. W. Fearman, the Hamilton Pork Packer. Relatives of the family tell me that the father and mother of F. W. Hore are also buried here but their monuments if any, have been obliterated, unless the partially buried stone to Ann is one of these.

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Another name familiar in parish annals of a half century or more ago, and close to both the church itself and the front of the yard, is that of Green. Laura Sarah Green, the wife of the Rev. William Green of Hagersville, was buried here in 1875, and her son George B. P. Green in 1881.

In or about the year 1840 there came to the Grove farm on the Stone road just west of Ancaster an English gentleman named William Augustus Gott of very aristocratic connection—in fact it was said that royal blood coursed through his veins. In another part of our churchyard and on another stone it is stated that Mr. Gott was himself a Knight, but the author thinks this must be an error, as he has himself seen near the entrance to the Hamilton cemetery where the Gotts are interred the same gentleman described only as “son of Sir Thomas Gott, Knight of Kent, England.” But, be this as it may, Mrs. Green was the only daughter of this same Mr. Gott, and in early life had married the Rev. William Green. The latter had been an auctioneer in Hamilton, but, like many other able and ambitious men, had successfully used this somewhat humble calling as a stepping stone to something higher and had, while pursuing this more worldly avocation, studied for and entered the church. There were five children of the union, two of the sons married in Ancaster, but all are now scattered. The Rev. Mr. Green afterwards took the living of Chantry Frome, Somerset, England, and died there leaving all his descendants in Canada.

There is a handsome red granite monument not far from here to Adam and Thomas W. Marr. Although this name appears among the vestrymen in the address

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to Mr. Leeming in 1830, the family were not attendants at St. John's at any time in the author's recollection. They were a Methodist family, but appear to have been influenced by Dr. McMurray to attend the church in his time. Mr. Miller married Adam Marr to Jane Kelly in August 1834, and appears to have baptized Rebecca, the wife of David Marr, in 1832, as well as several children of this last couple. Adam Marr had two other sons, Isaac and Adam junior. The Marrs carried on a furniture and undertaking business in the village half a century and more ago, but none of them are any longer in the neighborhood.

Adjoining the pathway a little further down is the family plot of the Duffs. The head of this family was Adam Duff, a hotel keeper on the stone road half way to Alberton in the days of the stage coach, and when road houses were both necessary and popular. His wife, Jane, survived him for many years. The only daughter of the same name, died at 12 years, and the only son, James, at 27. The latter, whose wife was a Bamberger, left a son, Charles, and a daughter who married into the Fulkerson family, both still living. Adam Duff died in 1864, but his widow and grand-children continued to attend St. John's till the death of the former in 1885, and some of the family are still members of the congregation. Out towards the road is a handsome monument to William Hopkins who died in 1919 at 87 years of age and who was a nephew of Mrs. Jane Duff's. There are two Bamberger headstones in this front part of the yard, but, outside of their connection with the Duff's this family do not seem to have ever had any very close association with St. John's parish.

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William Applegarth Cooley, a member of an old Canadian family connected with the Hatts, lived on a farm on the Mohawk road, inherited from his father, about a mile east of Ancaster village, and for many years past owned by James English, recently deceased. His wife was a Wiard, and they had a large family, any survivors of which have long since left Ancaster. Mr. W. A. Cooley was Township Clerk for some years, and being a man of education and resource, filled other public positions also.

Those of the family who still live are now in the vicinity of Batavia, N. Y. One of the daughters, Margaret, became the wife of George Clark, formerly of Ancaster and later of Toronto.

The family plot is close to the south side of the church, Mr. Cooley's father, mother and sister Helen also rest there, though their names are not inscribed on the massive, new stone on which are those of himself, his wife, and several children. The family were long attendants at St. John's and pew holders both in the old and the present church. Mr. Cooley died in 1873 at the early age of 47, but his widow survived till 1896.

A familiar and worthy name in the annals of the old parish, is met with as one wends one's way eastward alongside of and towards the rear of the church, and which brings to the reader's attention the family of the present oldest living member of St. John's the venerable and much esteemed Edwin Clark. The first tombstone in this plot is to the memory of George Clark, a brother, but it is of Edwin Clark and his family that I wish to speak more especially here, they having been for

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a very long period and till they moved to Hamilton in 1880, supporters of St. John's Church.

The Clark family came originally from England to Ancaster before the middle of the last century, Edwin Clark himself having been born in England in 1828. Mr. Clark's father had his horse shot from under him at the Battle of Waterloo. He kept an extensive bakery and grocery store in the village during the whole of the above period, being postmaster as well for many years. Having a fine voice, he was the leader during nearly all his residence in Ancaster in St. John's choir. He was also one of the large contributors to the rebuilding of the church after the fire of 1868, and held many positions of honor and trust in the parish. A beautiful white marble cross marks the resting place here of Mr. Clark's wife, whose maiden name was Roy. She with a sister, Miss Bella Clark, who lived with them but is buried in Hamilton, were both during their long residence in Ancaster, among the most regular attendants at St. John's, and always interested in its upkeep and advancement. Mr. and Mrs. Clark had a family of four sons, all still living, besides two children who died in infancy, and who are interred here. On the family moving to Hamilton Mr. Clark became inspector of City Sewers, a position he held until comparatively recent times in spite of his great age. He now resides near Burlington with his two younger sons, Charles B., and John E., the latter prominent in Hamilton mercantile life; Edwin Clark in his 96th year is as bright mentally and physically as many men of 50, in the enjoyment and repose of the evening of a long and honorable life in his son's handsome new home at Port Nelson.

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The record of the Clarks since their head, and now aged sire, came as a boy to Ancaster early last century shows the whims and vagaries of fortune in dealing with a family through more than one generation, and how a certain unwritten yet unerring changeless law of compensation is eternally working its ups and downs among us and preventing any one of us from monopolizing *all* the good things of life *all* the time. Edwin Clark started in Ancaster a poor boy but thrift and ambition enabled him and his family to rise in his mid-career to a prominent place in the community socially and financially. Then financial disaster and reverse swept away all that he had accumulated and left him personally poor in his old age. But the old thrift has again demonstrated itself in his youngest son, whose energy and business ability have rewarded the family again by the attainment of a higher pinnacle of wealth and social and business importance than ever before.

The most interesting graves in St. John's churchyard from a historical viewpoint are unquestionably those of the Durands, James who died on March 22nd, 1833, and his wife Keziah, who predeceased him five years.

The former was registrar of Wentworth and Halton at the time of his death and had been a member of the Upper Canadian Legislative Assembly. From that body he had been forcibly ejected in 1817 on account of his too liberal opinions and his objections to Governor Drummond's continuous suppression of the Habeas Corpus Act. One wonders now why prominent people like this residing so far away should seek burial for their dead at such a distance as Ancaster, but the answer is largely given in the memoirs of the deceased's

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son Charles. There was then no English church at Hamilton, where the Durands lived. Dundas and Ancaster were both equally as important if not more so. Members of the Durand family were interested both socially and from a business standpoint in Ancaster and its surrounding neighbourhood, and its elevated and picturesque situation no doubt appealed to them as a final resting place, as, it has to many others as far away as they were.

Two children of this old radical legislator, a son George, and a daughter, Maria, are also buried here as well as his lawyer and writer son, Charles. The large flat monument to the father, like others of this old-fashioned type, contains almost a sermon on his many virtues mingled with some rather indifferent attempts at poetry. The memoirs of his son Charles, published in 1897, while they throw a good deal of light on the Durand family, are written in a confused, wandering, disconnected, and sometimes ungrammatical, style, and the writer of these appears all through to take an intense pride in the continued rebellious attitude of both the father and the son. The latter tells how his father owned and afterwards sold for \$3,000.00 the farm on which the most valuable part of the city of Hamilton now stands to George Hamilton, and suggests that had his parents held on to this, the great Ambitious City might now be named Durand instead of Hamilton.

I have already told of how Job Lodor owned all the mills along the Ancaster creek a hundred years ago, and how he advanced the money shortly after that to buy out the Presbyterian share in St. John's Church. He lived to 86, dying in 1861. One son, James, died

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in 1865 unmarried at 40, another, William, in 1907 at 77. William Lodor, who lived a retired life, was married to Miss Beata Lloyd-Jones, a Welsh lady of fine extraction whose sister, Mrs. Frank Gabel still lives in Ancaster and attends St. John's. Mrs. William Lodor survived her husband 14 years. Besides these names there are inscribed on the handsome new granite headstone, that of Phoebe Lodor, widow of Job, who died in 1881 at 86. She was a Lawrence, and her father Daniel Lawrence, who died in 1830 at 84, and her mother Charlotte Lawrence who died in 1846 at 96, have separate headstones here. In fact all the elder Lodor connection have still substantial old tombstones standing in addition to having their names inscribed on the new one.

In this part of the cemetery there are headstones to the Brooking, Woodley and Hurrell families, all related and all from the Sulphur Springs region, and well-known there half a century ago. William Brooking is still a great judge of fruit at fall fairs. John Hurrell, Jr. married one of the Dundas Woodhouses, and William Woodley, who farmed the Leith property for many years, was the grandfather of the Progressive Candidate for the Dominion House for South Wentworth in 1921.

Not far from these last mentioned names is the handsome modern headstone of Joseph Trotman, an old style English gardener from Gloucestershire, a very long and regular attendant at St. John's, who lived to a great age. He and a cousin, David, of the same name, were well-known horticulturalists and general handy all round men in the author's early days in Ancaster and afterwards.

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There was, a generation or so ago, on the Stone road below the mountain a settlement of plain but thrifty North of Ireland people composed for the most part of Arthurs, McMullens, Browns, Hendersons,, Andersons and Moffats who for a long time had worshipped at St. John's, and whose dead are buried there in considerable numbers, chiefly in the newer or westerly part of the yard. From this settlement too, a half century and longer ago, there walked regularly every Sunday until halted by old age, to occupy his accustomed seat beneath the pulpit the bent, familiar form of devout and faithful old "Jimmy" Cooper. The many fine monuments in that particular section of the graveyard bearing the names above mentioned testify largely to the worldly success and frugality of the people of this far away district. The history of the parish would not be complete without at least a reference here to these sturdy inhabitants of this settlement, whose descendants still to a great extent occupy the former homes, and worship at the church of their departed sires.

One of these families, the Browns, had evidently unwittingly encroached upon a plot already partly occupied, for recently I am told a lady named Lewis, a school teacher of Western Ontario called upon the present rector and advised him of her paternal grandfather's burial as well as those of his wife and four sons in this plot in or about the sixties of last century. This gentleman was a retired Anglican clergyman, Peter Jones Lewis by name, who came from England to Dundas in 1854 and subsequently died there. The family were relatives of the Elys of Staple Grove. It is the praiseworthy intention of the granddaughter after this long

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lapse of years to now erect a fitting headstone here to her progenitors, evidently forgotten, as these and their graves had been by everyone else in the parish.

A stranger's grave! What a medley of thought and self-put mental interrogation crowd the tender side of his nature as the reader scans the massive old slab containing this title, that covers the last resting place, about the centre of the churchyard, of Eliza Maria Johnson, of Rochester, N.Y., who died on September 15th, 1827, in her 18th year!

Who was she? Why was she laid here alone when Rochester was so near and her father an Esquire? Were the family rich or poor? Who were her "respected local friends?" Was she just a visitor to Ancaster at the time or permanently engaged or employed here? Was she fair to behold in life, or just an ordinary young maiden? Why was she here and not at home when death claimed her? Were her parents and relatives present when her young spirit took its flight and they laid her to rest here, and if not why not? Why such a cumbrous tomb, and such sombre references thereon for one so young? Do her living relatives to-day, if there are any, know of this solitary grave, or ever visit it? Nearly all these questions of the silent, self interrogator, and numerous others that his active, inquisitive brain may suggest to him, have to go unanswered in this case, time, the great eradicator of both living and recorded testimony, having in the intervening 97 years wiped out almost all traces of this young lady and her sad and early demise! A quaint old printed invitation to her funeral has, curiously enough, survived all these years which recites that the burial will take

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place from the residence of Mr. Matthew Crooks near by. This leaves only a vague inference that Miss Johnson was either a guest of that prominent Ancaster citizen at the time, or was employed in some capacity in his household.

And so the contemplative mind, saddened even after this century of time, at such an early cutting off and such a lonely epitaph must still go on soliloquizing, and conjuring up the most likely answers to this multitude of questions that loom before it!

I have recorded in a previous chapter how George Rousseaux in 1826, two years after the building of St. John's Church, deeded the lot on which it stood to trustees for church purposes. If his father, Jean Baptiste Rousseaux, Ancaster's first settler, is buried in the ground which his son thus donated for sacred purposes, there is no stone or other record to shew this, the first and oldest family memorial here being that to Mary, the wife of George Rousseaux himself.

Like the Gurnetts the Rousseaux family are divided in their final resting place, the original parents, George and Mary, lying near the pathway and the rear of the church, and the next and later generation further southwest. George Rousseaux, who died in 1851, kept the main hotel in Ancaster, where Guest's Inn now stands, for many years. He was succeeded by his daughter, Margaret, the wife of James T. Roy, and her husband, the latter dying young in 1848. Mr. Roy's widow married John Cran who continued the hotel business until succeeded by Charles Phillipo, who in turn made way for his son-in-law Edward Henderson, the latter keeping this hostelry till his death in 1908. A massive

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tomb near the elder Rousseaux's erected by his widow marks the resting place of young Roy, on which are these pathetic octosyllabic couplets which the author revealed with difficulty from the moss that covered them:

"God of my life to Thee I call
Afflicted at Thy feet I fall
O, while the swelling floods prevail
Leave not my trembling heart to fail."

And here in tracing for a moment, instead of the Rousseaux family, the old Rousseaux hotel, several times burnt and rebuilt, through its various stages and ownership, in turning from church biography to village history in general, let me deviate a moment to pay a passing tribute to the last owners just mentioned of quite recent years, intimately known to the writer and buried in the portion of the yard I am discussing here—Mr. and Mrs. Edward Henderson. Let me state here with deserved emphasis that this worthy couple and their five children during a long residence in Ancaster were interested in all branches of the church's usefulness, were among St. John's most regular attendants, and in all good objects could invariably be numbered among its most generous givers. But, having traced the old hotel through the hands of its many owners, and touched briefly and individually on these latter, let me not stray too far from my text, but go back again now to the Rousseaux's and their quaint old memorials. I found, after much picking and scraping, on the massive recumbent tomb of Mary Rousseaux, who died in 1841, these lines, marred as they are by expletives and grammatical error:

A STROLL AMONG THE TOMBS

"Affliction sore with patience bore
Physicians strove in vain
Till death did seize and God did please
To ease her of her pain."

In spite of their harshness and lack of poetic cadence as carved here, these lines impressed themselves on me as somewhat striking until I discovered shortly afterwards in wandering through an old cemetery near Preston at least 20 of the same four, with slight variations. This quadruplet, I have since been told, is a favorite quotation on gravestones in the South of England.

George Brock Rousseaux, the only son of George Sr. and grandson of Jean Baptiste, Ancaster's first settler, kept a bakery in the village, and was postmaster for many years besides occupying at different times many other public positions. He had four sons, George, Daniel K., Thomas H. and John M., the last named still living in Hamilton; also three daughters, Mrs. Peter J. Brown of Ingersoll, Mrs. William Dewar of Ancaster and latterly of Paris, and an unmarried daughter Margaret.

Behind the church and between the Smith and Cradock plots a handsome recumbent cruciform sandstone memorial marks the last resting place of John Bridges Kenrick, A.M., of Jesus College, Cambridge, who died at Ancaster on January 8th, 1881 at 75 years of age, and close by is a neat white cross to the memory of his granddaughter, Helen Hunton.

Mr. Kenrick came to Canada late in life from Surrey, England, with his second wife and their family

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of five sons in 1879. His three older sons of a former marriage had come some years before and settled in Ancaster, the oldest, Edward, an English barrister, continuing his profession there and marrying the youngest Miss Milne of Milneholm in 1873. The other two studied farming for a while in Ancaster, but finally settled in other parts and occupations. Of Mr. Kenrick's eldest son, the present capable Secretary-Treasurer of the Synod of Niagara, and his long association with St. John's Church I will speak more fully later on. Three of the sons of the second family still survive and have attained a creditable degree of prominence in Canadian professional manufacturing and educational life. A very brilliant son, a professor in a Winnipeg college and a leading Manitoba educationalist was carried off by the typhoid epidemic there of twenty or more years ago. Mr. Kenrick's aged widow, at the time of writing this memoir, is still living in Toronto which, although they formerly spent much time in Ancaster, was always the permanent Canadian family home.

To the Northeast of the Gurnett, Cradock, Kenrick and Smith plots is a large section of the churchyard either not used at all or where the scattered names and memorials are strange and unfrequented—a sort of Potter's Field as it were. I have never yet been able to ascertain why all this fine section extending from the modern part of the churchyard to the old Gurnett home remains unused and apparently abandoned, while other property further away and across the railway track has been acquired for cemetery purposes. But this remark by way of parenthesis only and merely because I am

A STROLL AMONG THE TOMBS

discussing here the names of those who rest adjacent to this particular part of the church property.*

I think I have now made a fairly exhaustive survey of those leading personages and families buried in the higher or northwestern half of the old churchyard who helped to make St. John's history in the early days, though without any pretence at including all and especially all of those interested in and members of the parish in more recent years. So let us pass on now and briefly consider in the next chapter some of the patriarchs and pioneers of the parish not yet mentioned, whose resting places are sheltered by the group of magnificent trees that adorn the rear of this hallowed old bivouac of the dead.

* The Grundon family have the only modern looking well kept plot and monument in this northerly unfrequented part of the yard and it being down among the oaks does not really come within the purview of this chapter. These people too lived far out in the Trinity section and while they may have been nominally Anglicans were not at any time regular attendants of St. John's.

CHAPTER XIII.

UNDER THE OLD OAKS

Whether at Naishapur or Babylon,
Whether the cup with sweet or bitter run,
The wine of life keeps oozing drop by drop,
The leaves of life keep falling one by one.

For some we loved, the loveliest and the best
That from his vintage rolling time has prest,
Have drunk the cup a round or two before
And one by one crept silently to rest.

And we that now make merry in the room
They left, and summer dresses in new bloom,,
Ourselves must we, beneath the couch of earth
Descend ourselves, to make a couch for whom?

Thus wrote the great Persian mathematician, astronomer and mystic of 800 years ago, in words and thoughts that have been so eloquently if somewhat freely translated into our own tongue by England's poet-recluse and sea rover of Suffolk, Edward Fitzgerald.

And though he wrote them pessimistically—a free thinker and a materialist, crying out passionately against a fate that doomed to decay and oblivion what to him seemed all the good and beautiful things of life, how true they are to-day.

While I am writing these sentences life's wine is escaping, life's leaves are falling, all around me! The

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cemeteries whose existence only a generation or two ago a few new white tombs proclaimed, are fast becoming everywhere "the cities of the great majority." Time presses out the loveliest and the best of our race, often long before those whom we could better spare. These along with the common, the noisy, and the degraded of earth, drink their cup of life, and all creep to rest together! And what about ourselves? We are making merry to-day:—

Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders
These many summers in a sea of glory

never realizing that the bloom of a summer is coming that will not be for us, and that "the couch of earth" now occupied by our departed ones, will soon be our own to fill.

In the last chapter I have dwelt among the names and tombs of those who repose in the upper part of the old churchyard, nearer the street and to the immediate right of the church itself.

Let us go further back now, sloping downward and eastward to where a cluster of magnificent old oak trees, (one or two alas, lately dead, like the sleepers beneath them), add their grace at all times and their shade and splendour, in summer time to this charming restful reposing place of the departed!

Let us see who the families and individuals were, of both old and modern times, whose people chose this more quiet secluded leafy part of St. John's graveyard, as a fitting resting place for those whom death was one by one calling from them.

The oldest tomb in point of date in the churchyard

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is that massive creation of white brick, covered with an immense stone slab near the pathway in the rear of the yard, which bears the names of Alexander Ritchie and Mary Lucia his wife. The inscription goes on to tell us that this worthy couple both died on the 11th April, 1823. Mr. and Mrs. Ritchie were not originally buried here, but near Tiffany's Falls on what was more recently the Robb farm, and is now divided between the families of Mewburn and English. Friends of the family had the ashes of these long departed ones, and the great recumbent stone that covered them, removed to consecrated ground in comparatively recent years.

The Ritchies originally held large tracts of land in the Fidler's Green section of the Township of Ancaster. Alexander was the oldest brother, settling up the Stone road about a mile west of Ancaster village, where he and his wife died of typhoid fever on the same day. Two single brothers, Ewing and Douglas Ritchie, owned and occupied land further south, and both dying without issue, left this to their brother William A., an officer of the Royal Navy, who came to Canada from Scotland with his wife and seven children in 1837. The old Ritchie home lies immediately to the rear of and adjoining on the south the Grove farm, elsewhere mentioned, of the Gotts and Greens. It also borders on the west side of the present extensive Hamilton Golf Links property.

The eldest son of Alexander Ritchie, Edmund by name, became post master at Hamilton, his son Fred succeeding him in the same office. William A. Ritchie, whose wife's maiden name was Blair, was the father of William Ritchie, for many years organist of St. John's Church, and also of Mrs. Mary Brodie, who is still living

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in Ancaster and who was for a long time in the church choir. These two inherited their musical talent from their mother, who was greatly gifted in that line. William A. Ritchie, their father, having donated the present Methodist burying ground at Fidler's Green to that denomination from his own farm, and reserved thereout a family plot for himself, is interred there as well as his son the former organist and several other children. His wife lies in the Presbyterian Churchyard in Ancaster village.

One of the prominent Hamilton barristers of the middle of last century, George Sylvester Tiffany, with several of his relatives, is buried among the old oaks of St. John's, and a substantial white marble shaft crowned by an urn marks the family plot. One of the old parish fairy tales long ago current was that Mr. Tiffany's ashes were deposited in this urn and not below the ground, like those of the adjoining sleepers here. He was born on what was afterwards the John Hammill farm on the Mohawk road to Hamilton, where his father Doctor Oliver Tiffany had long resided and practised his profession. This property now belongs to Miss Anderson and immediately adjoins the Tamahaac Club on the west. The well-know and picturesque falls just south of the main Hamilton and Brantford Highway are named after the Tiffany family and are on what was once their estate. Mr. Tiffany was a large property owner in Hamilton, and one of the best known surveys there in the central southwest part of the city bears his name. He died in 1856, aged 51, and the names of Doctor Oliver Tiffany, his father, whi died in 1835, another George Tiffany who died in 1841, Mary Notman

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who died in 1832, as well as her three children, Jane Ann Tiffany, who died in 1843, Francis Ann Ross who died in 1832, and Eliza Ann McCarthy, who died as recently as 1916, are also inscribed on this imposing old family monument.

Captain John Palmer Battersby, an Irishman by birth, retired from the Royal Navy early last century, and emigrating with his wife and young family to Canada, settled in Ancaster on what is now the Hamilton Golf Links and Country Club site. His wife Maria died there in 1849, and the Captain continued to farm in Ancaster till 1850, when he moved to Toronto to educate his children. He subsequently went to live in Port Dover, where he died in 1888, in the meantime renting the Ancaster farm to John Robinson till its sale to Charles Edward Whitcombe. Captain Battersby's sons were Leslie, an architect, John, a follower of the Mercantile Marine, and Charles, a Port Dover physician, all now deceased. An only daughter, Miss Eleanor, still resides at Port Dover, and has always been prominently identified both as a worker and a giver with Church and parish work there. Captain Battersby, his wife and several children, besides some collateral relatives, are all buried in St. John's Churchyard, where fitting inscriptions on two large old-fashioned horizontal memorial slabs, identify their resting places in the family plot.

Robert Berrie was a Scotch barrister who lived in the thirties and early forties of last century at Mountain Park, afterwards the home of the Robb family, and now the elaborate summer home of General the Honorable Sydney C. Mewburn, M. P. Mr. Berrie built the original

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stone mansion there on a charming elevation overlooking the Dundas valley. After his wife Helen Eliza died in 1841, he returned with his only surviving son to Scotland. He practiced law for many years in Hamilton and built and owned the stone house on the corner of Bay and King streets there, still standing, and for many years the residence of Robert Jarvis Hamilton. Mr. Alex. S. Milne, barrister of Ancaster to be presently mentioned, and whose plot adjoins the Berrie's here, was a student in Mr. Berrie's office. Mrs. Berrie's father was the famous Colonel Johnson Butler of Niagara, whose wife Susannah died in 1857 and is interred here alongside of her daughter, as are also two infant children of Robert and Mrs. Berrie.

One of the oldest memoirs in that part of the yard we are now discussing, and in fact in the whole church property, is that to Lieutenant William Milne of the Royal Navy, and his wife Joanna Gallwey. He died in 1826 at Ancaster, and she in Dundas in 1854. Lieutenant Milne, who came to Canada in 1817, owned a very large tract of land near the village which included what are now the Dalley, Young, Farmer, Wright, Black and Reinke properties, over 400 acres in all. His father was a Scotch lawyer of eminence and solicitor for the great Carron Iron Works in Stirlingshire, then the largest iron foundry in the world. In this wide plot are also buried and memorialized the only son of Lieutenant Milne, Alexander S., barrister; Sarah Gale his widow; a daughter of theirs, Clara Rosina, and another daughter of blessed memory, Frances Milne Whitcombe and her infant children.

Frances Milne Whitcombe! with what a lively

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and thankful memory of your sweet life and surpassing excellence do I now approach the simple cross that marks your shaded resting place in this hallowed spot? How your good and kindly thoughts and deeds cheered and brightened the dark spots in scores of toilsome careworn lives, during the forty odd brief years that you angelic spirit was lent to this wicked unappreciative world! How many a poor dejected creature of earth was lifted up and encouraged in your day by the soothing touch and the comforting word that dominated your self-sacrificing devoted life! How well it was for those of us who knew you, that such a celestial essence was permitted in our time to dwell among us, even though only as it were to flit across earth's sordid and debasing stage! Your mouldering ashes have now rested here these 36 years and more with those of your two dearly loved and early lost children, and among your own kindred, in the old churchyard of the parish where you were born! But the sainted recollection of your kind unselfish life is still felt and remembered in every hamlet and parish in our land where any portion of that short and consecrated life was spent. In wandering in the spring of 1921 through the beautiful flower strewn slopes and dells of Mount Auburn cemetery near Boston, I found with difficulty the graves of Longfellow, of Lowell, and of Holmes, because of the excessive modesty of the memorial headstones to these famous men. And this prompted and drew from me at the time the thought and the exclamation that the worthiest names among the dead often lay claim to the humblest monuments! And so it is, now long departed, gentle soul, with you! Not in the field of letters it is

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true, were your triumphs, but in the better, higher, richer one, of kindly words and good and noble deeds! And if our memorials here could only be measured by these, as in heaven's sight we believe they are, how surely would that humble cross of yours tower shining and bright away above the tallest of the oaks beneath which your saintly dust reposes!

Sarah Rosina, a daughter of Lieutenant Milne, with her first and second husbands, Richard Hatt and Thomas Archibald Crichton, are also in this plot but without any memorial. Adjoining to the south are members of the MacKay family, Alexander R., who was a merchant in Ancaster in the thirties of last century, dying in 1840 aged 40 years; his widow Anna Maria, another daughter of Lieutenant Milne, who survived till 1893, a charming gifted woman, born with the century and bright and interesting to the last; William H., a son who died in 1870, aged 40; Margaret R., a daughter who died in 1909, aged 77; and an infant son John G. And while this history was nearing completion in November 1923, Anna, the eldest daughter of Alexander S. and Sarah G. Milne, a venerable kindly old lady of 87 years, the good and careful instructress of the author's childhood, was laid away with her kin in the Milne family plot. James Gallway Milne the only son of Alex. S. and Sarah G. Milne studied law, but abandoned that profession in early life. He has for many years followed agricultural pursuits in Saskatchewan where he at a great age still lives.

Close to the family group I have just dwelt upon are two more of those old-fashioned bulky recumbent tombs, one with this inscription:

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"Sacred to the memory of the late Major Daniel Showers, of Ancaster, who died on the 29th day of June, 1859, aged 71 years, 6 months and 7 days.

Man soon discussed
Yields up his trust
And all his hopes and fears
Lie with him in the dust."

Major Showers, an officer of the Canadian Militia, lived on what was afterwards the John Taylor farm, about two miles west of Ancaster. His wife was a Lawrason, a sister of the wife of John Crooks of Niagara, and through this connection the Showers were related to the Logie family of Hamilton. The Major, bereft of his wife 10 years before, had removed to the residence of his nephew Colonel John Aikman where he died in 1858. While the slab on which the inscription to Major Showers is cut is rapidly yielding to the elements and hard to decipher, the above verse, assuredly better rhyme than sense or poetry, can yet be faintly discerned. On the other hand, the inscription on Mrs. Mary Lawrason Shower's tomb, although ten years older, is much better preserved, and every word of its long adulatory panegyric, so common on this heavy ancient type of memorial, can still be easily read.

Not far from here are the family plots of Thomas and Andrew Hatt, but as I have had occasion to refer to this family before at some length in more than one place in this history, I merely mention now the fact of the burial here of two members of this formerly well-known and prominent family.

Near here too, and under one of the most majestic and wide spreading of the fine old trees,

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there repose Leonard Back, his wife Amelia, and two children, one the young wife of Mr. David Nicholson, some time organist of St. John's, of whom I have already spoken. The Backs came to Ancaster from Norfolk, England in 1881 and lived, with their large family on the Alex. Smith farm south of the village and near Garner's Corners. Here the wife died in 1902 at 58 years, the husband surviving till 1921 and dying in the village to which he had in the meantime retired, at the advanced age of 88.

Out a little from the oaks and near the line of the Hamilton and Brantford Railway are the graves of Moss I. Olmstead, his wife, Louisa Jane, and their third son Charles Lawrence. The Olmsteads came from Saltfleet in the early seventies, having purchased from the Williamsons their beautiful farm and grove just west of the village. Mr. Olmstead, originally a Methodist like the rest of his race, became an Anglican on his marriage into the well-known Church family of Barnes. Their eldest son W. E. has practised medicine for many years at Niagara Falls, and their second is the prominent Hamilton surgeon of that name. The youngest son, who is buried here, died from the bite of a mad dog in 1906. The elder Mrs. Olmstead was a talented artist, and her sister, Adelaide, was the wife of the Rev. W. S. Westney, M.A., sometime incumbent of Bolton, Ontario. While the author was completing this history, Josephine, the young widow of Charles Lawrence Olmstead and who had given him some valuable information about the Aikman family of whom she was one, died suddenly and was laid to rest alongside of her husband in this plot.

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Although his grave and monument and those of his widow and two elder sons, the Reverend George Burland Bull and William Devey Bull, are here adjoining the Farmer plot, into which family he had married in 1856, the name of the Reverend Canon George Armstrong Bull, M.A. (1828-1909) is far more intimately associated with the adjoining parish of Barton and Glanford than it is with St. John's and I have had occasion to refer to him previously in dealing with these. Mr. Bull was incumbent of the former parish from 1853 till his removal to the rectory of Niagara Falls South and Stamford in 1886. He was the youngest of three brothers, Richard, Harcourt B., and George A., whose rather George Perkins Bull, an Irishman, founded the Hamilton "Gazette," afterwards "The Spectator."* Canon Bull's elder brother Harcourt B., who continued his father's newspaper represented Wentworth in the Legislative Council of Upper Canada from 1864 till Confederation, and was called to the Dominion Senate in 1879. While the subject of this brief review was not an eloquent preacher he was noted as an educationalist and as a gifted local historian, and was much beloved as a pastor in all the livings he occupied. His aged widow survived him 13 years, and news of her death in her 93rd year only came to the author while engaged on the completion of this history in November 1923.

The name of Filman has been a well-known one in both Ancaster and Barton for many generations. They

* The author feels that he can speak with some authority on the Bull family, for he was closely connected by marriage with all three of the above brothers. Richard's daughter married his mother's brother, the Hon. Harcourt B. his maternal great aunt, and the Rev. George A. his father's elder sister.

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all trace their descent from Jacob Filman, an early settler in the latter township.

A tall white monument in the centre of that part of the graveyard we are now dealing with has inscribed on it the names of two William Filmans, father and son, who died in 1868 aged 73, and 1898 aged 69, respectively; also Mahala, the wife of the former who reached the age of 90 and died in 1899. These were two generations of the same family who farmed near Trinity P. O. The younger of the two was known as a wealthy, eccentric old bachelor, and was once the victim of a daring midnight robbery in his own house. Although buried here, this branch of the family were not, doubtless owing to their great distance away, regular attendants at St. John's. Further out towards the road in the newer part, a fine modern granite headstone marks the grave of a third William Filman, a cousin of the last named, and his wife Magdala, who was before marriage an Almas. This couple farmed near Garners Corners for many years, and in the eighties of last century retired to the former Orton residence in Ancaster village. These latter were constant attendants at St. John's while in the village having previously attended St. Peter's, Barton. She died in 1906, and he in 1907. They left no issue, but a nephew John Filman and his family are still in the village and are active members of St. John's.

A handsome new stone in the far east of the churchyard, marks the grave of Henry Pim, Ancaster Township's very efficient Clerk and Treasurer till his death in 1914. At first only Clerk in succession to Major T. A. Walker, who held both offices, Mr. Pim

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succeeded to the Treasurership as well, on the death of Mr. McNiven, again uniting the two positions. No busy man ever gave more regular attendance or better support to his church than Henry Pim did to St. John's, assisted always by his energetic and devoted wife who is happily still a member and who has presented to the church in her husband's memory two handsome brass vases. Another name on this stone is that of a gifted young lawyer, Samuel Culp, a nephew of Mrs. Pim's, and brought up from childhood by her under the protecting shadow and influence of the old church. Going West and educating himself to the legal profession, and starting out under the most favorable circumstances as a member of the Manitoba Bar, young Culp was suddenly stricken with a fatal illness in 1908. A sad end thus came to all his ambitions and his aunt's fondest hopes, and he was borne back to his old home and church for burial.

The Almas family too were closely related to the Culps and Pims. Although St. Peter's, Barton, was their home church for a much longer time different members attended St. John's and sang in its choir, and one of them, Lloyd T., dying comparatively young in 1908, is buried here not far from the Pim plot.

In the author's early youth Samuel Andrus Findlay, associated with his relatives the Postans family, was prominent in the mercantile and Anglican church life of Ancaster. His general store was where the Oaks butcher shop, the same building now stands, and his residence adjoined to the south. Mr. Findlay's wife was a Miss Wright, and she had two sisters married to prominent Hamiltonians, Messrs. Magill and McInstry. The Findlays left Ancaster retiring to Hamilton about

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1887, but there are four small headstones and a broken column under one of the great oak trees in memory of their infant children David, Sarah, Herbert and Edith, who all died in Ancaster between 1866 and 1887. Mr. and Mrs. Findlay, so the author is informed, later on followed the rest of their children to Chicago, and died there.

Far in among the oaks and near the rear of the old part of the graveyard, a richly carved, once white, headstone marks where all that was mortal rests of Ophelia Melvina "the beloved and devoted wife of William Powis" and daughter of Hamilton's one time Chief of Police, Captain Willoughby Halloran Nichol.

The Powis family lived for a few years at "Fairview," the former residence of Dr. Orton and later on of Mr. Richard Devey Farmer, Mr. Powis having at the time a responsible position with the Canada Life Assurance Company. They were closely associated with St. John's during their somewhat brief residence in Ancaster, but on the death of his wife in 1876 he moved back to Hamilton. He is buried here, too, besides a daughter, a second wife, and several members of the Nichol family.

The only remaining families actively interested and concerned in St. John's Parish that come to the author's recollection as still to be dwelt with and deserving of more than ordinary notice in this particular chapter, are the Taylors and Millers and their large and varied connection. The writer remembers as a boy how these two families filled regularly two large pews on the left aisle, in the rear of the church every Sunday morning. And a long way they came from their farms away up

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the Brantford road, and no doubt they had their difficulties and hardships in doing this as well and often as they did. Alexander Miller and George Henry Taylor, who were cousins, married two sisters by the name of Sibbald who came of a good Scotch military family, another branch of which were the founders and builders of the well-known Sibbald Memorial Church at Sutton, Ontario. George Henry Taylor was the son of a former County Court Judge in Hamilton and had sisters living in Tapleystown where they were instrumental in establishing the Anglican Church. While the male branches of these two old Church families have now entirely disappeared in so far at least as St. John's parish is concerned, their descendants in the female line are still strongly in evidence there. One of Mr. Miller's daughters is the widow of Mr. Thomas Postans, formerly a leading Ancaster merchant, and the mother of the present efficient organist of the church, Miss Frances Postans, besides several other children, members of the church elsewhere. One of Mr. Taylor's daughters married Mr. Frank Beven of "The Grange," a brother of the famous English barrister of that name, with whose work on "Negligence" all lawyers are familiar, as well as of a prominent Anglican clergyman in England. Frank Beven, after occupying positions of responsibility in St. John's congregation unfortunately died a young man and is buried here. His only daughter married in England, but his widow and three sons are or were up to a very short time ago still in the vicinity of Ancaster, and more or less associated with the church of their worthy ancestors.

And so my story of the friends and families whose

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mortal bodies lie here is told, and something of interest has, I hope, been recorded touching upon most at least of the good people who built up and maintained the old parish and have found their final resting place within it. As the twilight gathered and a star of two twinkled through their leaves one balmy summer evening, I emerged from the old oaks behind the church with many clinging memories accompanying me. I was just realizing that I had unconsciously toiled that night, till dusk had halted my efforts, to clear away the accumulation of lichen from one of the last visited of those ancient slabs beneath the venerable trees. Glorious old oaks! I turned homeward and left you behind me where you have stood for these hundred years past, and as I did so I thought with sadness of all the tears and sighs, of all the blasted hopes and foiled ambitions, gathered and clustered there beneath you! Could your leafy branches but give utterances to what they have silently witnessed all these years, what a world of sorrow, what a flood of woe, would be revealed to our hearing, and to both our visual and our mental gaze! Of beautiful maiden and stalwart youth, torn away in life's budding morning time, and brought hence to dash in pieces the pride and hope of fond and devoted parents! Of little ones whose mothers' bleeding hearts and weeping eyes parted with them in a grief so intense, that one doubted at the time if they could ever smile again! Of young and middle-aged parents leaving life's tasks all undone, yea scarcely begun, and consigned in whelming sadness to this dark, cold earth! Of the tender progeny of these, left behind to battle alone with the chances and trials and misfortunes of life, and to

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come at length, when their own day and generation had been served, to lie with those who had thus an age before so dearly loved and so soon departed! Of the bright aspiring young business man and the sturdy young tiller of the soil, called hence from their spheres of activity and usefulness just when the world's rewards seemed within their reach! Of the winsome wife, scarce more than a bride, torn from her husband's arms hardly had the joys and responsibilities of wedded life begun, and of the aged and bent husband coming at length across the chasm of three score intervening years, to lie there beside her handful of ashes! Of mature age borne hither, to find the rest and quiet of your shade for its final repose after its long battle against time, like ripe fruit dropping from among its less mature companions to the parent earth! Stately old oaks, fit to adorn the sepulchres of kings! How many cycling summers of anguish and affliction your verdant foliage has canopied here! You hide, it is true, the failings and follies of our forefathers and the sins and shortcomings of our sires, yet how much of forgotten grace and beauty, and innocence and worth, are also hidden beneath your spreading boughs? Of duty done, of amiable actions accomplished, of misfortunes bravely borne, of pain patiently endured, of lives well and honestly spent, all of which a cold calculating world has perhaps only sneered at, and quite neglected to fittingly reward! And thus I turned from you that soft summer night, pride of old St. John's, with the hope and assurance that a better and more fitting adjudication

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than this awaits those worthy ones sleeping beneath you,
before that higher and final tribunal:—

Where the tears of earth are dried,
Where its hidden things are clear,
Where, the work of life is tried
By a juster judge than here!

CHAPTER XIV.

THE GREAT WAR

ACCOMPLISHMENT NOT YEARS

Lines suggested on the proposed purchase by Canada
of Vimy Ridge.

I.

Yes, buy, O Canada! embellish well,
Buy and enrich the far-famed Vimy Ridge,
Adorn and beautify it, let it tell
And mark for evermore the priceless pledge
To races yet unborn our worthies gave
Who fill in "la belle France" the heroes' grave.

II.

The pledge of manhood's greatness, token too
Of our great empire's worldwide unity
That there are things in life men may pursue
Worthy to live for, principles that we
Have on the field of conflict seen well tried,
For which our loved ones spent themselves and died.

III.

Why talk about our taxes, that they are
And must for ages yet to come remain
Far greater than they were before the war,
And of such trivial grievances complain,
For when compared, what trash is this we give
To that they gave who fought that we might live.

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IV.

*Take up the torch, you living, that they left,
The world demands some sacrifice from you
Of former wealth true you may be bereft
Of luxuries and comforts miss a few,
But bear with a good grace these scourges small
And thank Kind Heaven that you're alive at all.*

V.

*And you who gave your sons to freedom's cause,
Rest sadly happy at this cheering thought
The anguish of the parting surely was
Right's triumph, wrong's dethronement amply wrought,
And reckon his life better, worthier spent,
Who count's not years lived, but accomplishment.*

It is not my intention here to claim for this fine and venerable old parish, as many parishes and churches that I know have done, the names and achievements of heroes who, either gave meritorious service or won renown and immortality, in the Great World War, but who were only remotely and indirectly connected or associated with St. John's Church. Were I to do this and enumerate here as entitled to shine on St. John's Honour Roll, all the soldier descendants and relatives of those, who perhaps one or two generations ago, were members of the parish, as well as those who were actually attendants of our Church at the outbreak of hostilities, the list I could present, and an account of the valor displayed and services performed by many of those who composed it, would be so formidable that it would far exceed the bounds of an ordinary chapter. I could quite consistently, adopting the "padding" plan that some of these other parish churches, too eager for that honour and publicity rightly belonging elsewhere,

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have done with their honour rolls, stretch my parochial imagination both in time and in consanguinity, so as to embrace such honoured and highly prized names among Canada's dead soldiers as Belt, Boulton, Gwyn, Olmstead, Osler and scores of others who fell and died in that world holocaust for their king and country. But I do not regard it as either seemly or honest to take from any other parish or community, or from the membership of any other religious body of our own neighborhood, the names of any worthies who served or fell in that great world struggle for liberty, who may be more closely or properly regarded as belonging to these others rather than to us.

The best test of genuineness, as far as these church claims go, is of course actual membership of the hero at the time of enlistment. Next is the membership of his parents and family at such time. Again the Church where he was baptized and received his early religious instruction may be consistently considered as worthy of whatever halo that soldier's sacrifice or service has created. But on the other hand the members of that religious centre where only his parents or other relatives once happened to attend but have long since ceased to be attached to, and with which he himself has never been connected, are certainly approaching the realm of the fanciful and the credulous when they enumerate this soldier as belonging to their own flock, rather than to the one with which he and his family were actually associated during the war.

I am mentioning here therefore only those who, or whose immediate families may fairly be classed as members of or attendants at St. John's during the period of

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the war or just prior thereto. And, without wishing to deprive these of equal credit for their sacrifice and valor, am necessarily not including here for a like reason any war hero or heroine associated with the other Ancaster religious denominations. Neither do I deem it fitting or in place here to lengthen this chapter to undue bounds to discuss from a historical standpoint, nor in verse form, further than I have just attempted, the great war was of 1914-1918.

The mighty issues this involved, the world wide ravages it created, and the universal disorder among all sorts and conditions of men and races that it left in its wake and felt grievously everywhere even to this day, are too vast to even touch the fringe of in a local work of this kind, were the subject itself one best fitted to contemporary literature. But, as the poet Wordsworth has so aptly said about war poetry, it and war history as well, are subjects better dealt with not by their contemporaries, but by authors and writers of a succeeding age to those sanguinary events and periods that they desire to chronicle. Then passion and bias have died away, then not a memory remains to prejudice the writer's mind and pen in dwelling upon war's causes and its injustices, its ruin and its sorrows, and the devastating appalling results that follow it.

And thus it is that both the poetry and the prose of the gifted graceful laureate of Rydal Mount, even though he lived in a tempestuous age with the mutterings and thunderings of war and revolution despoiled Europe all about him, will be found to touch but little upon those great current national upheavels. That noble bard—in youth the ardent champion of the *Sans-Culottes*

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of France, but calm and conservative in his maturer years—realized too well that the poet and the historian of time yet to be could deal more philosophically and dispassionately than he, with synchronous world strife. So his own sonnets and battle songs unlike the “Hobendinden” of his contemporary Thomas Campbell actually witnessed by its author, and admittedly a forceful exception to the Wordsworthian rule, will be found to dwell largely, not on the carnage and human misery that swept over Europe in Wordsworth’s own day, but on such old time subjects as the Saxon, Danish and Norman conquests, the Crusades, the Wars of the Roses and other martial events of both ancient World and early British history.

I leave it therefore to the poets and the historians of the future or at least to those who differ from me in my conclusion that contemporary writers are not the best adapted to dilate upon cataclysms which, or the results of which, they have themselves witnessed, to expatiate on this wide, all embracing, grief spreading subject, so tremendous and saddening at the time that men thought and spoke of nothing else, and the cost of which in lives and money, if not entirely incalculable, our country will feel for generations to come. Happily with all its terrors and resulting chaos, even this world-staggering event, under the soothing influence of time, will be capable no doubt, like other world upheavals of the past, have been, of being contemplated and written about impartially and without any spirit of revenge.

It would naturally be expected, with her thoroughly British associations and sentiments, the fine sterling stock from which her membership so largely sprang, and the spirit of loyalty to King and Country that has

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always dominated in her councils and congregation, that when the cry to arms came and the mother country needed her help, old St. John's would respond quickly and generously with her best sons of military age and spirit, and not be found wanting. The result fully justified this anticipation. And, best of all, none of those who acknowledged St. John's Church as their spiritual home and went forth to meet the audacious and for a long time seemingly invincible foe, belonged to the conscripted class, all volunteered their services.

The first contingent who left for France in the fall of 1914, included from St. John's membership Captain E. W. Clifford of the 77th battalion. That gallant soldier after being wounded twice, the first time at the second battle of Ypres in April 1915, and the second at Sanctuary wood in June 1916, returned to Canada in December of the latter year, but went to England again with a company of troops in 1918. He is now or was until very lately the commanding officer of his old battalion, one of the few real soldiers who have twice stood the hard practical test of fire and sword, at the head of our Canadian militia to-day.

The following members of the parish made the supreme sacrifice, and their native or adopted land saw them no more: Private Elroy Clarkson at Cambrai in September 1918, Private Harold Crowe at Lens in August 1917, Captain Walter C. S. Holland at Vimy Ridge in 1917, Major Richard J. McLaren at the Somme front in 1916, Captain Rafe Stevenson at the Somme front in September 1916, Corporal G. R. Tavermier at

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the Second battle of Ypres in April 1915, and Private Alex. Woodworth in June 1916.

In addition to the above seven actual members of St. John's who died on the field, Privates William Robarts and George Greentree who both enlisted in the West, were a son and grandson respectively of the late Mr. Alfred Robarts for a great many years a staunch member and supporter of the Ancaster Church. Private Robarts fell in action in 1918 and Private Greentree with the P. P. C. L. I. two years previously, so that while the strict rule I have just laid down and the likelihood of their being already on some Western Canadian Church honour roll, prevents my actually including these two dead heroes here, I feel that in justice to this fine church family, who numbers a former worthy divine of our diocese among its members, they may be properly mentioned in this place, more especially as the one and the mother of the other, were in comparatively recent years actual and active members of St. John's congregation.

These members or former members of St. John's parish were wounded in action: Private John Almas, Private Herbert Beven M. M., Captain T. E. D. Bryne, Private Percival S. Clark, Sergeant Arthur E. Farmer, Captain James H. Farmer, Private Joseph Harrington, Private Charles J Leith and Lieutenant Valentine Stevenson.

Colonel George Devey Farmer M.D., C. B. E., left his active medical practice at Ancaster in 1914 and went overseas as officer commanding the Fifth Field Ambulance in April 1915. He was at the front till December 1916 when he took charge of the second Canadian Stationary Hospital at Boulogne. He was transferred

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to the Liverpool Canadian General Hospital in January 1918 and returned to Canada in April 1919.

Albert Armes, Ancaster's present postmaster, went overseas as orderly with the Fifth Field Ambulance in April 1915. He spent a year in the Ypres Salient then at the Somme and at the Hospitals in Boulogne, and returned to Canada in May 1919.

Captain Thomas W. Farmer formerly of St. John's parish, now of H. M. Customs, Hamilton, went overseas and served in France as paymaster of the C. M. R. from 1915 returning home in 1918.

Other soldiers not already mentioned whom St. John's Parish may claim as its own, who either saw active service in the great war or who, owing to physical unfitness for active fighting after enlistment, rendered other assistance worthy of notice here, were Private William Barr, Lieutenant Arthur Beven, Private Frank Beven, Private William Brown, Private T. L. Brown, Corporal George Crellon, Private A. G. Egleston, Private Gordon Filman, Privates Norman J. and Blain Harrington, Captain James Harrington V.S., Major W. W. Irwin, Private Charles Kerslake, Private William E. Kilts, Private Thomas T. Leith, Privates David, Darcy, John and Frank McMurray, Captain Cecil Nicholson, Private T. G. Postans, Privates Claude and Devey Richardson, Private Donald Watkins and Private Frank Wyatt.

And I must not forget the four women of the parish who also contributed their part and rendered valuable service overseas.

Miss Frances Beven enlisted with the Women's Legion Army Service Corps in 1917. She served at Saffron-Walden, Essex, till 1918 then at Cork, Ireland.

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She married Lieutenant L. P. Hadden R. A. S. C. in August 1919 and now lives in England.

Another lady who now bears exactly the same name as the above, as the wife of Private Herbert Beven, though then not in Canada, joined the British Red Cross V. A. D's, in 1914. She served at Birmingham for a year then in different hospitals in France for three years and came to Canada and Ancaster with her husband in 1919.

Miss Florence Farmer had a long and brilliant career as a nurse during the whole war and for three years afterwards with the American Red Cross. Her duties took her to many strange lands including Russia, Persia, and China, and she holds medals awarded her for valuable services, by several of the rulers of these foreign countries.

Miss Carrie Shea enlisted with Base Hospital No. 115 U. S. A., in June 1918 and served a year in France. She is now the wife of Postmaster Albert Armes.

And so I bring to a conclusion my somewhat brief reference to and remarks upon the great war, the part that St. John's parish took in this momentous event, and the names of those from her congregation who openly participated in it, some in glorious achievement yielding them undying fame; many others of course in service of a milder and lesser kind. I have dealt with those heroes whose acts of valor I briefly here record alphabetically or from the standpoint of achievement rather than rank, for the sacrifices made on the field of battle should level all rank. I have not presumed to discuss at greater length than I have any soldier's merits here, the theme would be too wide, the relationship of the author to his subject

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matter too remote, and the possibility of needless and unhappy comparisons too likely. But I feel safe in saying in conclusion that, both numerically and in quality of service, the old parish whose history I am endeavouring in my own humble way to chronicle here, can justly claim as much credit as any other Canadian parish of her size and importance for the part that she took in, and the contribution she made towards winning, the greatest military conflict that the modern world has ever seen.

CHAPTER XV.

EARLY PERSONAL REMINISCENCES

I.

*He here reviews
Old happenings, whose
Own eyes beheld the things he tells
Who knew the lives
His pen revives
The incidents on which he dwells.*

II.

*In a new dress
Our diocese
Was fashioned fifty years ago,
Lo! where great Strachan
Once ruled had gone
Into her sturdy self to grow!*

III.

*And she has thrived
The years survived
Though niggardly her bounds and scant
Though her's by right
In reason's sight
Norfolk and Waterloo and Brant!*

IV.

*Who to the west
Have ne'er address'd
Their commerce social life or trade
But every one
Has Hamilton
Its centre and its market made.*

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V.

*Yet when these heed
Their church's need
Must all to distant London go
Out of their range
Of life, and strange,
Expensive, far remote and slow.*

VI.

*And William reigns
In those domains
That should complete this smaller see
The sceptre wields
O'er far-flung fields
Where wisdom says that Clark should be*

VII.

*How well to me
Does memory
On her recurring hovering wing
Recall again
Events and men
And every childhood happening!*

VIII.

*The melted bell
The lead that fell
From those old windows I recall
The ashes there
Where once so fair
Our temple rose serene and tall!*

IX.

*Yet soon again
To gazing men
To rise a nobler, statelier fane
Through all the years
Of smiles and tears
Her strength and beauty to retain.*

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X.

*Th' assembling crowds
That threatening clouds
Could neither scatter nor appal
Th' inspiring band
The fireworks and
The shout of harvest festival!*

XI.

*The girls' and boys'
Restraints and joys
At school beneath the church's shade
The puzzling hat
the error that
The roused indignant parson made.*

XII.

*Here too are names
My history claims
Old church, your pillars in their day
Who do not lie
At rest near by
But in some graveyard far away.*

XIII.

*And yet these too
I would review
And tell of their activities
Although St. John's
These worthy ones
Sleep not beneath your spreading trees.*

XIV.

*O memory fond
With what a bond
You link the present and the past
May you endure
Undimmed and sure
While all life's restless years shall last.*

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XV.

*And cast your spell
O'er me to tell
Not fancy's weavings—just the truth
Of wisdom's age
The heritage
The day-spring of unfading youth!*

Although the author left his old home and parish as a youth of sixteen to educate himself for the legal profession and has only since been associated with these as a visitor, those visits he is glad to say have been frequent and more or less continuous, and a little over a quarter of a century ago resolved themselves into permanent residence for two years close to the church. His dwelling place for the active period of his life having been in the adjoining city of Hamilton, and many of his relatives having continued to reside in Ancaster, both no doubt enabled him to keep a more intimate touch upon the parish of his birth and early training and the happenings that occurred there, than if he had pursued the activities of life at a greater distance away. So that while this chapter chiefly deals with matters and persons and events of long ago, it will also be found to occasionally pursue its ramifications so as to include a continuation of these into the more recent years, or what may be called "modern times" as far as this history of St. John's Parish is concerned.

My youthful reminiscences of the old parish can, I think, be conveniently divided into those of a general and those of an individual nature, so let me briefly touch first on a few of the former.

I have a distinct recollection of the burning of the old frame church, to which Mr. Osler had just succeeded,

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with the proceeds of a large bazaar, of which my grandmother was treasurer, in having a stone chancel added and in which latter the first East window of the Smith family and the small one to Miss Rudkin, had been installed on its completion. This disastrous fire I have already touched upon in passing in some previous parts of this work. I was only five years old at the time, but I remember going through the ruins and picking up molten fragments of the bell and of the lead of the few memorial windows that St. John's Church then contained. Nothing remained from this fire except the chancel walls which were used again. Although it was a staggering blow to the sturdy church people who worshipped there, it was wonderful how quickly they got to work to secure a temporary place of worship in the Presbyterian Church, and to raise phoenix-like from its ashes, a far worthier and more beautiful successor in the form of the present handsome and massive stone edifice that now crowns the head of the old village. Mr. Ballard was the clergyman in charge under Mr. Osler at the time of the fire, and of the commencement of the proceedings to rebuild, and perhaps some indication, though not of course a positive proof, of who were then uppermost in St. John's affairs may be gathered from the names that composed the building committee, viz.: George Leith, Edwin Clark, William Farmer, Alonzo Egleston, William Templer, Fred Snider, John Heslop, Henry Orton, and the Rector and Wardens, Messrs. Osler, Thomas Hammill and Thomas Postans. I remember too the intense rejoicings of the people of St. John's on the occasion of the opening of the present church on May 9th, 1869.

Late in 1874 or very early in 1875, we were all somewhat surprised to hear that a new diocese was about to be formed, Toronto as then constituted having grown too

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large and unwieldy for a single Bishop to administer and govern. While the older and more conservative church people of our parish received the news ominously the younger members hailed the forthcoming diocesan birth with hope and even with delight. Hamilton, the largest and most central place was to be the See city, although the infant diocese was to be called Niagara from the historical old town, the former capital of Upper Canada, and from the world-known scenic associations clustering round the famous and picturesque Falls of that name.

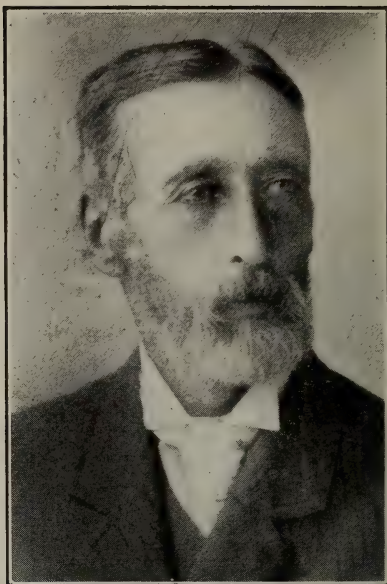
The new diocese was duly and legally formed and set apart, and Archdeacon Thomas Brock Fuller of St. George's Church, Toronto, formerly of Thorold, in the present Niagara See, became its first Bishop, being consecrated on May 1st, 1875. While it has prospered well ever since, a fatal mistake was made by Niagara's organizers and promoters in not insisting on at least the three eastern counties of Huron diocese becoming a part of the new one as well as the counties they were getting from Toronto. The diocese of Huron, more extensive and unwieldy to-day than Toronto ever was, in its vast stretches from Onondaga to Windsor in the one direction and from the sandy beaches of Walshingham to the rocks of Tobermory in the other, should have consented to and even urged this with a good grace, for every argument on the side of justice, reason, convenience and fair play, pointed then and points even more strongly to-day to such a conclusion. The latter has 13 counties, Niagara only 6 and a small part of Dufferin. Huron has 11 cities and 43 towns, Niagara only 5 and 16 of these respectively. The Counties of Waterloo, Brant and Norfolk, and the cities and towns in these are all geographically, socially, and commercially far more associated with and tributary to Hamilton, Niagara's See city than with or to London.

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So that instead of our own parish to-day bordering on the Huron diocese as she does, St. John's by every force of reasoning and good conscience, should be situated about the centre, measuring from east to west, of her own diocese.

I have mentioned in chapter five, despite his faults and failings, the wonderful energy and personal magnetism of the Rev. T. S. Cartwright, the first incumbent of the new and present church. The great annual event in his clerical regime was the harvest festival held in one of three places—the grove of the Green family on the stone road, still standing but with age now fast thinning its majestic ornamental oaks; Mr. Williamson's pretty woods and side hill just west of the village on the way to the Sulphur Springs, since alas denuded of all its handsome pine and other trees by later owners, or the fine wooded corner on the hill south east of Ancaster then owned by Alexander Smith and later by Leonard Back, an Englishman who was for years a faithful supporter of St. John's and is buried in her yard.

Elaborate and handsome beyond anything the author has seen since, here or elsewhere, were the church decorations associated with these events, to which there were always many willing contributors, and special preachers of note on these great occasions occupied the pulpit with several assistants. The famous 13th Battalion Band from Hamilton was always in attendance to draw the lovers of music, and to awaken the surrounding hills with its choicest and most inspiring strains. A magnificent pyrotechnic display made a particular appeal to the curiosity of us younger people, not accustomed then as to-day to wander far from home for amusement, and kept the immense audiences together till away into the night.



ARMIGER I. HUBBARD,
(The Elder)

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Races, games, special performances, and handsomely adorned booths of every kind, drew and entertained vast throngs of visitors and added immensely to the total of the receipts. Mr. Cartwright was a believer in the maxim that to make money one must first spend it, he never did things by halves in his church entertainments, and the result always justified his highest hopes and expectations. The harvest festivals of St. John's in the period of 1870-75 not only brought great crowds out from Hamilton, but drew people from many miles in all directions. There was a swing of success about them, every member of the parish seemed interested and took his or her part in "boosting" the event forward to a triumphant termination. Both churchpeople and strangers, at home and abroad, got to look forward to this event as the one happening of the autumn that must not be missed, and it certainly had those charms and attractions about it that impressed it indelibly on the memories and fancies of at least the young parish people of its time.

In the old frame building between the church and Mr. Gurnett's house, part of the church property, until it ceased to be storm-proof used for a Sunday school, and long before this the residence of Matthew Crooks, the Rev. William Belt, M.A., kept a boys' school in the middle seventies of last century.

Macklem Pousette, of Sarnia, now of Toronto, and J. W. M. Bligh, of St. Catharines, the latter one of many of my youthful companions, alas, long since dead who both boarded at the Rectory, were two of the pupils from outside. A. I. Hubbard, Jr., Wm. Harrington, Frank Regan, Gordon Wright, George Egleston, T. H. Orton, Andrew J. Belt, C. E. Belt, William Belt, Jr. Harry Bull and Henry Cooley were among the local

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pupils. The author also attended this school after three years' private tuition with the resident Presbyterian clergyman, the Rev. D. D. McLeod, who by this time had moved to Paris, Ont. But Mr. Belt did not consider the school sufficiently remunerative to keep it up till the time of his departure to Burlington, although it was regarded as a success at the time, as far as small schools of this kind go. Across the road from this, where Harry Wall now lives, a Mrs. Robinson and her daughter also kept a girls' school, which many of the young girls of our church families attended, and which some love sick young gentleman of the school across the way, too often for their educational advancement, eyed very amorously. But the life of this last named female educational venture was even briefer than the boys' school of the then incumbent of St. John's. Before this time Miss Clara Milne, Miss Hollis, afterwards Mrs. George Byron, and Miss Mercer, afterwards Mrs. George Lount, of Stayner, all members of St. John's congregation, had each taught small mixed private schools in the village.

Let me relate here, at the expense of the exemplary clergyman who kept the boys' school just referred to, a true story which is amusing even if it should, in a critical sense, savor too much of banality to be recorded in a serious history. One Sunday evening in the middle of his sermon Mr. Belt paused and asked if the brother with his hat on in the rear of the church would please remove it, as the wearing of head gear in church was only the privilege of the fair sex and the very aged. The same pause and request occurred three times with the speaker growing more in earnest each time and the congregation, of whom the relator was one, becoming uncomfortable and restive. Then a note was quietly slipped up to the pulpit by one of the choir and the disturbing incident

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did not happen again. It transpired that an old female servant of the Harris Egleston's and a faithful attendant at St. John's, had come to church with a hat on, which in the distance presented a somewhat masculine appearance. While she herself was happily quite unconscious of the commotion she was creating or that the startling request was intended for her, the scrupulous, meticulous preacher had mistaken this poor old female member of his flock for a man, and was earnestly pleading for and demanding the observance of a rule, which happily was not being broken at all.

I wonder if any of the present congregation of St. John's remember Messrs. Ratsey and Gard who now considerably over half a century ago were engaged in the milling business on the stream above the Sulphur Springs running through that pretty valley? A pile of stone ruins covered with Virginia Creeper still marks the spot of Mr. Ratsey's somewhat brief activities in Ancaster, while the frame mill further down the creek standing in the form of a large barn among the trees near the spring itself is there yet to mark the folly and misdirected efforts of poor young Richard Somers Gard. There were once large dams above both these mills which have long since disappeared. Mr. Ratsey who lived in the house more recently owned and occupied by the author's father, succeeded to what had been the flourishing Aikman and Ellis woollen business, and he and his wife, both educated and gifted people, were very popular socially during their residence at what is now Mineral Springs Station. Mr. Ratsey had a fine voice, and I remember his often entertaining our small social gatherings during the winter evenings of his residence among us, with comic songs. Mr. Gard, who had first come to "Weybridge" as an English farm pupil, never really got started with his mill, his dam, faultily constructed, was

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washed away by a flood just as he was getting his machinery installed, and in the midst of all this discouragement he developed consumption and only lived a short time. But my particular object in mentioning these two names here is in connection with the efforts their bearers made to start church services and a Sunday School at what was then known as Chapman's Mills, during this period. There was not sufficient support or enthusiasm to keep these up long. The Aikman, Boulton, Jones and Cradock families and children, with our own and some others nearby, attended for a few Sundays and then all seemed to lose interest. With the sudden collapse of the businesses of both Messrs. Ratsey and Gard the improvised Sunday School and services seemed to vanish into thin air. There was more or less mystery at the time associated with the somewhat meteoric careers and the sudden disappearance from the scene, of both these seemingly kindly and sincere men, matters about which no doubt my elders knew more than I did but kept their knowledge to themselves. The last I remember of the Ratseys and the Gards was when Mr. Ratsey had retired and was stopping immediately prior to his final departure from the neighbourhood at Mr. William Dewar's in the village, and Mr. Gard, who had just married, was ill across the way in what was then the Anglican parsonage, but has since been the Presbyterian Manse.

Mr. Dewar and his wife, who was a Miss Rousseaux, were also prominent in the church life of St. John's about 1870 and a little later. He was the eldest son of the well-known Plummer Dewar family of Hamilton, a Presbyterian by birth and bringing up, but another convert to Anglicanism through his wife. They lived where Alfred Hanley now owns and resides, afterwards known as "Fountain Hall" the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Stair

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Dick-Lauder. Mr. Dewar managed the Ancaster knitting mills for his brother-in-law, Mr. James Watson of Hamilton. Removing from Ancaster to Strathroy after the burning of the Ancaster mills, he subsequently became manager for the great Penman institution at Paris where his wife predeceased him. Prominent in the business and political life of that community, this gentleman had received the Dominion Liberal nomination for North Brant for the elections of 1917, when death suddenly claimed him. Several of their children died in early infancy in Ancaster. I remember watching and being much moved and impressed by the sadly frequent funerals of these, but those children born after the Dewars had moved away, lived to grow up.

Another church family who lived in the same house as Mr. Dewar after his removal from Ancaster were the Alansons. The head of this family was Hamilton's leading auctioneer at the time and his wife was a Strang, a family closely connected with the Turners of Hamilton and the Cheps of Ancaster, and prominent in the early church and social life of Winnipeg. The younger Alanson generation were frail and delicate, several of them like the Dewars, dying here prematurely although a son and daughter now residing in Western Canada still survive. Several of this family are buried in St. John's churchyard, but no memorial so far, or at least that I have found, marks the resting place of these.

I mentioned the name of Byron just now, George Bryon was evidently one of the "waifs and strays" of higher English life that Canada sees so much of, who struck Ancaster about the time I have just referred to and first got employment in Guest's Lime Kiln below the village as a teamster. A well-educated gentleman, the son of an English clergyman of the establishment, and a

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close collateral descendant of the illustrious Lord and poet of that name, this unfortunate scion of a noble race seemed unable to raise himself in Canada above the level of menial service. For two years he and his wife, both members of St. John's church, lived on the Grange farm, he in the capacity of an ordinary hired man. Shortly after this they left the Ancaster neighborhood for good. His career made a deep and lasting impression on me at the time—the thought that there could actually exist in real life such a glaring meeting of extremes as this—the English aristocrat and off shoot of nobility, brought up in the lap of luxury and refinement, coming down to associating with the dregs of humanity and to services that only the peasant and the common uneducated people usually engage in. But, as one goes through later life, abnormal things like this, that shock the conscience of the youthful mind, are frequently met with, and even in Ancaster I afterwards came across instances quite as startling and pathetic as that of George Bryon, and just as contrary to the eternal fitness of things.

Another family closely connected with St. John's parish by marriage and otherwise, if not by actual membership were the Wrights, who in the author's childhood days lived in the large stone house amid the pines at the head of Weir's lane in West Flamboro village and afterwards on the Governors Road near Dundas, but in Ancaster Township. The head of the family, Mr. Joseph Wright, formerly owned the Dundas Cotton Mills, two of his sons married daughters of "The Hermitage" and it was Mr. Wright's intention to finally retire and settle himself, in that neighbourhood. With this idea he purchased the fifty acres across from the large Leith estate and drained this and planted it with handsome clusters of fir trees, intending ultimately to build and maintain a fine mansion

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and country home there. Some of these clusters of trees may be seen yet, although the property long ago passed out of the Wright hands, lost its ornamental appearance and become part of the Stevenson holding of "Brockholm."

Mr. Wright Sr., who was a cultured affable kindly man, shortly afterwards met with financial reverses, and all the plans and dreams of this elaborate country estate unfortunately fell to the ground. Two of his daughters kept a small boarding school for young ladies at their home on the Governors Road half a century ago which several of the St. John's girls attended. There were a very large family of the second generation of the Wrights but of these the author remembers best Mr. Matthew Wright and his family, most of whom have been close personal friends of his own from very early youth. They lived at first in a beautiful white brick house on the south edge of the Sulphur Spring Valley near the writer's own birth place, then in Dundas and subsequently, till the family all married and scattered, in Hamilton. Mr. Matthew Wright is buried in St. John's churchyard while his father and mother lie in the cemetery of Christ Church, West Namboro. What makes the author's recollection of and regard for these kindly people all the more keen at this late date is the fact, that when leaving the Weir mansion for the Governors Road they presented the small Farmer children then at "Weybridge" with their shetland pony and a very handsome and elaborate outfit connected with it. I have already mentioned Mr. Joseph Wright's grandson and his recent coming to St. John's parish to reside.

Let me just refer again in passing to the Williamsons, who left Ancaster and returned to Toronto shortly after the present St. John's church was built. The family head was a Presbyterian clergyman, the only representative of

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this name buried in St. John's graveyard, but his two children became pronounced Anglicans and were such during the whole period of their residence in Ancaster. I have already told how the only son, who died early in life in Toronto, married the elder daughter of the fourth rector of Ancaster, and how the daughter assisted in St. John's musical services. This estimable lady still lives in Toronto, the widow of a prominent lawyer there and her son, Mr. Erskine Hoskin K. C., is even more prominent at the Manitoba bar. Though they left when he was very young, the author has a vivid boyhood recollection of the picturesque hospitable home and many kindly acts of different members of this family. Their residence was on a very choice spot just west of the village which, from its convenient site and attractive situation, looking down as it does on Dundas and its beautiful valley and on further north to the azure Flamboro hills, has now become immensely valuable. The property consisted then of a hundred acres, originally part of Lieutenant William Milne's extensive holdings, but which has now been divided into several parts each built upon separately. The fine old brick mansion of the Williamsons has been so added to and altered to suit modern style and taste as to be no longer recognizable. The hand of the real estate speculator and the social dreams of a new generation of rich people in trade from the nearby city, when the advantages of Ancaster as a suburban resort were first coming prominently into notice, were only too quick to appreciate the beauties of this delightful spot and it and its different parts have several times since then changed ownership at prices that would have amazed Ancasterians of half a century ago. Could the Williamsons or their descendants have foreseen the present development of Ancaster and the figures at which their lovely country home or portions of

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it, have lately been disposed of, we can well imagine that, despite the social and business lure of Toronto, they would have been tempted to hold on to this charming old Ancaster estate.

The Mackelcan family were once prominent in Ancaster church, professional and social life. Dr. John Mackelcan was the village physician and an office holder in St. John's Church, while Mrs. Mackelcan was at one time its organist. Dr. Mackelcan, whose name appears more than once as either warden or lay delegate to the synod during the rectorship of both Dr. McMurray and Mr. Osler, boasted of very high English descent through his father, General Mackelcan. The family had left Ancaster before the author's time, but he knew them well later on in Hamilton where the son Frank was prominent in legal circles, being a Bencher of the Law Society and Hamilton's city solicitor. The latter's wife, a famous singer, is still living in Toronto, and his only son practices law there. Two other sons of Dr. John Mackelcan, George and Harry, were respectively a doctor and a lawyer in Hamilton, and one of the daughters, only recently deceased, was the wife of Mr. R. L. Gunn, Masonic Secretary and Division Court Clerk. An unmarried daughter still survives and lives in Hamilton as well as two daughters of Dr. George Mackelcan and two of Mrs. Gunn; but it is pathetic to have to record how this once well-known and active family have almost entirely vanished from the business and social life of these parts of Ontario.

St. John's parish in its day has had many visitors of note, but perhaps the most eminent of all these was the late Provost George Whittaker of Trinity University, Toronto. In the late sixties and early seventies of last century he and several members of his family were in the habit of spending their summer vacation as guests of Mr. and Mrs.

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William Farmer at "Springfield" a son of the latter, Edward Devey Farmer, being then a student at Trinity. A retiring man, but of deep and marked scholarship and culture, I think it worthy of mention here, and an honor to our old parish to record, that of the many available and more fashionable resorts all about him, Ancaster, with its beautiful pastoral scenery and the quiet air of repose it then possessed, appealed more than all the rest to Provost Whittaker's ideal of what the real gentleman and man of letters and good taste ought to think most attractive in which to spend his contemplative leisure hours. This scholarly man afterwards returned to England to end his days, but he has left descendants here prominent in the professional and social life of our country who may still remember with pleasure the happy summer sojourns of their distinguished progenitor among the Ancaster hills and dells of more than half a century ago!

Let me mention here something of two young Englishmen, who in my early youth came to our neighbourhood, married the fourth and youngest daughters of the Milneholm family and associated themselves more or less intimately, although in entirely different ways, with the church and parish about which I am writing, and very closely with my own family. Charles Edward Whitcombe was a young farm pupil from Gloucester at "Staple Grove" as early as 1862. Shortly after this he married and settled on a farm near Paris, Ont., then in Toronto in journalistic work, then on the Battersby farm now the far-famed and beautiful Hamilton Golf Links. Finally in 1875 after a course of private study Mr. Whitcombe entered the church. Gifted as a preacher and a writer but of a morbid and capricious temperament, this strange conjunction of attributes good and loveable on the one hand and erratic and impulsive on the other, after filling clerical livings in Tapleystown

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Stoney Creek, Toronto and Hamilton, went back to England dying there only recently, while curate of All Saints Church, Hereford. The memory of his kind benevolent exemplary wife, the birth and deaths of their two infant children, the different acts of generosity on the part of the subject of this sketch towards my father's family and myself in my hard struggling youth, the lapses on the other hand that overtook him later on, and the whole brilliant but checkered career in Ancaster and in Canada of this strange, clever, impetuous, crochity Englishman, who, by the way, married again very late in life and left a widow and family of young children, are still as clear to my recollection as if they had occurred but yesterday.

Edward Kenrick, a young English barrister and Oxford graduate then travelling in Canada, came to the author's father with a letter of introduction from Mr. A. F. D. McGashan of the Bank of Montreal in the year 1871. The Ancaster solicitor of about that time having just died Mr. Kenrick decided to stay in Canada and start the practice of his profession in our village. And, as every one in Ancaster knows, after the long span of over 50 years he is still active there, having filled many positions of honor in his church and county and done credit both to his own land and the land of his adoption. His father and the rest of this fine large Surrey family, as I have pointed out in Chapter twelve, followed him shortly to Canada and all adapted themselves well and advantageously to the new land. Mr. Kenrick, Sr., died suddenly while hunting one winter's day with his younger sons in the neighborhood of Ancaster village. One of these latter is rector of St. Phillips Church, Hamilton, the youngest is on the professional staff of Toronto University, and yet another was for years manager of the Dominion Bridge Works at Montreal. Edward Kenrick, a resident of Ancaster during his whole

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Canadian career has witnessed all the stages of prosperity and depression in old St. John's of the past half century and more. Individually too, he has had a full share of the "ups and downs" of life and has well survived them all. He now fills with credit to himself and the position he occupies, the Secretaryship of the Synod of Niagara, being what may in common parlance be termed the Diocesan "finance minister." No one has ever suggested a better or more suitable man for the place. Adapting himself early in life to Canadian conditions and ways, he is careful and methodical in all his business transactions, practical rather than theoretical in his views, not permitting himself to be lured from his purpose by passing freaks or fancies and, having gained wisdom daily as he advanced in the rugged school of experience, he has made his life in the new world a reality and a success.

There were two other interesting and clever young English gentlemen who came as farm pupils to Ancaster a short time after Mr. Kenrick, two brothers, who although never associated as familiarly with St. John's as he was, were attendants there and more or less interwoven with its life and influence. I refer to Kenyon and Edward Otter. After living some time at Brundall with Mr. Hubbard these two, both giants in stature, started farming on their own account on the Aikman farm near Mineral Springs, now owned by Mr. John Gartshore. Here they were joined for a time by their mother and sister and a younger brother. The Otter brothers were talented men and too well educated and highly connected at home to waste their time in rough Canadian farm life. Their stay in Ancaster, during which they took a prominent part in church entertainments and other social functions, only lasted about ten years. Returning to England in the eighties, Kenyon, the better educated and more gifted of the two,

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shortly afterwards died unmarried. Edward married a sister of the present Lady Lawrence and became prominent on the London Stock Exchange. The author visited him in England in 1914 and being introduced to Mr. Otter's brother-in-law, Lord Lawrence, who is a grandson of the one-time famous Indian Viceroy of that name, enjoyed the privilege of a long chat with him and afternoon tea in the House of Lords among the British Peers. The Otter brothers were cousins of our Canadian Brigadier-General, Sir W. D. Otter.

About a decade after the departure of the Otters from Ancaster, and in what we may yet almost call "modern times" in St. John's history, another English family of young men of alike large stature appeared there, viz: the Ransoms. One of these, Fred, who farmed the present Dalley property, although the family were originally English Quakers, became prominent in St. John's parish affairs. He married twice, both his wives being daughters of Anglican Clergymen. For some years now Mr. Fred Ransom and his second wife have resided in Scotland. His brothers afterwards settled in the Canadian West and have since taken a prominent part in the social and political life of Southern Manitoba. The early family home was in Bedford, England.

I could readily go on from memory in this unconnected desultory way giving anecdotal and biographical sketches of many other interesting events and personages of the past, more or less associated with the old parish of my boyhood, but space forbids and this has already become a long chapter. I now pass on therefore to conclude my work with some remarks and reflections on the comparatively recent complete and radical changes that St. John's church and the Ancaster village and community itself

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have experienced and undergone. Whether these changes and this surrounding metamorphosis are for the better or the worse, must of course be largely determined by the standpoint, material or sentimental, from which one views them.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE DAWN OF A NEW DAY

A RETROSPECT

I.

*What are these sounds we hear
Borne forth on the wings of the breeze
Where once there fell on the ear
Nature's melodies? What are these
That mar, old St. John's, your dead's quiet rest,
What discords are these that their peace infest?*

II.

*'Tis the weird motor horn
Instead of the horse's neigh,
'Tis the shriek of the trolley borne
On the breath of a summer's day,
Din and distraction that never can cease
Where once fell, St. John's, your immaculate peace.*

III.

*What has become, old Grange,
Of your cattle and corn and sheaves,
Who now o'er your hillsides range
These morns and delectable eves,
Where wandered your herds, where once little lambs
Bleated and gambolled in front of their dams?*

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IV.

*'Tis pleasure's tireless train
That treads the old footprints of toil,
'Tis the "swell" supplanting the swain
And on your luxuriant soil
To-day do but fairway and putting green lie
Where once golden harvests saluted the sky.*

V.

*What has happened you, race
Of worthy old Ancaster sires?
Who has taken the place
You once filled at your homestead fires
And who are these new vainglorious ones
That sit in your seats, instead of your sons?*

VI.

*Th' ignoble lords of trade
Of opulence quickly attained
Who summer play grounds have made
Of your homes, and your glory has waned
And the lamentation of Ichabod
Is heard where your feet once valiantly trod!*

In all the changes that one observes as he travels about Ontario, amid the advances and discoveries of science and invention and the modern desire for improvement, none are more striking to him familiar with the old order of things here than the complete metamorphosis that, within the last score or less of years, has overtaken old St. John's and its quiet, peaceful, surroundings and associations.

I wonder what "the rude forefathers of the hamlet" I have written about here, sleeping their last long sleep under those glorious old oaks, would have thought had it been foretold to them that, within a generation after



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they had sunk to rest in the shadow of the old church where they had worshipped, a bustling trolley line would be dividing and desecrating their quiet resting place with its shrill whistles and its twenty-five or thirty carloads of busy pleasure or profit-seeking travellers passing every day!

I wonder what these same pioneers would have said had they been told that, immediately adjoining the pretty church property that most of them in their lives had contributed to make one of the choicest and handsomest homes and centres of Anglican church thought and life in Canada, would be situated the great nearby city's fashionable Golf Links and Country Club, with all its dazzling wealth and display, and its lavish expenditure for the amusement and recreation of Hamilton's toil-fatigued gentry, and handsomely gowned matrons and butterfly debutantes of the fair sex!

Think you not, reader, that the more sedate at least of these patriarchs would have opened their eyes in amazement, and even in alarm, at the realization, that within a very brief span of their being laid reverently to rest in this quiet, secluded, shady spot, hundreds of richly equipped motor vehicles, costing each one more than these early settlers own individual farms or business places had cost them, would be daily (Sundays included) speeding past their sacred resting place amid the embosoming oaks to convey these gay votaries of the brassey and the putter, male and female, to their affluent and unparagoned resort near by!

Would these worthies not have received with some feeling of disappointment and dismay, if not with an even ruder jar to their sense of the proprieties, the prediction, since fully verified, that ere the twentieth century

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had passed its first quarter mark, an entirely new social order would have arisen to replace them here? Would they not have shuddered to think that such fine old homesteads as "The Grange" of the Bevens, where the writer's own youth was spent, "Brockholm" of the Stevensons, "Brockton" of the William Farmers, "Mountain Park" of the Robbs, "The Grove" of the courtly Gotts, and such other fine homes as the Eglestons, the Gabels, the Ransoms, the Williamson-Olmsteads, and many other charming old country places near at hand, would by then have passed into the hands of Hamilton's amusement and land-hungry "nouveau riche" and furthermore, that many of the individuals who compose this showy socially ambitious, pleasure-seeking class, would also by then to a very large extent, be filling the sacred places of these good old-timers, and be exercising a dominant influence in the councils of their old church near by as well?

Shades of Batersby and Beven! How swiftly are driven today the well-directed Silver King and the spotted Spaulding, up and down those steep ascents and across those sloping reaches of the old Grange farm, where once were dawdlingly and dreamily driven your cultivator and your seed drill, your reaper and your plow!

To what strange and novel uses are now put the oft bridged and far piped pellucid waters of your old-time pretty, meandering, leaf-hidden stream, where erstwhile your thirsty cattle drank, and whose slow and tortuous passage way your boys of long ago penned up to make their summer swimming pool*!

How stealthily yet eagerly searches to-day the lucre loving "caddie" for the profitable "lost ball" of the care-

* The author lived from 9 years of age to 16, when he left home to study law, on the Grange farm. In the summer of 1877 he in conjunction with George Jackson, a Red Hill boy working on the

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less golfer, after his back is turned and he has gone, in that same illusive grass where once in days of yore your children and the writer himself, innocently sought the wild strawberry, the chestnut, and the mushroom! How frequently fall the midiron and the mashey in the studied artificial grip of the city's stylish devotees of pleasure on those self-same spots, where once forsooth your horny, toil-stained hands guided the more natural and useful strokes of the hoe and the corn hook, the turnip topper, and the forest felling axe!

Could shades be sonneteers, we can hear and picture in our fancy these former worthies, long since gone to their rest under the venerable oaks of St. John's, exclaiming at the transformation of their old familiar haunts at "The Grange" to this scene of modern wantoning and revelry:—

*"Who are these wandering people sporting free
Where once there waved our golden fields of wheat
Where sought our herds the shady wood's retreat?
What all these sounds of human revelry
Where horses, kine, and pastures used to be?
What hold these in their hands as on they go?
Not fork, or rake, or axe, or spade, or hoe,
The tools that tested our utility!
Ah no! our fences and our fields are gone
In vain our crops of hay and roots we seek
Of harnessed team and wagon there are none
Only the auto with its dismal shriek
And those strange tools that now we gaze upon
The driver, midiron, mashey, and the cleek!"*

Could they but see this amazing transformation, this "jeu de theatre" of real modern life, the bunkered hill-

farm and afterwards a respected Ancaster farmer, built a dam with a bath house on this stream at the point where the pump house now stands. This dam and bath house remained there for years, and the writer and many other boys from Ancaster and elsewhere learned to swim there.

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side, the vacant places of their vanished barns and familiar old trees felled to make a fairway, the drained and seeded swamps, the once naturally serpentine stream now partially straightened, with its pumping house piping its water to the far away hills, and spanned, not by its old log crossing, but by many new and narrow foot bridges; could they perceive their beaten sheep and cattle trails and winding wagon ways obliterated to usher in those velvety spray sprinkled putting greens in use there now, how startled would be their gaze? Imagine, reader, these long departed ones coming back and suddenly beholding all this amorphous eccentric transmutation! Conjure to yourselves their ears filled with the jargon of these immaculately garbed disciples of sport—the neologistic lingo of wasteful artificial successors to the former useful, natural, sons of toil! Conceive of all that affected foppish word play reverberating among those hills where once re-echoed the rhythmic hum of machinery and the familiar family talk of the farm? Can you not in doing all this readily contemplate to yourselves these spirit sonneteers continuing thus their lines of lamentation:—

“What mound disfigures yon ascending hill?

Who has removed our barns and trees, this swamp

Dried up and drained of all its ancient damp

*Piped far and bridged this stream? Whose changeful
skill*

With verdant velvet dots has deigned to fill

The trails where once our flocks were wont to stray

And where our wagons wound their creaking way?

And all for what, this change unthinkable?

Alas! our once tilled slopes, now bleak and bare

Shall hear no more the binder's rhythmic roar

What shouts of “pull” and “slice” convulse the air?

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*What means this oft repeated bellow "fore?"
And all this tinsel, telling everywhere,
That husbandry's once halcyon days are o'er?"*

And all this moralizing and soliloquizing of course, brings up and focuses itself on these questions. Is it better or worse for the church and people of this fine staunch old parish, that such things have happened? Is it a real advantage to a church, or religious community, that material advancement and progress such as I have just outlined and that has actually occurred here, the large part of it of a somewhat glittering garish type, savouring of the inroads of the rich Jews in England on the old aristocracy there, has in Ancaster supplanted the former and simpler order of parish affairs? From a church standpoint is the railway better than the stage coach, the fairway than the ripening harvest field, or the motor car than the old time horse and carriage? Is the city plutocrat, with his newly and quickly acquired wealth and landed estates, whose servants now till the soil of Ancaster for his amusement where his predecessors in title did it themselves in the past as a scanty means of livelihood, a better asset from a moral and religious standpoint, than the staid old-timer and worshipper of a by-gone age, with his old-fashioned garb and plain, perhaps antiquated, habits of life?

We are reminded as we wait for answers to these mental queries that crowd upon us, of Goldsmith's well-known couplet:

*"Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey
Where wealth accumulates and men decay."*

And we have to admit the weight of truth that it contains today, though penned a century and a half ago!

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And of course the replies to these questions must be qualified at best and cannot be direct and positive ones, depending so largely, as they do, on individual personage and circumstance.

Let us analyze minutely the two propositions enunciated or conclusions arrived at in the last line of the famous couplet just quoted, and apply the views of the great Georgian poet there expressed, to the changed conditions which surround the Parish of St. John's, Ancaster, to-day!

At her church's very door is situated the charming and noble pleasure resort of the city's fashionable set that I have just described, and into whose lap a vast sum, enough wealth I dare say to buy a hundred good farms, has been poured during the last dozen or so years. This too for amusement only, while thousands in our own land have gone without employment and millions in foreign lands have starved to death!

Within the sound of that church's bell and only a mile or so away is another even more pretentious and more exclusive resort of a few rich city people, that popularly gets the name of "the Millionaires' Club" but whose very existence, except for its magnificent site, and the glorious natural panorama stretching far away, both east and west beneath it, many plain every-day folk, and perhaps even some of its shareholders, question the reason for. This lordly pile, a veritable fifth wheel to the great social coach, created doubtless to assuage the craving of a few moneyed magnates or influential families for that larger degree of exclusiveness which a daily mingling with their common fellow-men denied, impresses one sad truth upon the passer-by contented with and used to the simpler things of life, viz., that wealth easily acquired must seemingly of necessity be wantonly wasted.

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From the tower of that church how many transformations can the eye survey of former simple farm houses or modest dwellings of Ancaster families of a generation or two ago, into the palatial and luxurious homes or the artistic summer abodes of rich Hamiltonians? To such an extent, in fact, has this occurred that the parish of St. John's instead of the plain country congregation it once was, may be said to be fast becoming, or has even now already become, a fashionable suburban one!

This was strikingly exemplified not long ago when, on going over with the present rector a list of the church's active members of today I discovered as many as 25 names of heads of families whose business interests are now centered entirely in Hamilton, and who go into the city every week day. On the other hand the names on the tombstones and other church memorials reveal the startling fact that there are over 50 families mentioned of local agriculturalists and business men who, once associated with, and active members of St. John's half a century ago, have now, along with their families and descendants entirely vanished from the scenes! I have kept the names of all these, should any enquiring reader doubt the above figures.

In the face of all this, must we not emphatically answer in the affirmative as it affects this old parish, the first question the poet's reflective mind presents to us—Has wealth accumulated here?

Neither I fear need we dwell or debate long on the second question to be answered. The fact that of all the seventy-five or more sturdy old families whose names I can hurriedly recall in passing, who inside of the last half century or so have made up the parish of Ancaster,

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at least two-thirds of these have completely vanished from the scene, leaving their places to untried strangers to take, sadly suggests the wish fully realized of the Psalmist when he asks for this judgment on his enemy:

"Let his days be few and let another take his office."

and, with the posterity of these scattered and their glory departed, prompts no other reply but "yes" to the query,—
Have men decayed here?

But we have to bear this in mind as we dissect the poet's words and conclusions of long ago, that he was no doubt dealing largely with the material and worldly side of things, while the care and concern of a church and parish is more with the moral and the spiritual. He was supposed to be discoursing just then in one breath on the beauties of an English village, in another on the ruins of an Irish one, on the supplanting of the plain country folk in old and, as he thought, decadent Great Britain by the rich lords of trade! He was denouncing luxurious living, and making, in an age of literary didacticism and stiffness, with an easy grace and tenderness of expression unknown elsewhere in those days, the same plea for the old and simple ways of life that I have been making here:—

"But times are altered, trade's unfeeling train
Usurp the land and disposes the swain
Along the lawn where scattered hamlets rose
Unwieldy wealth and cumbrous pomp repose
And every want to luxury ally'd
And every pang that folly pays to pride,"

while we are of course supposed to be dealing just with the higher things of a small portion of territory only,

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in a young and new and glorious land from which we hope decadence and corruption are far away!

He who, like the writer, remembers and reveres the old order, and the quiet, cultured simple lives of those sterling characters who composed at least the greater part of St. John's parish half a century ago, "living faithfully hidden lives and now resting in unvisited tombs," naturally regrets their departure from the scene, the filling of their places, not by their children, but by a new, untried and—he may think—somewhat obtrusive ostentatious class, and the realization of the fact that here:—

"The former things have passed away."

Of course it is but natural that the good old families of a quiet, long-settled, rural community like Ancaster, many of their members scions of the old country aristocracy and several of its nobility, should resent to a certain degree the intrusion of city people some of whose forebears they know were a generation or two ago either in menial employment or in trade on a very small scale, and whom chance and a sudden turn of fortune's wheel have made rich. The author noticed this feeling of resentment in Oakville during his seven years' residence there. In that pretty little Lake Ontario town the inroads of Toronto's Timons and war profiteers has, far more than in Ancaster, changed the whole physical face and social complexion of the place, and the older and slow moving Oakvillians do not take at all kindly to the change. It is no doubt galling to them to feel that people who, a comparatively few years ago, their friends in the city would not associate with, have now come among them to lord it over them in their new and rich summer palaces

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and with the oncoming sweep and din of their gorgeous dust-raising automobiles. It may be and no doubt is hard for the criticizing sentimental old Sauls of today to kick against the pricks of advancing plutocracy! Many a one of these has no doubt, even with the former's money in his pocket, sighed and perhaps wept on beholding his former quiet aristocratic old home "butchered to make a Roman holiday" for some suddenly enriched swagger lord of trade or stock gambling, from the city. But money counts for more than blood in this age of change and advancement, and of practical rather than sentimental issues, especially if the possessors of the former have a smattering of the leaven of education and travel to boast of as well. And all the more is this the case if there may have been here and there contracted a marriage or so between the haughty old families and the plebeian new. And these old timers in Oakville and in Ancaster too, must bear in mind, that these new-comers have, generally speaking, paid handsome prices for their holdings and put some of their vendors in much more affluent circumstances than they were before. They must remember as well that the social personnel of nearly all our Ontario towns and cities and even of the smaller communities also will be found on close investigation to have undergone a complete transformation in the last thirty years or less. Of this fact the near-by city of Hamilton stands out as a conspicuous example. There any impartial observer who has watched its social life during that period, knows that the sons and daughters of the little Hamilton shopkeeper who himself dare only in his time approach the back door of the then aristocrat or society leader are now the so-called aristocrats and society leaders themselves! They have now, through the business acumen and thrift of their men, the education and travel and in

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many cases no doubt the cringing ambition of their women, and owing to some of those occasional fortunate intermarriages I have just spoken of (for money attracts "blood" and the reverse), quite supplanted in financial and social power most of these former "leaders" and are at least on an equality with the rest. (Pleasing of person, socially ambitious and financially successful, in most cases covering up the uncouth drawing-room "breaks" and ill-manners of their forebears with the veneer of higher education and travel, these "climbers" of the second and third generations in the City so aptly called "ambitious" have forged ahead and are now floating serenely on the top crest of Hamilton's social wave. We smile as we behold the descendants of these former modest little trades people in this short space of time becoming the husbands and wives of the daughters and sons of those very individuals who, two score years ago, would have scorned to give any social recognition whatever to the sires and mothers of those they are now folding to their bosom and allowing to mate with their dear ones! How amused we are at the contents of the society columns of the city newspapers! How we gasp as we peruse the once plebeian names that these contain today and reflect on the deterioration from a former viewpoint that even a single generation makes in the composition of Hamilton's social fabric! And how, on the other hand, we who know smile again as we recall the names of families once socially mighty there, now fallen and unheard of, many of them arrogant, proud and vain in their day with no valid foundation for their arrogance, their pride or their vanity—swept from their places of power and influence to make way for others by time's merited revenge and by the immutable decrees of change and circumstance! And as we contemplate these, how there arises the

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temptation to exclaim: "O, disingenuous, falsely-reared aristocracy, built upon the lucky savings and the quick accumulations of some ignoble trade or calling, lacking in that 'noblesse oblige' that descends from sire to son in, and sustains your genuine counterpart, thus have you like water, in a brief space of time found your own level again in poverty and obscurity!"

And yet why should not all this be? We live in an age and a country where we boast of our democracy and where every young man and woman and child, if they have brains and thrift and ambition, and can add to these some education and refining influences, can rise to the highest professional or social pinnacle. And we must not forget that even in slow and cautious and conservative old England the same rule of change is apparent. The great and eternal laws of human equality and compensation, although they work more slowly in some countries than in others, as I have pointed out in a previous chapter, will no longer allow all the good things of life to remain perpetually in one family or race! As a leading Canadian newspaper recently remarked in an inspired article* "the son of a barber is just as likely to have in him the making of a statesman, a poet, or an artist (it should have said here painter, for a poet is an artist) as the son of a duke." And that I suppose is why it transpired last century in England, only to mention three cases of many that could be given, that the father of the great Lord St. Leonards was a hairdresser; that Turner, the greatest painter in water colors that ever lived, was the son of a London barber; and that the eminent Chief Baron of the Exchequer and his two almost equally famous and titled brothers, acknowledged old Davy Pollock, the

* The Toronto Globe of March 17th, 1922.

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common Scotch harness-maker, as the sire from whom they sprung!

And in spite of these natural prejudices and leanings towards those good old Ancaster folk, in favour of the old as against the new—we have to admit, as even this history has here and there shown, that there were glaring instances of grave faults and human imperfections cropping up and to contend with in those long past days, as well as there are in our own.

Time, the great healer, while it mellows and sanctifies in our eyes the virtues and accomplishments of our ancestors, generally deals too kindly with the crochets and foibles and failures of these as well. Magnifying their good deeds, and forgetting their faults, it is our charitable habit to say of these:—

“Thy ignomy sleep with thee in the grave
But not remember'd in thy epitaph.”

and the scandals and the outrages and the indecencies of one generation, fortunately for us all, fade and soften into and become but the bygone trivialities and incidents, and fairy tales, of the next. Let us hope too that there are, on the other hand, many excellencies and merits to be found and proved in those who compose the new, and now largely controlling order of things in the old parish. Even the severest critic must realize that in addition to the pomp and glitter of plutocracy, there is at least a fair contribution of those better attainments of life than wealth and display, among the new accessions to the parish from the great city to the east and elsewhere.

With an affable, kindly, efficient rector in charge, apparently acceptable to all classes and schools of church thought, with her former honored pastor for nearly a quarter of a century now elevated to, and gracing, the

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episcopacy, with the old feuds and bitternesses of "high and low" long since buried, with Ancaster's fame as Hamilton's healthiest and choicest suburb firmly assured and established, with the lavish distribution of the golfers' surplus wealth among her working people in the shape of employment at handsome and even unprecedented wages, and plebeian plenty thus in some cases contributing to noble need, the outlook for St. John's parish, celebrating with joy and thankfulness just as this volume sees the light its hundredth anniversary, from a material viewpoint at least, seems of the brightest!

With the creation of these far-famed golf links adjoining the rectory property and the radial station close at hand, such fabulous prices are being paid for land on both sides of the parish holdings, that it is felt that any time St. John's decides to part with her choice residential rectory site she can secure enough for it to more than double her present endowment. That her spiritual life and influence for good and the uplift of the race may be equally as strong and firmly founded as her worldly prosperity, is the concluding wish of the writer, who first saw the light beneath her skies, whose infancy and boyhood were passed in her midst, and who owes what little good and accomplishment he possesses largely to her early teaching. Though often far removed in the flesh from these haunts and scenes of his childhood, his interest in St. John's people and her affairs has never ceased during a long and somewhat active busy life, and his hope is, when he is called to lay down the burdens and trials of mortality, to find a resting place for his ashes with those he revered most in life, beneath her cherished and consecrated sod!

Errata

Page 26, line 3, should be "mortuis" not mortuiis.

Page 82, line 26, should be "old" not own.

Page 120, line 31. should be "causes" not clauses.

Page 127, line 25, should be "recent" not resent.

Page 153, line 18, should be "Geoghegam" not Groghegam

Page 257, line 9, should be "world war" not war was.

Page 265, line 7, should be "Williams" not William.

